



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

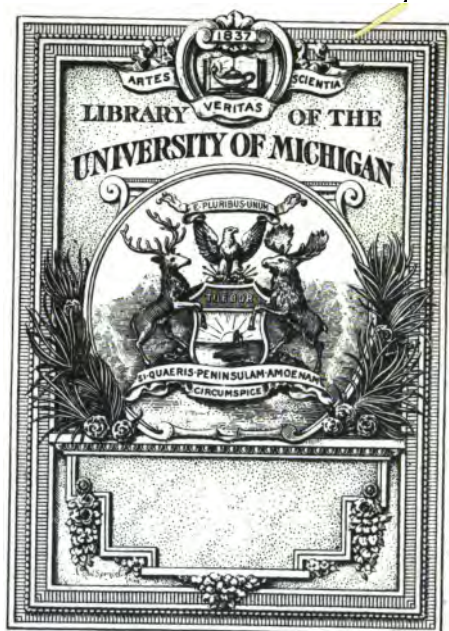
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

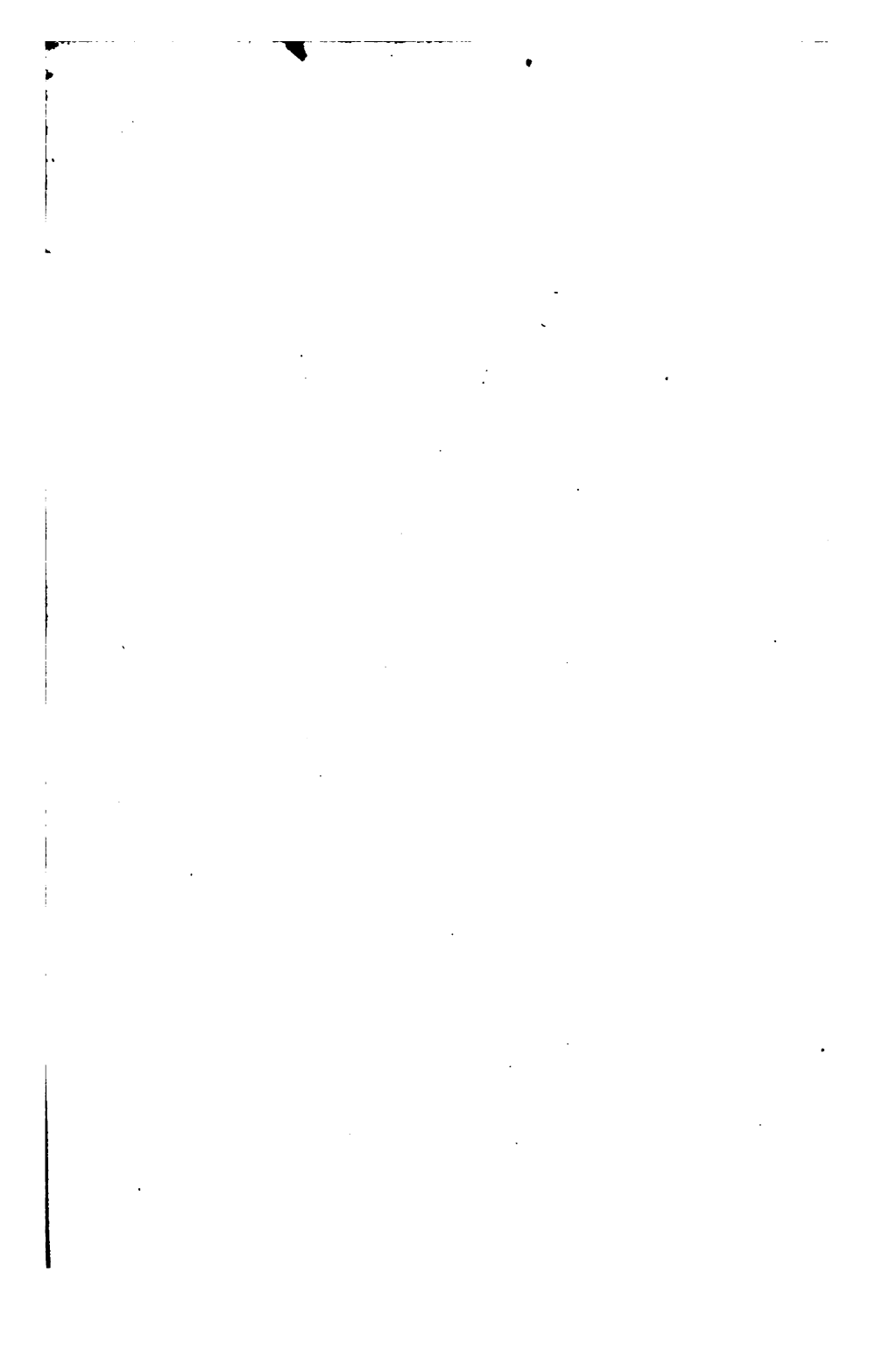
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



DG  
426  
-S94  
✓,2





3453

A TOUR OF INQUIRY

THROUGH

38892

FRANCE AND ITALY,

ILLUSTRATING

THEIR PRESENT SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND  
RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY," "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1853.

**LONDON:**  
**Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.**

# CONTENTS

OF

## THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

### CHAPTER I.

Celebration of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* at Rome—  
 Grand religious procession—An American's opinion  
 of the Britishers—Anecdote of an English fanatic  
 —Opinions of foreigners respecting the conversion of  
 England—Remarks on the Roman Catholic religion  
 —The Inquisition at Rome—Singular discovery—  
 The Jesuits in England—Their colleges and places of  
 residence . . . . . 1

### CHAPTER II.

Historical notice of the Papacy—How it first rose to power  
 —Ambition of the Popes of Rome—Origin of the  
 persecuting spirit of the Romish Church—Establish-  
 ment of the Jesuits — Their evil influence in the

Church—Their suppression by Clement XIV.—Re-establishment by Pius VII.—Morals and manners of the Pontifical Court — The Reformation — Religious persecution in Italy—Rapid decline of Papal power . . . . .	31
---	----

### CHAPTER III.

Criticism on the Italian character—Flourishing state of Italy under the Republics—Hostility of the Papal Church to intellectual progress—How it has acted on the Italian mind—General observations on priestly government . . . . .	50
---	----

### CHAPTER IV.

Details of the late insurrection in Rome—Erroneous statements of the French Press with reference to it—Extracts from reliable Italian authors respecting the insurrection—Character of the Roman people vindicated—Want of faith displayed by the French government towards the Roman Republic—Its injury to the French national character —Deplorable state of Italy—Character of young Italy—General observations . . . . .	64
---	----

### CHAPTER V.

How the Papal Church acquired its temporal possessions —The Countess Matilda d'Este and Pope Gregory	
--	--

## CONTENTS.

v

VII.—Territorial divisions of Italy—How effected—  
Despotism of Austria contrasted with the Papal  
Government—French intervention and its effects—  
Re-establishment of priestly influence—Union of the  
sword with the crozier—Intrigues of the Jesuits—  
Alarming state of Italy—Politics and religion of the  
Italian people—Errors of the Papal Government as a  
ruling power—Signor Mazzini and the Triumviri of  
Rome—Their erroneous views—General observa-  
tions . . . . . 89

## CHAPTER VI.

The prisons of Rome—Sufferings of the prisoners for  
political offences—Their severe confinement—Their  
insufficient food—Frequent occurrence of death or  
insanity in the prisons—Pretended inspection of the  
prisoners—Administration of justice in the Papal  
States—Political and religious persecution in the  
Papal States—Insecurity of Papal power—Opinions  
of the ultramontane writers respecting England—  
Threat of a general crusade against the stronghold of  
Protestantism—The great influence of England ac-  
knowledged by despotic powers . . . . . 114

## CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Rome—Difficulties attending passports  
—Dreary aspect of the country—The Vettura—

Travelling companions—A priest's account of the state of Italy and the Roman Revolution—Viterbo—Lago di Bolsena—Its solitude—Orvieto—Its interesting cathedral—Arrival in Tuscany—Improvement in the aspect of the country—Condition of the inhabitants contrasted with those of the Papal States—Arrival at Sienna—History of the fair St. Catherine . . . . . 143

### CHAPTER VIII.

Railroad between Sienna and Florence—Historical recollections of Florence—Details of the late insurrection in Tuscany—Military occupation of the country by Austria—Political and religious persecution—Great discontent in Tuscany—Unpopularity of the Grand Duke—Observations on the political and religious state of Italy—Remarks on the Roman Catholic religion as it is—Its destruction inevitable—Reforming Pontiffs poisoned by the Jesuits—Pio Nono as a reformer—Difficulties of his position—Reasons why unsuccessful . . . . . 179

### CHAPTER IX.

Railroad between Florence and Pisa—Arrival at Pisa—Its historical recollections—Revival of the Fine Arts in that city—Advantages which the Italian Republics conferred upon Europe—Journey from Pisa to Genoa

—Picturesque beauty of the country—Arrival at Genoa—The improving state of Sardinia—Crossing the Apennines—Railroad from Arquata to Turin—Plain of Piedmont—Its great fertility and historical recollections . . . . .	219
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

Historical sketch of Turin—Princes of the House of Savoy—Their rapid rise to power—Progress of religious and political freedom in Piedmont—Difficulties it had to contend with—First manifestation in 1821—Disastrous issue of the conflict—Perfidy of Charles Felix and the Prince di Carignan—Reign of the Jesuits—Persecution for political and religious opinions—Military occupation of Piedmont by Austria—Second manifestation of public opinion in 1848—Triumph of civil and religious liberty—War with Austria—Causes which led to the defeat of Carlo Alberto and the calamities of Italy . . . . .	235
---	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

The political condition of Piedmont—Constitutional Government—Dangers to be apprehended to its stability—Intrigues of France and Austria—Factious conduct of the Pope and the Roman Catholic clergy—Popularity of the King—His reforms in Church	
--	--

and State—Hostility of political parties—Considerations on Austria as a ruling power in Italy—Danger to be apprehended to the peace of Europe . 256

## CHAPTER XII.

Remarks on Turin—Piedmont contrasted with the other Italian States—Advantages of constitutional government—Liberal system of administration—Increasing prosperity of the country—Parallel between France and Sardinia—Practical good sense of the Italians—Liberty of the press in Sardinia—In what manner appreciated—State of religion in Piedmont—Some account of the Valdesi, the primitive Christians of the Cottian Alps . . . . . 273

## CHAPTER XIII.

Society at Turin—Characteristics of the inhabitants of Piedmont and Lombardy—Departure from Turin—Favourable aspect of the country—Arrival at Suza—Its remarkable objects—Travelling companions—A French officer's opinions on the siege of Rome and the state of France—Public feeling in Lombardy—Results of the foreign rule of Austria—Passage of Mount Cenis—Entrance into Savoy—Character of the country and its inhabitants—State of religion in Savoy—Infidelity and superstition—Causes—



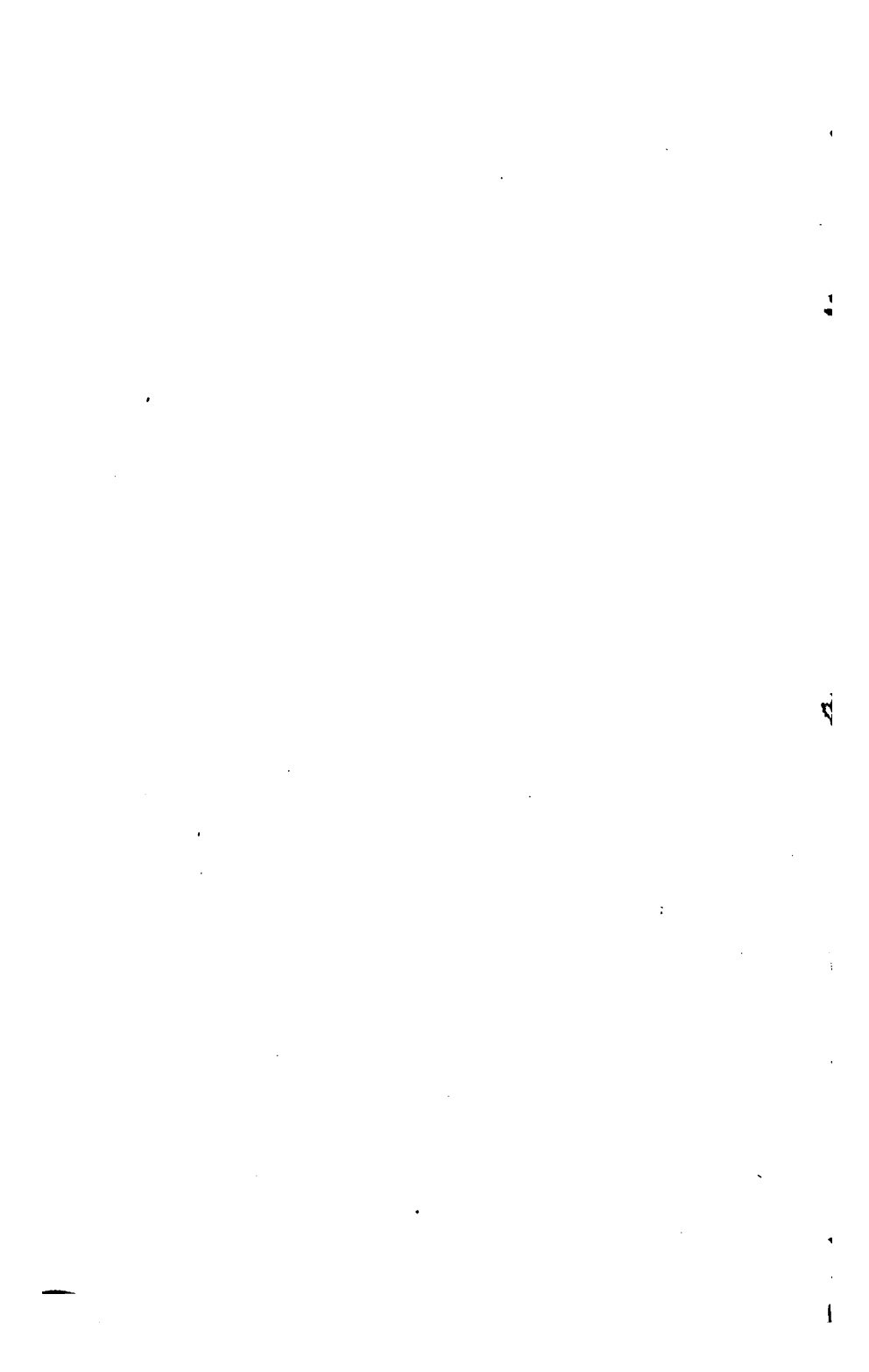
CONTENTS.

ix

Romantic beauty of Savoy — Arrival at Cham-	
bergy . . . . .	302

CHAPTER XIV.

Return to France—Reign of Terror—Pasport and Cus-	
tom-house officers—A literary <i>auto-da-fê</i> —France as	
a republic and an empire—Louis Napoleon as Presi-	
dent, Dictator and Emperor—Review of the poli-	
tical, social and religious condition of France—Con-	
clusion . . . . .	323



TOUR OF INQUIRY  
THROUGH  
FRANCE AND ITALY.

---

CHAPTER I.

Celebration of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* at Rome—  
Grand religious procession—An American's opinion  
of the Britishers—Anecdote of an English fanatic  
—Opinions of foreigners respecting the conversion of  
England—Remarks on the Roman Catholic religion  
—The Inquisition at Rome—Singular discovery—  
The Jesuits in England—Their colleges and places of  
residence.

THE brilliant sun of an Italian winter,  
succeeding a sharp night's frost, shed its bright  
effulgence over the auspicious day, announced  
by the Vicar of Christ as a day of public thanks-  
giving to celebrate the successful termination

of the *coup d'état* achieved by the nephew of the first Napoleon, his triumph over the enemies of social order, by which it was hoped the priests and their allies, the despots, would be secured a little longer in the peaceful enjoyment of their reign.

France, ever restless France! so long the hot bed from whence spring those delusive notions respecting the rights of man, equality, fraternity, and other fantastic fancies, equally visionary, was bound in chains, and the event was hailed by these men of the past, as one of the most important that had occurred since the advent of Christianity. How the times are changed! The same man who was excommunicated in 1831, for having impiously taken up arms, with the intention of deposing the Pope, and taking possession of his throne as King of Rome, in right of his uncle, was now admitted to be the saviour of the Church! equally worthy as Saint Louis to be sovereign of France! equally worthy of canonization!

It is but just to his Holiness to record, that he appeared truly grateful for the service that

had been rendered him : as his government omitted nothing wealth could supply, or good taste suggest, to commemorate with princely splendour the victory of so excellent a son of the Church. Hundreds of scavengers were to be seen employed for several days previous, in cleansing the streets, and covering them with clean red sand, the whole line of procession ; numerous carpenters were also busied in erecting temporary booths, chapels and altars for some favourite Madonna or saint ; at the same time all the gardeners in the environs, had full occupation in procuring evergreens, laurels, and bouquets of flowers, for decorating the houses of the citizens, and the various stations and resting-places at which the procession would pause.

At length when everything was prepared, the *élite* of the French army of occupation in all the panoply of glorious war, with drums beating, music playing, and colours flying, made their appearance, and lined the whole extent of the route, from the Vatican to the church of Santa Maria della Pace, where it was intended

his Holiness in person should celebrate Divine Service, assisted by the cardinal princes and the other high dignitaries of the Church.

The brilliant uniforms and glittering bayonets of the military added increased splendour to the solemn pageant with which the Roman hierarchy so well knows how to impress mankind with a due sense of its dignity and magnificence. In addition to this grand display, the scene was further enlivened by the equipages of the Roman nobility, and all the world of Rome, orthodox, or heterodox, on foot, on horseback or in carriages, hurrying to and fro, in eager haste to obtain a full view of the brilliant spectacle. We were fortunate in procuring a position *à l'equestrian*, in the vast piazza of San Pietro, opposite the Vatican and the church of St. Peter, already occupied with the gorgeous carriages of the princes of the Church.

At the moment appointed by authority, a burst of cannon from the castle of Sant' Angelo and the solemn tolling of bells from all the churches, announced that the grand ceremony was about to commence. The procession

opened by the children of the various charitable institutions of Rome, boys and girls in regular order—the latter dressed in white muslin frocks and white veils, all singing psalms, were the most conspicuous. To these followed in gloomy silence the various files of monks and friars, black, white and grey. You could scarcely imagine that hypocrisy and want of charity } was concealed beneath such downcast looks and vile attire. The sober black dresses of the foremost distinguished them as the disciples of Saint Augustin; then came the Franciscans, with their shaven crowns and rope girdles, appearing from their devout looks and humble garb, as if they had bade an eternal adieu to all earthly wants and cares. Next to these we had the Dominicans, in white woollen dresses, the founders and ministers of the Inquisition. What a frightful page has history recorded of their acts in every part of the world. These were succeeded by their celebrated rivals, the Jesuits, the eloquent preachers, the zealous missionaries, the teachers and confessors of princes and noble ladies. A fraternity that has

lost nothing of the spirit of its founder, the dark souled Spaniard, Ignatius Loyola, and which has ruled, and still rules in every country where they have obtained a footing, and beneath whose influence and secret intrigues not only mighty monarchs bow down, but the Pope himself trembles on his throne.

Now came the dignitaries of the church, the Greek and Armenian prelates, bishops and archbishops, in their gilded carriages—the least in rank the first! followed by the private band of the Pope, and the Swiss soldiers, in their harlequin dress, and armed with halberts. These having passed onward, a flourish of trumpets, and the loud roll of the drum told that the haughty cardinals were getting into their state carriages, to occupy their place in the grand procession. Another solemn peal of bells was heard, and another discharge of cannon from the castle of Sant' Angelo, proclaimed the near approach of the Sovereign Pontiff, who soon made his appearance, marshalled by the officers of his household, dressed in his splendid pontifical robes, and wearing his tiara. A perfect



crash of drums and trumpets now burst forth, as the successor of the poor fisherman, St. Peter ! entered his magnificent carriage, drawn by six cream-coloured horses, and surrounded by his body-guard, all noblemen, attired in splendred uniforms and mounted on richly caparisoned chargers. The carriage of his Holiness closed the procession, the Church thus adhering to the strict letter of Scripture. "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

While the gorgeous cavalcade slowly passed onward, it was interesting to listen to the observations made around us by the throng of Italians and foreigners. The French soldiers on duty, with their usual frivolity and contempt for the Romish Church, made many a witty remark, as they saluted in succession its various high dignitaries. To the devout member of the Roman Catholic religion, imbued from earliest infancy with a deep reverence for the mysteries and ceremonies of his Church, all was grand, solemn, and imposing. On the other hand, the stern reformer of young Italy regarded the whole affair, as an empty display of idle pomp, more

resembling the pagan ceremonies of ancient Rome, than genuine Christianity, and altogether unworthy of the minister of Him, who hath said: "My kingdom is not of this world." My own immediate friends, England's practical children of another hemisphere, reprobated the waste of so much time and labour, and considered it would be much wiser in the chief of a petty state, ruined in its finances, and overrun with beggars to lay aside his gorgeous ceremonies, and devise some plan by which he could find industrious employment, for such an idle host of priests, monks, and friars.

The fair sex, so easily captivated by a creed that appeals so powerfully to the senses, were the most enthusiastic in their expressions of applause, and none more so than our own dear countrywomen, whose *vivas*, as they stood up in their elegant carriages, were so loud and vehement, as to attract universal attention. Oh, what a dear old man! What a benign countenance! How full of dignity and devotion! were only a few of the exclamations elicited successively by the various cardinals and digni-

taries of the Church, as they passed onward. But when the Sovereign Pontiff made his appearance, their delighted admiration knew no bounds ; and, to say the truth, we have rarely seen kindness and intelligence more unequivocally expressed than by the regular, well-formed features of Pio Nono.

What a career of good was open to this Pope ? What enduring benefit he might have conferred upon his country by judicious reforms in Church and State ? We do not, however, think that he can be considered amenable for the acts of the government now dominant in the Roman States, supported by French and Austrian bayonets. The benevolent character, and sagacious mind ascribed to him, induces the belief that he is a slave in the hands of a powerful party whose measures he dare not control. Indeed, we found this opinion entertained by nearly all the Roman gentlemen we conversed with, qualified to decide upon the subject, who did not consider him altogether responsible for the ills that have fallen on their unhappy country, to which he is said to be

warmly attached ; and, it is believed, he would have effectually promoted her welfare, and elevated her to that rank among the nations her intellectual people so richly deserve.

Taken altogether, so far as winning the applause of the Roman people was considered, the exhibition proved a complete failure. Of this we had ample opportunities of judging as we rode along the line. With the exception of a few *vivas*, from those who were paid for the service, a sullen gloom characterized the multitude and notwithstanding the presence of an army of *sbirri* moving from place to place, we heard several Italians uttering curses loud and deep as they commented, not in the most flattering terms, on the conduct of some of the high ecclesiastical dignitaries. These animadversions, whether true or false, were of somewhat too free a character, and too unambiguously expressed to find a place in our pages.

After returning to our hotel, the events of the day became the general subject of discussion at the *table-d'hôte*. The observations of our American brethen upon the fanaticism of the

English at Rome were more unrestrained and sarcastic than it was agreeable to listen to. They were especially merry at the expense of an English lady of high rank, a recent convert to Romanism, whose pious zeal having mounted to fever heat, she alighted from her carriage, and breaking through the crowd, as his Holiness, the Pope, was about to enter the church, threw her beautiful and costly cachemere shawl on the earth as a carpet for him to pass over. Unfortunately she was disappointed in the object she had in view, for a French officer on duty, unable to comprehend so sublime an act of peity, concluding the poor lady mad, had her arrested as a maniac.

It was vainly urged by the English party at the *table-d'hôte*, that this could only be considered as a solitary instance, the freak of a weak-minded, fanatic woman. "No! no!" exclaimed the Americans, "the Britishers are degenerated. Look at your universities, have not some of your learned *Oxford crabs*, instead of going a-head, made a backward movement, and swallowed all the absurdities of Romanism,

even to its modern miracles ! And your aristocracy that you boast so much of, have not numbers of them become apostates to the enlightened creed of their noble and high-spirited forefathers ?” Concluding their most unwelcome remarks by saying that in the whole length and breadth of the United States, it has never been on record that a Protestant Anglo-Saxon abandoned the religion of his ancestors.

These animadversions were the more annoying, as we had at our *table-d'hôte* natives of nearly every country of Europe, who would certainly be impressed with a most contemptible opinion of the intellect of our clergy and nobility of the present day, owing to the folly of a few of the empty-headed among their numbers. Indeed the sarcastic smiles of many of these foreigners showed how well they understood our language ; and romanized Protestantism and Romanism, having now become the general subject of discursion, each person had some tale to tell, some anecdote to relate of the eccentric devotion of certain noble English fanatics on the continent.

Of these we shall only relate one that occurred a few days previously at the Coliseum. The better to elucidate our tale, we must inform our readers, that the area of this vast ruin has been surrendered to the Jesuits, for their missionaries, to preach in the open air; and here they have stations with crucifixes, images, and all the usual accessories required by the Romish church in the celebration of her worship in similar places. A placard in the Italian and French language placed in a conspicuous position, announced that whoever would perform the penance therein prescribed, should receive remission of his sins—the said penance, be it remembered, one of the most degrading the Papal Church can impose on the unworthiest of her sons.

“I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses,” said a Spanish gentleman, a native of Barcelona, who had been visiting the Coliseum with his friends, “when I saw an English milord and milady, with their children, descend from a carriage emblazoned with a coronet, and perform, with servile exactness, this degrading

penance, and which in the present day the most ignorant of our superstitious peasants of Catalonia would shrink from."

Without impugning the pious motives which induced our countryman to make such an exhibition of himself and family in the midst of a host of sneering travellers and jeering French soldiers, it must be allowed there are weak-minded people to be found in every class, even of the most civilized community. Some, no doubt, are attracted to the Roman Catholic faith by conviction, others by novelty, and not a few by notoriety, and the supreme pleasure of being petted, courted, fêted, and received with a welcome like that of the Prodigal Son, by their co-religionists in every Papal court of despotic Europe. The only marvel is, in a free country like England, where every man may follow the bent of his own inclinations uncontrolled, when the mania for Popery had once commenced, that converts did not multiply more rapidly, when we consider the efforts that have been made to obtain them. The surest proof that the English people will never be induced, by any considera-



tions, any blandishments of the Romish Church, again to assume the fetters of Papal despotism.

With respect to the burst of indignation manifested by our Transatlantic brethren, we must regard it as an evidence of the interest and attachment they felt for the land of their ancestors, and their deep mortification, on hearing the English character made the subject of contempt and ridicule by foreigners. But truly, if they had any misgivings as to the danger of apostacy in the aristocracy of England, they had ample means of ascertaining their fears were unfounded, when attending divine service in the barn-like room, which Papal tolerance has allowed to the English Protestants as a place of worship: they found it crowded with members of some of the highest families in England.

But the conversion of England has been so long the theme of Popish writers on the continent, and every convert to the church of Rome multiplied into thousands, that we cannot feel surprised at the ignorance of foreigners; nor

that they should have been taught to believe that the great mass of the inhabitants had already entered the fold of the shepherd of Rome. Strange credulity that could conceive the possibility of a people, after having been for more than three centuries in the enjoyment of liberty of conscience, should now in the full blaze of civilization and enlightenment, return to the humiliating bondage of a foreign Pontiff, again sink to be the slaves of priests and monks.

We know that many among our countrymen, both Roman Catholics and members of the Reformed Creed, living so long under the mild rule of their own laws, and accustomed to express their thoughts, without the slightest fear of the consequences, can entertain no correct conception of the real nature of Popery and its tendencies. These we would address in the warning voice of a traveller, who has lived much in Roman Catholic countries on the continent, and formed his opinions from the facts which he has seen and heard; we would caution them, if they value the greatest of all earthly blessings, liberty of thought and

action, to beware of ultramontane Roman Catholicism, which has so singularly increased of late years on the continent, and even found an entrance into the British islands.

To guard against being infected with the doctrines of its disciples, we should remember what Popery has done, and is now doing in every country where it has obtained a footing. We should remember the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the horrors of the Inquisition, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the wholesale slaughter of the Protestants in Bohemia, in the south of France, in Savoy, in Holland, in the Crottian Alps, in Italy, in short, in every country where there was an attempt made to reform the abuses of the Church, to free the ignorant multitude from the fetters of Papal despotism. Surely the painful recollections of these horrible butcheries which decimated the inhabitants of every country in Europe, will deter us from being influenced either by the eloquence or the writings of those clever Jesuits, who would persuade us that Popery modified and purified by the enlightenment of the age, is the religion

best adapted to secure the happiness and salvation of the whole Christian world.

That they may in some instances win converts by their exhortations, will not surprise those who have lived among ultramontane priests, and witnessed the subtlety they display in furthering such measures as will tend to increase the power and influence of the Church of Rome. In despotic countries where the sword is placed in the hands of the Church, her agents are intolerant and persecuting. In those where man has freed himself from the chains of political and religious despotism, they are insidious and undermining, nor very sparing in their sacrifices of truth and sincerity.

To prove that the Romish Church has lost none of the relentless spirit, with which it extirpates what it is pleased to term heresy from its own immediate territory, however tolerant it may appear in those countries that have long renounced its control, the Inquisition, or, as it is termed, the Santa Officia (holy office), still exists in full activity in Rome; the proceedings of this terrible tribunal are, however, veiled in

the profoundest secrecy, for there is no press to expose its abuses, and even if a secular power existed, it dared not interfere.

That this tribunal continued to hold its sittings, for the secret trial and punishment of heretical offences, does not appear to have been generally known to the Roman people. Probably they did not suppose that so liberal a Pope as Pio Nono would have sanctioned its continuance. They were, however, destined to be undeceived, during the short-lived reign of the Republic.

It appears a few weeks after the promulgation of the new form of government, it was decided that the triumvirate, the military, the deputies, and the people should assemble in the church of St. Peter, to offer up a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the deliverance of their country from the oppressive yoke of a priestly government. When the service was over, said my informant—a Roman gentleman—some of those present alluded to the Inquisition.

“Was the Santa Officia in full operation as

in olden time? Or was the gloomy conclave merely employed in discussing and settling points of controversy, granting dispensations, and exercising its rigorous supervision, upon whatever emanated from the printing press?"

"We can see and judge for ourselves," replied another of the by-standers. The proposition flew from one to another; and as the building was situated only a few paces distant behind the colonnade of St. Peter's Church, we were at the entrance in a few minutes, but the gate was closed. After knocking loudly for some time, a Dominican friar opened the door, trembling as if his last hour was come.

On inquiry we found that everything in the Inquisition remained in the same state as when Pio Nono and his cardinals took to flight, the officials having received the strictest orders not to quit the building under any pretence whatever. There were the judges, commissioners, secretaries, keepers, spies—in short, the whole staff, and in the regular receipt of their salaries, as if no change had taken place in the form of

government, presenting the singular anomaly of a Republic and an Inquisition existing at the same time.

Happily the knowledge that this frightful tribunal existed in Rome was withheld from the people, otherwise they would most certainly have burned the building and its inmates, in the same manner as their forefathers destroyed the old Inquisition, in the Via Ripetta, about the middle of the sixteenth century. The republican government dealt more mildly; and as our readers may be interested to learn the particulars of the various discoveries that were subsequently made in this ominous building, we subjoin a few extracts from the spirited work of M. Gallois' "*Derniers Moments de l'Inquisition de Rome*," published at Paris in 1850.

"It was no unusual thing," says M. Gallois, "for some respectable citizen of Rome, or a native of the provinces—it might be a father of a family, a mother, a son, or a daughter—to disappear suddenly from among the haunts of men. The event caused a sensation among the members of their immediate circle; they were

mourned over and forgotten. The government made no inquiry; and as bandits and assassins were known to be lurking within the walls of the city, it was considered by no means improbable they had been murdered, and thrown into the Tiber, which carried their bodies to the sea.

“The dark veil that shrouded these mysterious disappearances was at length withdrawn during the short-lived Republic of Rome, and revealed to the horror-stricken citizens the fearful machinery of the Inquisition, its horrible dungeons, implements of torture, and decayed remains of its victims; and this, be it remembered, in the nineteenth century, when men believed that every vestige of this fearful tribunal had been destroyed—that it lay, wrapped in its winding-sheet, on the sanguinary fields of bigoted Spain. The discovery that it exercised its fearful power not many years since in Rome, and perhaps up to the flight of Pio Nono, was effected through a very trifling incident.

“By two decrees of the Roman Republic, dated the 5th and 30th of April, 1849, monas-



teries and nunneries were abolished in the States of the Republic, and after providing pensions for their inmates, their revenues and tenements became public property. Among other attempts of the reformers to improve the condition of the poorer classes, the vast palace of the Inquisition was appropriated as a house of refuge for the poor, and fifteen days allowed to its inmates, the Dominican monks, to provide themselves another home, and remove their effects.

“In the meantime, when every man capable of bearing arms was preparing to meet the invasion of the French, Austrians, Spaniards, and Neapolitans, the lower offices and court of the palace of the Inquisition were selected as the most convenient depository for the tumbrels and waggons, and as stables for the artillery. While making these arrangements, it was found necessary to effect an entrance through one of the walls, when a Dominican monk, one of the inquisitors, made his appearance; and in the name of religion, the Holy Virgin, the Pope, and the sanctity of the place, forbade the sacrilege.

“The great anxiety manifested by the monk to bar their passage, excited the suspicion of the workmen. What harm could there be in breaking an entrance through a wall? and as they entertained no reverence for the place, the Pope, or his authority, the work of demolition continued, and with pickaxe and crowbar, they soon effected an opening. When lo! they found themselves in a dark dungeon, with no other way of ingress or egress than a trap-door in the massive stone arch, leading to a chamber above, occupied by a Dominican monk. This discovery encouraged further investigation, when a succession of horrible dungeons were found underground, extending to the middle of the vast square—the Piazza San Pietro.”

We have not space to follow our author in his description of the various cells; the fearful chambers, where the ministers of the Inquisition held their sittings, and punished offences against the church; the implements of torture, and how they were used; the rows of skeletons here nailed against the walls, and there hanging in

chains ; the handful of hair, both of men and women, torn from the head in the anguish of despair, and found strewn over the floor of the cells ; the remnants of clothing, the sandals of monks, and the veils of nuns ; the handwriting on the walls, so eloquent of misery ; the caves in which the victims in former days were consumed by lime, the position of the bones bearing witness of the horrible struggle between life and death. These and many other frightful objects he describes with the most heart-rending minuteness.

It is sufficient to say that the whole population of Rome were horror-struck, and this discovery nerved many an arm during the sanguinary struggle that ensued, which probably might otherwise have remained inactive ; and the building itself would have been razed to the ground, had it not been previously made over by the government to the indigent, as a place of refuge.

No prisoner having been found in the cells, it was impossible to ascertain up to what time this infernal tribunal had exercised its functions ; but timely notice having been given to the

officials and the Dominican monks of the Inquisition to prepare and give up the building to the government, may perhaps explain this circumstance. "We cannot, however, doubt," says M. Gallois, "that some time after the restoration of Papal power, in 1815, the Inquisition at Rome was re-established and continued its operations in secret, as coins were found of Pius VII. bearing the date of 1823. Several remnants of clothing also lying in the cells were so fresh and new that they could not have remained there for any lengthened period, indicated that the prisons had been recently used." After passing through the dungeons and exposing every mystery of the Inquisition, our indefatigable author conducts us through the comfortable apartments of its chief dignitaries, and thence from room to room till we reach that to which the victim of priestly intolerance is conducted on his arrival. Here the condemned prisoner is received by one of the officials, who asks a few questions, and perhaps at the very moment when the ill-fated victim is rejoicing in the hope of a speedy liberation,

the Dominican touches a secret spring of the trap-door on which the criminal is standing, who falls into the dungeon beneath, whence all hope of release is at an end.

M. Gallois also gives us an interesting description of the immense mass of manuscripts and volumes in the library, containing the private history of the Inquisition, from the time of its foundation by Don Dominique de Gusman down to the present day. Thus we find the Romish Church has been indebted for her two most cherished institutions—the fraternity of Jesuits and the Inquisition—to natives of bigoted Spain. It appears this building was the depository of all the records of the institution and the monks of this order, the Dominicans, with the Pope as their chief, the directors and agents of every establishment of the Inquisition (or, as they please to term it, the Holy Office) in Christendom. Among the other volumes relating to the religious discipline of the Church, folios upon folios were found in which the secret trial, condemnation, tortures, and death of all the unhappy sufferers who fell

victims to this most cruel of all tyrannies, ever invented by the ingenuity of man, were recorded.

There was likewise a copy of every celebrated work upon religion from the earliest days of Paganism to the present time, with a collection of the original correspondence carried on between the members of the Sacra Consulta and the high dignitaries of the Romish Church in every country in Christendom, together with notices of the sums annually paid to the Pontiff by the clergy for ordination, translation to benefices of trust and emolument, and other matters too numerous to mention connected with the financial regulations and discipline of a Church that has its ramifications in every part of the world.

How much is it to be regretted that the republican party, when in power at Rome, did not transmit some of those interesting documents to England. How they would have elucidated the intrigues and policy of the Papal hierarchy, and its struggles for spiritual and temporal power in every country in the world. Protes-

tant England will no doubt be astonished to learn from the work of M. Gallois, that London is now occasionally the head quarters of the General of the Jesuits ; and that this dangerous fraternity already possess thirty-three establishments in England, besides those in Scotland, Ireland, and our colonies, of which their principal college is Stonyhurst, in Lancashire.\*

Can we then wonder at the number of recusants, who of late years have gone over to the Church of Rome, when we have among us such a formidable army as this of intriguing, well-educated men, whose first object, whose first duty it is to sap the foundations of our religion. Neither can we feel surprised at the

\* Ils y ont trente-trois établissements, maisons, collèges, résidences, ou simples maisons, en Angleterre. Les collèges et les résidences ne portent pas les noms des villes où ils se trouvent, mais ceux de nos saints. Ainsi il y a les collèges de St. Ignace, de St. Aloise, des Saints Apôtres, de Ste. Marie, de St. Michel, de St. Stanislas, de St. Hugo, de St. Georges, de St. Jean l'Evangéliste, de St. Thomas de Canterbury, de l'Immaculée Conception, etc. Leur établissement principal est le collège et séminaire de Stonyhurst, dans le Lancashire.

audacity of the Pope, when he attempted to erect an empire for himself, even within that of England's monarch, nor that the struggle for supremacy is again revived—the right derived from St. Peter to dispose of all earthly crowns as his successor may deem expedient for the interests of religion. And how many examples might be adduced of Popes aiding and abetting adventurers and pretenders to thrones, who could advance no other title to sovereignty than a slavish submission to their will, a will that would have reigned absolute over all the potentates of Christendom, were it not for the sturdy reformers of Great Britain, Germany, and Holland.



## CHAPTER II.

Historical notice of the Papacy—How it first rose to power—Ambition of the Popes of Rome—Origin of the persecuting spirit of the Romish Church—Establishment of the Jesuits—Their evil influence in the Church—Their suppression by Clement XIV.—Re-establishment by Pius VII.—Morals and manners of the Pontifical Court—The Reformation—Religious persecution in Italy—Rapid decline of Papal power.

THE policy of the court of Papal Rome has been in all ages the subject of severe criticism. The passions excited by sectarian prejudice and scepticism have been so constantly engaged in the inquiry, that they have given their own colour to the statements of the various writers, so that it is nearly impossible to arrive at anything like a just conclusion.

On one side we have the exaggerated pictures of Papal perfection in the Cismontane gleanings of Baronius, Bellarmine, and others. On the other, the deistical raileries of Gibbon and Voltaire. Again, we have the more reliable testimonies of Mosheim, Fra Paoli, Hallam, Denina and Giannoni, who appear for the most part to have steered a middle course. It is, however, admitted by every impartial writer, whether Romanist or Protestant, that the spirit of the Roman Church is incompatible with free institutions, and can only exist by allying itself with an absolute form of government.

The most determined enemies of the Roman Church admit that, during the early ages, the conduct of the Roman Episcopi, while suffering under the twofold evils of Pagan persecution and extreme poverty, were distinguished for a high degree of sanctity and moral purity; and that it was only after the Emperor Constantine had established the Christian Church on the ruins of Paganism, and invested its chief ministers with temporal emoluments and privileges, that they began to manifest a keener

interest in the affairs of this world than the next. The example set by Constantine was followed by successive sovereigns down to Charlemagne, who not only endowed the clergy of his dominions with tithes, but founded monasteries, on which he bestowed immense revenues together with extensive territories, on the Holy See.

The first stone having now been laid, priest-craft soon found the means of erecting the most stupendous fabric of ecclesiastical dominion on record in the history of the world. The Romish clergy were no doubt aided by the decline of the Eastern empire, and with it the fall of their rivals in priestly favour, the patriarchs of the Eastern Church, who always claimed a priority of right, as the immediate successors of the apostles.

In the meantime the disputes between the clergy of the two Churches, respecting certain articles of faith, divided the Christian world into two sections. The Bishops of Rome, regardless of the claims of their opponents, asserted their right to the supremacy of the

whole Christian world; and their acquisition of wealth and power was succeeded by the most disgraceful period in the history of the Roman pontificate. Many of the Popes at this period—even Bellarmine, one of their most devoted apologists, candidly admits—perpetrated every crime that could disgrace human nature, and they appeared to have no other object in view than to render the fisherman's seal, the ring and the crozier, the symbols of spiritual and temporal authority in every Christian land in the world.

During the long interval of the dark ages, the rule of the Church was everywhere dominant, and the pretensions of the Popes continued to increase in extravagance till the succession of Hildebrand, better known as Gregory VII., who compelled the greatest potentates of the day to do homage at his footstool. Still, perhaps the most remarkable instance of pontifical pride recorded in history was exhibited by Adrian IV., who obliged the German Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, to hold his stirrup while he mounted his horse, and

with a stroke of his pen made over Ireland in perpetuity to his countryman, Henry II. of England.

At a subsequent period, another of these arrogant Pontiffs, Innocent III., compelled John, King of England, among the other monarchs of the day, to become his vassal. These, however, were but trifles compared with the title of Divine Right, assumed by Boniface VIII., who claimed the whole earth as his inheritance, and maintained he had the right, as Vicar of God, and successor of St. Peter, to divide it among his obedient children, according as they deserved it; and moreover, threatened with excommunication and eternal perdition, all who dared to dispute his claim!

This assumption of universal dominion by the Pontiffs of Rome, first met with active resistance from our own Richard II., who passed the act of Premunire, in order to prevent the introduction of any Papal bull into the British Isles. This bold step was followed by the pragmatic sanction, which enabled the Gallic monarchs to maintain the independence

of France. The disputes of the Popes, which led to the establishment of two Papal courts, one at Rome, and the other at Avignon, tended still further to weaken the power of the Romish Church. The growing intelligence of the age had the same effect, and paved the way for that great event in the history of mankind—the Reformation.

The history of the Pontiffs of Rome, now shorn of all political influence, except such as they derived from their vast army of priests and monks, presents little else than a tissue of intrigues. Here persecuting every man of enlightened mind, under the plea of heresy, and there fawning on despotic princes with a view to regain some portion of the spiritual and temporal power lost by the crimes and arrogance of their predecessors.

The horrors of the Inquisition and all the varied terrors of Papal vengeance, by which the Romish Church punishes those who defy her authority, are too well known to require more than a passing allusion; and equally so the establishment of that most dangerous fraternity

to the peace of society, the Jesuits; whose political crimes and disregard for social rights had become so intolerable, that we find the whole of the Roman Catholic Princes of Europe about the middle of the eighteenth century, first memorialising, and then threatening the reigning Pope, Clement XIII., for the immediate dissolution of the order.

The demand was repeated, and at length granted by Clement XIV., Ganganelli; the only Pontiff of Rome who had the courage to show himself the friend of civil and religious freedom; but the fraternity was re-established, and all its ancient power and privileges restored by Pius VII. Thus Paul III. consented to and encouraged the establishment of the order of Jesuits in 1540. Clement XIV., as we have already mentioned, in direct contradiction to the policy of his predecessor, in 1773 suppressed the society, as dangerous to true religion, morality, and the peace of mankind; and again, Pius VII., on the 7th of August, 1804, re-organised the society. Where, then, is the unity of the policy of the successors of St. Peter,

and what becomes of their infallibility ? Indeed, if it were necessary, we could give a hundred instances, in which some Pope revoked the acts of his predecessors, even in points of faith, the most interesting to a true believer ; and as none of them can err according to the statement of the fathers of this Church, we are at a loss how to explain the contradiction.

According to the statement of contemporary writers, Clement XIII., for meditating the suppression of the order of Jesuits, and his successor, Clement XIV., for completing it, are said to have been poisoned by some of the brethren of the order ; it is not, therefore, probable, that any of their successors will attempt the dissolution of a fraternity now in such high favour with despotic princes, and who may be said to reign supreme over the Pope, and the whole Roman Catholic world.

But to return to the sixteenth century, that age of Italian genius and Italian crime. At this time, woman, as is invariably the case in a dissolute state of society, had fallen into the lowest condition of moral degradation ; and



how could it be otherwise with the example of such profligate courts as those of Leo X., Clement VIII., and Paul III.; men who had no other object in existence than the pursuit of pleasure; one of whom, Leo X., is accused by his contemporaries of having dared to erect an altar to prostitution. Poor Italy!

At this time, society in general seems to have been infected with the same spirit of licentiousness which originating in the court, and with the clergy, gave its tone to literature and the fine arts; and left examples which remain to the present day in the theatrical forms and lascivious positions of many of the paintings and statues of saints and angels that now adorn some of the churches of Rome, which would be more appropriately placed in the private cabinet of a *dilettanti*.

Such was unhappily the degenerate state of the morals and manners of the Pontifical court of Rome till about the close of the reign of Paul III., when the rapid advance of the reformed creed recalled the dissolute Pontiff and his prelates to a sense of their duty, and told

them that unless they reformed their conduct, and adopted the most stringent measures to arrest the march of intellect, their rule must soon terminate.

It was now that the Church of Rome and its ecclesiastical polity, threatened with dissolution both at home and abroad, sought for safety in that terrific and mysterious tribunal—the Inquisition—then followed those secret, sudden, and appalling executions and assassinations, which spread a gloom over the whole of Christendom, when every principle of justice, faith and humanity were set at nought by bulls that sanctioned rebellion, regicide, and assassination; and when the entire revenues of the Papal States and its supporters were exhausted in endeavouring to subsidize troops to oppose the armies of the reformers in France, Germany, England, and the Netherlands.

While these terrific scenes were being acted abroad—famine, piracy and brigandage, together with intestine divisions, the horrors of war, and the sack and plunder of Rome, were decimating the miserable inhabitants of the Papal States; and to fill up their cup of misery, the pestilence

of 1590 swept away in one summer sixty thousand inhabitants of Rome.

The power of the domineering court of Rome had by this time become weakened in no inconsiderable degree even in Italy, hitherto the stronghold of the Church. Dante, Savonarola, Arnold of Brescia, and many other daring spirits had already excited in the multitude a desire to emancipate themselves from the bondage of Papal despotism. The most formidable adversary of the temporal power assumed by the Church of Rome, was undoubtedly Lorenzo Valla; his convincing refutation of the claims of its Pontiffs to be considered as the successors of St. Peter, or to possess territorial dominion in Italy, founded on no better authority than a forged deed of gift by the Emperor Constantine, is one of the most interesting works of the medieval age.

This work of Lorenzo Valla, who may be considered as the first reformer of the Roman Church in Italy, attracted the notice of several of its most accomplished princes, together with some of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries,

who, unable to impeach the truth of an indisputable fact, were won over to his views, and engendered that secret tendency to reform, which gradually undermined the rock on which the foundation of Papal power rested. Such was the state of the public mind in Italy, when the Reformation preached by Luther and Calvin burst upon the world like an avalanche. A system of religion so pure and simply grand, based upon the plain truths of Scripture, could not fail to be warmly received by a people of such superior intelligence and intellectual culture as the Italians. Consequently, the reformed doctrine continued to spread on all sides, and reformed churches were opened in many of the large towns, not only without opposition, but with the avowed approbation of many of the Italian princes ; and the Reformation would have gone on increasing, had it not been for the ominous influence of Spanish dominion in Italy.

The reaction having once commenced, the cowardly and heartless princes of Italy, although they had openly embraced and supported the

reformed creed, on seeing mighty Spain herself in the van, as the champion of Papal intolerance, were the first to sue for pardon, and endeavoured by all the exterior signs of the most ardent devotion, and the most abject submission to the Church, to evince the sincerity of their penitence—nay, they even joined in the horrid work of fanatical persecution. Among these, there was only one poor woman who had the hardihood to dare the thunders of the Vatican, and the persecution of her own cruel husband. This was René—the unhappy Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII. of France.

Notwithstanding the merciless scenes of terror and violence, that were now enacted throughout the length and breadth of the beautiful peninsula, when the zeal of the most intolerant Popes could scarcely satisfy the rabid violence of the Spaniards, who, with fire and sword, carried everything before them ; thousands of intrepid men were not wanting to uphold and suffer for the truths of the doctrines of the Reformation. These men who, by nature and education, were formed to appreciate the spirit

of free inquiry, and to value a system which accorded so well with the love of freedom exhibited by their republican fathers, if they have perished at the stake, or in the torture chambers of the Inquisition, have hallowed the classic soil of Italy, and left a name immortalized in the page of history.

Unfortunately the cause of error triumphed. But what could withstand two such sanguinary monsters as Philip II. of Spain, and Pope Paul IV., now leagued together to carry war wherever their influence extended against civil and religious liberty. In vain the Lombards in the north of Italy, so nearly allied to the Anglo-Saxon in race and love of freedom; and the Neapolitans in the south rose up again and again in successful rebellion against the agents of the Inquisition. In vain the republics of Genoa and Venice defied the terrors of Papal tyranny. In vain the citizens of Rome, at the death of the ferocious Paul IV. in 1550, threw open the dungeons of the Inquisition, and not only reduced the building to ashes, but perpetrated the most violent outrages on the body

of their inhuman Pope, and every member of his family. There was no intermission in the horrible work ; the new heresy must be extinguished at whatever cost or bloodshed. And when we remember the enormous military force brought against the Reformed Church—the united armies of France and Spain, the Emperor of Germany, and many of the other princes of Europe, not to mention the legions of priests, monks, and Jesuits, all banded together for its destruction—must we not believe it to have been supported by a power more than human ?

For the honour of Italy, we must not forget to record that the repeated and successful rebellious resistance of the Italians against the establishment of the Inquisition at Milan, Venice, Naples, and the other large towns of Italy, compelled the Roman Inquisitors to be more cautious in their proceedings. Not, therefore, daring to resort to open violence, the agents of the Inquisition had recourse to secret stratagem to secure their victims ; still these deeds of darkness were as appalling to men's minds as if they had witnessed the glare of the

torch and the burning pile, which made desolate so many hearths and homes during the reign of the sanguinary Pope Paul IV.

The intermission, however, was short. On the accession of Pius V., the work of persecution openly recommenced at Rome with the same unrelenting fury. Here at least the Pope was spiritual and temporal chief, and as such, his wretched subjects were doomed to behold day after day the *auto-da-fê* in all its horrors, till the whole of Italy was again filled with horror and dismay. This heartless bigot, in order to justify one of the darkest atrocities ever perpetrated by man, decreed that forthwith and for ever, thanksgivings should be offered up to heaven in all the Roman Catholic churches throughout Christendom for that great victory obtained over heresy, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew ! The same Pope was also accustomed to boast as a proof of his humanity, that he always strangled his porkers (Protestants) before he roasted them !

While the streets of Rome were smoking with the burning pyres of the most illustrious



men of Italy, when the stern patriot Machiavello was lying bruised and lacerated by the rack, to which the vengeance of a Medici had condemned him, when the immortal Galileo, enfeebled with age and infirmities, trembled before the Inquisition; the strongest spirits began to waver, despair prevailed, the brilliant Italian mind set in darkness, and the noblest children of ruined Italy, fled to the land of the stranger, carrying with them their genius, their industry, and their arts.

At length this long and protracted struggle, the most sanguinary, perhaps, in the annals of history, terminated in the complete triumph of the Reformers in England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and the Northern countries of Europe. The spell of Papal power was now completely broken. Insulted at home, and harassed abroad by the continued arbitrary encroachments of the laity and their princes on their feudal rights, the pontiffs and princes of the Church of Rome in the eighteenth century, with regard to temporal and spiritual power, remained in a state of torpid inactivity. They had not the

means to indulge in the profligacy of their predecessors, and if there was vice they were compelled to hide it from the public gaze. Above all, there were no more examples of that scandalous nepotism, which had been hitherto one of the besetting sins of the Roman pontiffs, when a Pope, in the plenitude of his power and divine right, could with a stroke of his pen invest one of his natural sons with the sovereignty of a neighbouring state. The ambitious designs of a Farnese, a Riario, or a Borgia could never be revived by their successors ; they felt they were doomed to atone for the iniquitous proceedings of their predecessors, and notwithstanding the *prestige* that still remained of spiritual authority, they were perpetually haunted by forebodings of some great evil ; and they must have known that, having destroyed the vigour and manliness of the Italian people by a system of priestcraft and jesuitical helotism, they would be compelled to submit to the first successful adventurer of the day, and become involved with their people in one common ruin. Of this we have had a

practical illustration in the facility with which Papal conservativeness gave way before Gallic destructiveness. Thus no sooner did Napoleon make his appearance in Italy, than Pope and princes fled the land or were made captive, and their large army of Jesuits, monks, and spies vanished as if they had never existed—affording a lesson to rulers, or at least it ought to do so, of the necessity of encouraging liberal institutions among their people, without which they will never have either the courage or the inclination to defend themselves against invasion.

## CHAPTER III.

Criticism on the Italian character—Flourishing state of Italy under the Republics—Hostility of the Papal Church to intellectual progress—How it has acted on the Italian mind—General observations on priestly government.

THERE are certain races among mankind, who appear to be endowed with that degree of intellectual superiority necessary for self-government, and we may reckon the Italians among the number, a highly practical people, who have already shown they could enjoy and appreciate freedom. The Republics of Venice, Genoa, Milan, Florence, Pisa, Sienna, Naples, still live in the memory of the people, linked as they are with national greatness, political power, and

commercial prosperity. Again, how many illustrious men has not this country produced. In political science we have Machiavello, and the more recent Beccaria. Indeed the Italians may be said to have invented political economy, which was afterwards reduced to the harmonious proportions of a science by our own Adam Smith. They first showed to the world the true balance of commerce, demonstrated that labour was the sole creator of wealth, pointed out the injurious tendencies of monopolies, and restrictions, and the impolicy of any nation interfering with the commercial relations of another. While no man ever before developed in a more scientific form, or with more practical effect the principles which should guide legislators in enacting laws, and remedying the diseases of the body politic than Filangeria. Neither did any man labour with a more truly christian zeal in putting an end to the atrocious practices of the dark ages in criminal legislation—the barbarities of the feudal system—than the noble-minded Beccaria.

We might multiply instances to prove that

Italy, before she fell under the demoralizing sway of Spanish princes and the leaden rule of the house of Habsburg, led the way in all that was great and noble in the arts and sciences; and if her highly gifted sons have not continued in the van of European civilization, it is solely to be ascribed to the political and religious disabilities under which they have laboured. Must we not therefore believe they would have fallen into the deepest slough of barbarism, did they not possess in a high degree the immortal development of mind—a development which neither the tyranny of foreign despots, nor the insurmountable obstacles thrown in the way of national education, has been able to crush.

In fact, the Italians are not only a theoretical but a practical people, as we shall find by perusing the chronicles of republican Italy, which shews them to have been an organized body of highly civilized states; and, if they fell through their own intestine divisions, we must remember the barbarous age in which they flourished, and what they achieved towards

furthering the social progress and enlightenment of the world.

How much then is it to be regretted that such an exuberance of mental vigour, should have been so long exposed to the paralyzing influences of political despotism and religious tyranny. Bonaparte was perfectly aware of the intellectual power of Italy, and when General Massena, who, like his great chief, was of Italian extraction, asserted that Italy deserved to be "libera ed una," (free and united,) the Corsican exclaimed: "E allora che sarà della vecchia Gallia!" (what then is to become of old France?)

Even the pontiffs of the Roman States in the olden time, however culpable might be their moral conduct and inordinate ambition, were not only liberal patrons of the fine arts, but many of them men of letters, and none more accomplished than the highly gifted Pius II., the well known Piccolomini, who was crowned with laurel as the greatest poet of his day by the Emperor of Germany, Frederic the Third, and whose literary fame spread through-

out Europe. Indeed, it was only in after days when they listened to the counsels of intolerant Spain, and becoming alarmed at the rapid advance of a host of daring reformers, who threatened to put an end to their long usurpation of spiritual and temporal power, that they placed themselves at the head of every movement and measure intended to arrest the progress of intellect and the diffusion of knowledge.

It was then that the Jesuits, that priestly militia of the Church of Rome, first invaded the colleges, the schools, the pulpit, and the confessional. It was then that this ill-starred nation, hitherto the most enterprizing and industrious in Europe, sunk into slavery. It was then that the bold conception, the manly diction, the finished execution, began to decline in Italy. There were schools and academies, poets and artists as numerous as ever, there was the same melodious language, the same vivid imagery, the same luxurious colouring; but the impulse of civil and religious freedom, which had previously given life to men's minds and their productions was wanting; and, like the patient



who is suffering from some insidious chronic disease, the people themselves were not aware of the rapidity with which the intolerant rule of this new horde of foreign invaders (Spanish Jesuits) were sapping and undermining all that remained of that inventive, active—life enterprize, and industry—for which their fathers were so justly famed. In short, if we were to trace the history of Italy to the present day, the terror and violence which characterized the civil administration of the country, more obnoxious because foreigners held the sway—the arrogance and misrule of the Church—the general disorganization of society—the assassinations perpetrated in open defiance of the authorities—the braves that formed part of the train of the sovereign, the princes of the Church, the nobles, and the wealthy—the army of brigands that rendered the highway unsafe, and who made their home in the villages or the mountain top; we must wonder that the inhabitants of this ill-fated country have preserved even the external forms of civilization. We must also feel surprized that when the hour of trial arrived, a sufficient

number of the lower classes were found possessed of the requisite intelligence and manliness of character, to join their more enlightened brethren in the various attempts they made to free themselves from the bondage of their foreign rulers.

Finally, if we turn again to the history of Italy before the advent of Spanish rule, Spanish Jesuits and Spanish Inquisition, we shall find that a number of learned men and antiquarians resided in Rome, extravagant enthusiasts, who did not scruple openly to question the infallibility of the Pope. Nay, some even dared in their writings, to indulge in jest and sarcasm on the private conduct of the Holy Pontiffs. In those days, however, the heads of the Church, whatever might have been their failings, being possessed of human feelings, rarely administered any other castigation than a severe rebuke, and notwithstanding the memory of Leo X. has been disgraced, by the manner in which he abused his sacred ministry, his love for the fine arts and learning, and the unbounded hospitality he displayed towards men

of genius, in some degree redeems his name in the estimation of posterity.

It cannot be denied that literature, the sciences, and the fine arts, were, at this time, deeply indebted to the fostering care of the pontiffs of Rome ; and we willingly admit that many of them exhibited superior taste, varied accomplishments, and much amiability and liberality of character ; but in those days, the spirit of the papacy was national, with a strong tendency towards republicanism, and the popes and princes of Italy made it their pride to dedicate a great part of their immense wealth to the erection of public buildings, decorated with all that the splendid genius of their countrymen could conceive. The beautiful palaces and churches of Rome, the magnificent cathedrals and town halls in every large town in central and northern Italy, are monuments that attest to the present day the munificence of their founders.

It was not only in architecture that the gigantic mind of old Italy revealed itself, sculpture and painting were cultivated in their

highest forms, while her universities, Padua, Florence, Pisa, Bologna, Sienna and Salerno were the most celebrated in the world, in the various sciences of which they were the respective founders. Can we then wonder in these days of civil and religious freedom, that Italy flourished, and its influence extended to every part of the habitable globe; or that the Italians were the authors of so many brilliant discoveries, the founders of so many of the physical sciences, or that they first paved the way to others which have conferred a lasting benefit upon mankind?

In anatomy, there is scarcely a part of the human body that is not connected with the name of some illustrious Italian. Fabricius, by discovering the valves of the veins, shares with our own Harvey the glory of making known the circulation of the blood. Malpighi was the first who employed the microscope in minute anatomy, by which means he ascertained the true nature of glandular structures. Aselli made us acquainted with the lacteal system, while Morgagni, the founder of pathology, in

his work on the seat and causes of diseases, invested medicine with a character at once novel and interesting.

The erudite observations of Cæsalpinus, and the gigantic labours of Aldrovandi on the internal organization of plants, may be considered as having heralded the more successful investigations of the illustrious Swede, in botanical science, when aided by those great Italian navigators, Columbus and Vasco de Gama, the botanic gardens of all the Italian universities bloomed with a thousand beautiful exotics, until then unknown to Europe. Cassini drew the first meridian. Torrecelli invented the barometer. Castelli explained the theory of running water. Galvani and Volta, in discovering the phenomena of galvanism and its effects, prepared the way for our own immortal Davy, who has rendered such important service to chemistry.

Partaglia of Brescia may be termed the restorer of mathematics, it was by him, his scholars and contemporaries, that astronomy was purified from the dross of judicial astrology,

and founded on mathematical laws. To them is also due the glory of having levelled the path, on which intellectual philosophy was soon to tread with such gigantic strides ; and Galileo, in a subsequent age, was a worthy successor of those great luminaries, and stands at the head of another constellation of illustrious Italians, who were, alas ! for the last time to shed over their country the light of genius.

Facts, undeniable facts, were now being daily elicited, which the authority of a superstitious Church sought in vain to contradict. Who has not read of the persecution of Galileo, by the pontiffs of Rome ; the untimely fate of Giordano Bruno, who was arrested at Padua, consigned to the dungeons of the Inquisition, and burnt at Rome ; of the illustrious physician Severi, who was thrown into the flames at Modena ; of Barozzi, the mathematician, who expired by torture ; of the mild and humane Telesio, the bold friar Campanello, of Adriani, Varchi, Nardi, Sarpi, and a host of other men eminent in the arts and sciences, who perished either at home or abroad by the

poniards of the Inquisition? Truly, it would be difficult to point out in any other age, or in any other country, such a galaxy of immortal names—men, who united to the loftiest genius, the courage of heroes, and the devotedness of martyrs.

But the mission of Italy as a teacher of mankind, was unhappily fast drawing to a close. The mental aspirations of her talented sons, were doomed to be crushed beneath the rule of foreign tyrants, and an ignorant, intolerant priesthood.

The decadence of the Italian mind offers an instructive, an important lesson to nations, and should not be disregarded by any man who enjoys the greatest of all earthly blessings, civil and religious liberty. He should also remember that since the beginning of time, the aim of all priests, whether Pagan or Christian, has been power, spiritual and temporal; and whenever they have placed the sword in the hand of the civil magistrate, it has only been with the view, that they might, unseen and unsuspected, direct more effectually the blow against the

civil and religious liberties of mankind, without which no nation, however gifted, can hope to escape from that lingering death, which is certain to overtake every country and every people cursed with the despotism of priestly rule. Our own far-seeing ancestors at the Reformation, aware of this tendency in the hierarchy, and knowing that their superior education and sacred calling must always place them in a position exercising great influence over the minds of man, wisely placed the highest spiritual and temporal power in the hands of the laity; and were it not for this wholesome check, to which we may add the number of seceders from the Reformed Church, who have formed, as it were, a species of ecclesiastical democracy, opposing and combatting any assumption of temporal power in the great and well-paid dignitaries of the Established Church, it is impossible to say what might ultimately be the fate of England; and much as we reformers may love our Church, and believe it to be the only true and Apostolic Church of Christ, yet it is easy to perceive in



the countenance directly and indirectly given by some of our prelates and clergy in the present day to Popish usages, together with the attempt to establish synods, and other innovations contrary to the ecclesiastical constitution of the country ; a well-organized conspiracy to render the spiritual power independent of the state, and pave the way to clerical despotism.

## CHAPTER IV.

Details of the late insurrection in Rome—Erroneous statements of the French Press with reference to it—Extracts from reliable Italian authors respecting the insurrection—Character of the Roman people vindicated—Want of faith displayed by the French government towards the Roman Republic—Its injury to the French national character—Deplorable state of Italy—Character of young Italy—General observations.

As there is a direct and indissoluble connection between oppression and resistance, the transition is natural from considerations on the effects of priestly government with which we closed our last chapter, to the late insurrection in the Papal States.

An explosion of public feeling so general and unanimous in a little state numbering about

three millions, so protracted and bloody, and which required the united force of the best appointed armies of France and Austria to repress, was an event of no ordinary importance, involving as it did so many interests, and so full of portentous meaning—the abolition of the temporal and spiritual power of a pope by his own subjects !

Most of our readers have no doubt read extracts from the ultramontane press of France, and other countries interested in the support of the Papacy, commenting upon the late insurrection in the Papal States and the character of its leaders. These statements were for the most part a malicious perversion of facts, a series of ungenerous attacks on the character and efforts of a gallant people, a mere handful of resolute patriots, battling against fearful odds for their lives and liberties ; the coalesced troops of the bigoted powers of Europe, in open hostility against them, while secret enemies in every court and capital endeavoured to prejudice the public mind in their cause ; in some instances,

even enlisting against them the unsuspecting pen of the liberal press.

Signor Mazzini, the humane and enlightened statesman, was denounced as a vile demagogue, a dangerous socialist, whose opinions tended to the subversion of all social order and revealed religion. At the same time, General Garibaldi, the brave and generous soldier, was accused of being nothing better than a captain of banditti, and his followers men liberated from the prison and the galleys, French *sans-culottes* and Polish rebels, the greater number strangers to the soil of Italy, who had no other object than plunder. Yet this army of brigands, under the command of their banditti-captain and socialist demagogues, continued for some months to combat, harass, and hold in check the best disciplined armies of France, Austria, Spain and Naples.

To become acquainted with the facts of the revolution in the Papal States, and the real character of the parties engaged in it, and also to remove any erroneous impressions of the nature and object of that unhappy contest, we cannot follow a more faithful guide than Carlo

Rusconi, in his very able and comprehensive work, "*Documenti della Guerra Santa d'Italia*," published at Turin, in 1851.

Our intelligent author, who never makes a statement without giving the facts, which prove the truth of his narrative, contradicts in the most positive manner, the various accounts given by the reactionary press of France respecting the siege of Rome; and commences by telling us that the little army collected in Rome, for the defence of that city, amounted to something more than fourteen thousand men, the whole natives of the Papal States, except twelve hundred Lombard and Tuscan Italians, two hundred Poles, and about a hundred volunteers from nearly every country in Europe. They were for the most part inexperienced in the art of war, but nevertheless combatted for upwards of two months, thirty thousand veteran soldiers of France.

This writer, while describing the celebrated battle of the 30th of April between the French and the Romans, under the walls of Rome, severely censures the traducers of his country-

men, whose Gallic vanity ascribed the victory to a *guet-apens*, which cost them upwards of a thousand men ; whereas he proves that the more robust and agile Roman, animated by the hallowed name of liberty, was more than a match for the Frenchman, when fighting hand to hand. General Garibaldi, who it appears had already served an apprenticeship in the art of war in South America, knew how to estimate the value of the enthusiasm of his men, and saw at once from the position the French had taken, protected by their cannon, and the long range of their riflemen, the Chasseurs de Vincennes, that there was no hope of success over an enemy so highly disciplined, unless he resolutely and at once charged with the bayonet, This determination enabled him in many a subsequent combat, to place his own undisciplined troops on a level with an army far more numerous and better appointed.

Signor Rusconi, who never loses an opportunity of taunting the French with their perfidy and exalting the valour of the Romans, also observes, that had it not been for their inter-

vention, which increased the enemies of the Roman Republic to upwards of eighty thousand men, and occupied their best troops and most experienced soldiers in defending their capital, they would have been as well able to rid themselves of the presence of the Austrians, and the Spaniards, as they had hitherto been to drive the Neapolitans out of their country.

It no doubt suited the views of the Jesuitical faction, that then, as well as now, ruled the destinies of France, to misrepresent facts, to mislead the French people with details of the barbarity of an Italian *guet-apens*, the massacre of the French troops, and various other falsehoods, and by this means prepare an ignorant soldiery to attack the independence of a people far more worthy of rational freedom than themselves. It was natural that Austria, a despotic power with so many interests in Italy at stake, should take the field, and endeavour to put down the republican movement among the subjects of the Papacy. The King of Naples, as the nearest neighbour, was also interested in the destruction of a republic in Rome. Spain,

likewise, that had been so long associated with whatever is bigoted and intolerant, would of course enrol herself among the defenders of the successor of St. Peter. But France! republican France! which had been battling more than seventy years for that civil and religious liberty, a handful of gallant Romans had won from their oppressors, to volunteer her aid in the cause of intolerance and priestly despotism—was a proceeding so fraught with inconsistency and contradiction, as to appear more like a dream than reality.

A country may possess an average share of men eminent for learning and virtue, and we do not deny that France numbers among her citizens some of the most ardent friends to the enlightenment of mankind. How much then is it to be regretted that such men as these have been unable to prevent her from committing a great political crime—from having, when in the full enjoyment of a representative form of government, deliberately sinned against the very system it was her interest to defend. But the masses in France are far too ignorant to value



civil and religious liberty as it deserves, and her public men, at least on this occasion, have proved themselves unworthy guardians of their country's honour.

From the commencement of the French expedition, from its arrival at Civita Vecchia to the capitulation of Rome, one act of perfidy rapidly followed another by its diplomatists and military chiefs, with the intention of overreaching their less wily opponents. The treaties evaded, stipulations and engagements violated, &c., now published to the world document after document by Carlo Rosconi, stamp with ignominy the republican government of France and its unscrupulous President. A warning to the nations how little a country is to be trusted, when its public men—an Oudinot de Reggio, a Tocqueville, and a Falloux,—have adopted the motto of the Jesuits: "The end justifies the means," as their rule of action. But we cannot do better than give their character in the language of our author at page 325. "I solemnly declare, *Dichiarandole che la condotta del generale Oudinot in Roma fu indegna di un*

uomo d'onore, che egli menti vilmente, e che l'ignominia di cui si coperse pareggia solo quella del suo governo, il più abietto, ed ignobile che mai disonorasse un popolo dell' Europa!"

Again in his letter to the French ministers, Messrs. Falloux and Tocqueville, he exclaims at page 363:

"Menzogna nelle asserzioni fondamentali! menzogna nei particolari! menzogna nei vostri agenti! menzogna, arrossisco in dirlo per la Francia che avete cacciata sì in fondo, negli ultimi a smarrire la tradizione dell'onore nei capi del vostro esercito! Avete vinto colla menzogna, e tentate giustificarvi colla menzogna! Mentiva il generale Oudinot, quand' egli, per illudere le popolazioni e spianarsi, trafficando sul nostro amore per la Francia, la via di Roma. . . . . Mentiva vilmente quando, dopo avere solennemente promesso in iscritto di non assalire la città prima del Lunedì! . . . . . Mentiste tutti, O signori! da colui che è primo tra voi sino all' ultimo de' vostri agenti!"

How contemptible, how corrupt, must a government have become when the acts of its

ministers, its generals, and its agents, provoked such a terrible castigation as this, to be exhibited to the world as liars and charlatans; and how fallen the military pride of an army when they permitted their commander to violate a truce on the Lord's Day, to enable him to conquer such an enemy as the undisciplined citizens of Rome. In short, if Signor Rusconi had not published the correspondence which passed between himself as Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Roman Republic and the French government, to prove the truth of his assertions, the whole affair and everything connected with the French expedition, and the siege of Rome, is so abominable and so unworthy of a great nation like France, that we should have disbelieved the details altogether. Facts, however, are stubborn things which cannot be erased by any subterfuge, or diplomatic contrivance from the page of history; there they remain, and must descend to posterity a lasting memorial to be judged of and commented upon by succeeding generations.

When the conflict was over, when the mili-

tary pride of the French was propitiated, and the stormy passions excited by strife and war had subsided, surely some commiseration might have been shown for the miseries of a suffering people. Surely the French government might have seen the wisdom and expediency of introducing some other system of administration in the Papal States more in consonance with the enlightenment of the age, than the rule of a conclave of ignorant monks now more than ever embittered against a people who had not only attempted to make themselves independent of the Holy See, but publicly declared the imperative necessity of reforming the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church. No such thing; the Roman people appear doomed to the perpetual misgovernment of ecclesiastical rulers—a class utterly incapable from their peculiar education and monastic habits, to rule mankind, much less to sympathize with the love of freedom—with the spirit of national independence manifested by their countrymen in every part of Italy.

A Te Deum performed in the church of St. Louis celebrated the subjugation of Rome by

the arms of the French Republic. The cardinals blessed the victorious army ; and its commander, General Oudinot, who, knowing he was fully absolved by his indulgent Church from the venial sin of having broken faith with the Roman people, transferred the executive to the commissioners of the Pope, the Cardinals della Genga, Altieri and Vanicelli, baptized by the Romans the "Triumvirato Rosso." Poor people ! even in the height of their misfortunes, they could not forego indulging in their national wit.

As might be expected, the Church of Rome reinstated in dominion and power, and protected by French bayonets, proceeded to punish its disobedient subjects, now branded with the double crime of rebellion and heresy. The torture, imprisonment, and the banishment of every individual suspected of being connected with the insurrection, were the means resorted to for redeeming its refractory subjects, and are still pursued with a degree of atrocity unparalleled in the history of any other government, thus heaping a still heavier load of infamy on the

French as a nation—or rather the faction that now governs France.

“Uomini senza core! e senza credenza!” says Signor Rusconi in his own expressive Italian when portraying the character of the French people, page 372. “Ultimi allievi d’una scuola che incominciando dal predicare l’atea dottrina dell’Arte per l’Arte ha conchiuso nella formola del potere pel potere, voi avete da molto smarrito ogni intelletto di storia, ogni presentimento dell’ avvenire! La vostra mente è immiserita dall’egoismo e dal terrore d’un moto Europeo che nessuna potenza umana può arrestare, che consentito e diretto potea svolgersi pacificamente, e che la vostra colpevole resistenza muterà forse pur troppo in elemento di guerra tremenda!”

When we remember the volatile character of the French people, their scepticism in matters of religion, and the facility with which they pass from one extreme to another, and how completely they are guided by impulse when aroused to action by any exciting cause; we must admit there is some foundation in

truth for this remarkable passage in the work of our intelligent author. Granting this, can we doubt that the men who now uphold the Pope at the point of the bayonet, would hesitate to dethrone him to-morrow on the slightest pretence, or again plunge Europe in war, if they believed that by so doing French influence or dominion could be increased? Unhappily the great discontent which now prevails among the inhabitants of so many of the European states, and the slender ties that bind them to their ruler, open a wide field for the extension of French propagandism; even now it cannot be denied, much as the Italians have had cause to distrust the French, a partial change has taken place in the public mind in Italy, with reference to that nation.

The *coup d'état* of December 1851, which established the sovereignty of the plebiscite in France, has given birth to new ideas and hopes in a people, who, thirsting for vengeance, and despairing of any amelioration in their condition, eagerly turn to any government or dynasty that promises even a prospect of emancipation from

the tyrants that at present rule them; and, everything considered, it is by no means improbable, now that the fortunes of the Bonaparte family is again in the ascendant, and Rome in full possession of a French army, that the nephew, in accordance with the ambitious policy of his great uncle, might be tempted to place one of the lackland princes of his house on the throne of Italy.

This is the topic we now hear discussed; and, as usual, French agents are not wanting to tempt the liberals of Italy with dazzling visions of national independence, the union of Italy under one chief—a principle on which all their hopes have been based—and to forward which, life and wealth have been sacrificed with a devotedness rarely witnessed among any other people. Indeed it has become an article of religious belief among the patriotic party in Italy, that the day is not far distant when their country will be called to a higher destiny than to be governed by priests and foreigners.

Be this as it may, the character of the man, who now rules with absolute power in France,



gives rise to a very serious question. Is the peace of Europe in such hands placed beyond the reach of surprise or accident? We doubt it; so long as France continues to be the leading power on the continent, and the princes of Europe have recourse to reactionary measures, now trampling on the liberties of their own subjects, and then coalescing to put down every attempt made by any other nation to improve their social existence. France can at any time head a revolutionary movement; and, as she has done before, render the political grievances of her neighbours, a stepping-stone to her own aggrandisement.

The basis of all international law should be public opinion; and, till this is the case, we must expect new revolutions, new wars, and French influence all-powerful in every country in which discontent prevails. Against this formidable power—the more to be dreaded with such inflammable materials at its command—where is the force that could oppose in the present day an effectual barrier? Unhappily there is now wanting the heart and the will—the

sacred cause which arrayed on the battle-field the might and strength of united Europe against the military despotism of the first Napoleon. Public tranquillity is more precarious in Italy than in Germany, both countries have been equally deceived, both disappointed in their desire for unity and national independence; and in both the inhabitants have lost all confidence in the truth of their rulers, and see no hope of deliverance from the thralldom of despotism, but in a successful revolution. We may, therefore, rest assured that until these two great countries, with their prudent, industrious, and highly civilized inhabitants, become elevated to the rank of independent states, in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, to counterbalance in the scale of continental states revolutionary France, there can be no peace for Europe, no relief from the ominous forebodings of the future.

Our age is the age of history, we live at a time pregnant with great events—events as extraordinary as they were unexpected. In former days, men's minds were occupied with

the eternal struggles of ambitious princes and the rivalry and wars of the two great contending creeds of Christendom, the Roman and the Reformed. Now the present age wars with the past. Civilization has broken down the barriers of serfdom and bigotry, and though the natural course of the human mind may be repeatedly interrupted in its lofty flight, there is always a centre from which all secondary chains of communication may be traced. England has been the first in the field, other countries have followed, and as yet partially failed; but shall there be no future for Italy? no political existence? Shall all the struggles of her talented children to win civil and religious freedom, be rendered nugatory because the great world of Romanism says that the fall of the Pope heralds the fall of the Church of Christ? a dangerous doctrine this, as if the divine truths of Christianity had no other claim to the love and gratitude of the whole civilized world than the existence of Popery. Whereas, the fact is, the unchristian acts of the Papacy, its religious intolerance, and enmity to freedom

—the blasting effects of its rule in every country within its influence—these have wrought the downfall of the Romish Church, have brought its hierarchy into contempt, and arrayed against it every enlightened and independent mind. Surely recent events have sufficiently demonstrated the truth of this, when we know, that without the aid of foreign bayonets, no effort of the Papacy, nor ultramontaniam, nor expedients of the Jesuits, however clever, could have prevented the whole system from falling to ruin, beneath the attack of the insurgents in 1848—49.

No people have been more maligned by some mistaken travellers, too precipitate in their conclusions, than the Italians; their intellectual and moral condition has been often wilfully misrepresented by writers who did not reflect that the people we now see reduced to the degraded state of helots, continued for ages the most gallant, enterprising, and industrious in the world. In other countries, where social order is established, where the inhabitants are secure from foreign aggression or the insolence of a

foreign soldier, and where they enjoy the blessings of civil and religious freedom, a revolutionary movement deserves the severest censure. But in Italy, so long the land of division and foreign thralldom, where any attempt to diffuse knowledge is stifled in the birth, and where every measure of despotism and priestcraft has no other aim or end than to perpetuate the reign of slavery, ignorance, and superstition: then a patient acquiescence in such degrading bondage must have proved the entire people to be something, if possible, lower than slaves.

When we consider these things, and the many grave and complicated difficulties that stood in the way of the national emancipation of the Italians — the formidable array of foreign troops; the force and resources of such a colossal power as Austria, occupying impregnable fortresses, and threatening the most populous towns and cities with instant destruction; the almost total want of weapons, and experienced leaders by the insurgents; a host of spies revealing every movement to their enemies; an army of Jesuits secretly endeavouring to

thwart and countermines all their plans—the bare attempt of this long-suffering people to carve out their emancipation, ought to command the respect and sympathy of every free and enlightened mind; and late events are sufficient not only to redeem the national character from the aspersions of unsympathising strangers, but to elevate them to a high rank for enterprise, and bravery of spirit.

However much every friend to civil and religious freedom may admire the gallant efforts of the Italians to recover their independence during the late revolution, and however much he may lament their overthrow by the armies of despotic Europe, still we must regret the entire want of foresight manifested by these people in having neglected to decide on their future form of government, and to ascertain how far they could depend on the united co-operation of their countrymen before entering on action. When the enemy was thundering at the door, was not the time for the chief of an insurrection to be occupied in discussing the validity of the claim of this or

that town to be made the seat of government, or whether a constitutional monarchy with the King of Sardinia as a ruler, or a republic, or a federalism of republics, was best adopted to the wants and wishes of Italy.

When an oppressed people break out in partial revolt, the result must ever prove disastrous. An executive, irritated by rebellion, is generally a stranger to mercy; and surely if any country was ever ripe for a successful revolution, and commanded the sympathies of every liberal member of the community, it must have been Italy; and no country had surer prospects of success, none more foolishly threw away its chances, not to mention the heroic struggle made by the Italians on many occasions—the memorable sieges of Rome and Venice, the gallantry and determination shown by the inhabitants of Brescia, were noble examples; and, if they had been universally imitated, Italy, secure in the sacredness of her cause, might have defied the whole of her enemies. And when we reflect on the number of gallant lives that have been sacrificed on each side, the mourning

and desolation of so many thousand families, the scaffolds that have been erected in every part of Italy, the stifled groans from the victims in the dungeons of Naples, Rome, Milan, Florence, and elsewhere—we must regret that no better result had been achieved than the restoration of civil and religious despotism in their worst forms.

It might be assumed that twenty-four millions of human beings, united in the bonds of one common language, origin and tradition, ought to have been able to carry out any enterprise, however difficult of execution; but the Italians have been so long politically and morally estranged from each other, and their local interests so artfully divided into different and opposite channels, it is more than doubtful, even had they succeeded, that their own private quarrels about the form of administration, precedence and seat of government, would not have entailed at least upon the present generation all the disasters of civil war.

Although it is easy to trace the errors of the past, and the causes which have led to the



failure of a great enterprize, it is more difficult to indicate the means which shall ensure success in any future attempt. It is at least to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that the Italians will have agreed on the form of government they intend to adopt, should they again hoist the standard of revolution.

The establishment of a united Italy, a constitutional monarchy under the King of Sardinia, the only prince among the rulers of Italy who claims by descent an Italian origin, and the only monarch who has kept faith with his people, commands, as far as we have been able to judge, the greatest number of suffrages. Still it cannot be denied that a federation of republics on the model of that of the United States of America, by which a strong executive is combined with territorial division, is a form of government that has obtained great favour with young Italy. At all events, whatever may be the ultimate fate of this unhappy country, it is certain that the intense hatred entertained by the Italians towards their present rulers, aggravated as it is by foreign intervention,

would be sufficient at any time to unite the whole nation under one common standard, and no man can doubt who has witnessed the enthusiastic feeling of the people, that the day is not far distant when neither the French nor the Austrians will dare to consider as their lawful prey a people far superior to them in everything but numbers and military force.

## CHAPTER V.

How the Papal Church acquired its temporal possessions

—The Countess Matilda d'Este and Pope Gregory VII.—Territorial divisions of Italy—How effected—Despotism of Austria contrasted with the Papal Government—French intervention and its effects—Re-establishment of priestly influence—Union of the sword with the crozier—Intrigues of the Jesuits—Alarming state of Italy—Politics and religion of the Italian people—Errors of the Papal Government as a ruling power—Signor Mazzini and the Triumviri of Rome—Their erroneous views—General observations.

WE may eulogize the truth and sincerity of some writers in having denounced the anarchical movements of 1848, and for recommending intervention as the only means of upholding the social fabric, at that time so fearfully

menaced in every part of the continent ; but surely we may claim an exception from the denunciation in favour of Italy, since it is impossible to remain any length of time in that unhappy country without being painfully convinced of the accumulated and accumulating evils under which it suffers. We must also believe that no man possessed of the slightest spark of generous freedom or manly feeling will condemn its inhabitants for resorting to rebellion against the usurpation of foreign tyrants, whose rule has been one unbroken record of licentious spoliation, merciless persecution and religious intolerance. Even admitting that possession has in a manner legitimized the sovereignty of Milan and its dependencies in the House of Habsburg, although founded on a radically defective title, what claim can that power adduce to Venice and its territories? In the same manner, if we study the history of Italy, and turn to that of the illustrious House of Este, we shall find an example of the manner in which sovereign power has been acquired by the pontiffs of

Rome; mankind may also learn the meaning affixed by the Romish Church to the words "pious donation," and also a convincing argument of the danger of leaving to a weak, superstitious woman the power of ruining her family at the instigation of an intriguing confessor.

The Countess Matilda was the daughter and heiress of Boniface d'Este, Marquis of Tuscany, Lord of Mantua, Lucca, Parma, Piacenza, Pisa, Spoleto, Bologna, Ferrara, Ancona, and one or two other dependencies; and after having been twice married, first to her near relative the Marquis d'Azo, and then to Welfus, Duke of Bavaria, also her kinsman, she exhibited a pious predilection for Pope Gregory VII., who on his part seems to have entertained an attachment not only for the lady but her possessions. As her spiritual adviser, he soon discovered that her marriage with the Bavarian prince had been contracted within the prohibited degrees of affinity, and that consequently for the good of her soul a divorce was indispensable.

The fair Countess, grateful for the zeal manifested towards the advancement of her spiritual interests by the successor of St. Peter, considered it her bounden duty to promote his temporal interests. Scandal does indeed assign a tenderer motive for her generosity, but we have no wish to meddle with such very delicate subjects as the character of a princess and a pope, and therefore refer those of our readers who may wish to investigate the matter to history. One thing, however, is certain: at her death she bequeathed the whole of her immense possessions, not to her paramour, in his individual capacity, which might appear too scandalous even in that corrupt age, but to the Holy See of Rome, thus depriving her legitimate heirs of the inheritance to which they were entitled by birth and the law of nations.

Unhappily for the Church, there were other princes interested in the spoil of the beautiful peninsula; and among those, Henry IV. of Germany had the courage and the power to protest against this wholesale robbery, as he

termed it, of the greater part of Italy; but his efforts, though partially successful, could not prevent Bologna, Ancona, Ferrara, Spoleto, and one or two other dependencies of the House of Este, from becoming the patrimony of St. Peter. In short, every successive age presents a melancholy series of calamities in the history of this ill-fated country. At one time, we see her invaded, under the slightest pretence, by the various princes of Germany, France and Spain; at another, sold, bartered, or partitioned, in compliance with diplomatic arrangements; then seized by foreign adventurers, who had no other title to possession than the divine right given to them by an ambitious Pope. At last, the most successful adventurer of all—Napoleon, the man of fate—made his appearance on the stage of Italy, who, having destroyed the last remnants of her independence—the free States of Venice, Genoa, and Lucca—consummated her entire ruin by paving the way to power for the House of Habsburg, whose princes have now converted the entire country into a vast barrack for foreign soldiers.

It must, however, be conceded that the military despotism of Austria, bad as it is, and galling to the pride of a high-spirited people like the Italians, is better than the intolerant rule of Papal despotism, of every other the most unendurable the wrath of Heaven could inflict upon a people. Unchanged and unchangeable, it is now the same, at least in its system of government, as when Petrarch wrote in the dark ages. Justice is now, as then, a nullity; imprisonment may at any time be inflicted at the arbitrary will of a cardinal minister of state, or cardinal governor of a province; and every species of jurisdiction is in the hands of an ignorant fanatic clergy, under whose blighting rule industry everywhere languishes; neither is there the slightest evidence of that spirit of activity, without which there can be neither enterprize nor advancement. In short, a general listlessness and apathy prevail all over the Papal States, only interrupted by shouts of frantic joy at the carnival, and now and then the attractive pagantry of some gorgeous procession of the Church. Hence the traveller who comes to



Rome for the purpose of amusement or the study of the fine arts, finding so many restrictions imposed upon his freedom of thought, and seeing such a formidable array of French bayonets, sbirri, and long-coated Jesuits in the streets, domineering in all the public places, and prying into every secrecy of private life, after a short residence, loathes the atmosphere of the place, as he would the tainted air of a prison.

So much for French intervention, carried out at the expense of so great a sacrifice of human life ; and so much for the pompous declarations we have read in the French papers, the proclamations of French generals, the public speeches of the President, the assurances given by the French ministers to the Chambers of Deputies, that the object of the French expedition was to crush anarchy, and establish a secular administration, representative and liberal in its form and tendencies ; to this was to be added the code Napoleon, a general amnesty, and the inviolability of the person. How far they have redeemed their promises, we have an answer in the wretchedness everywhere visible in the Papal

States, in the stifled groans from the dungeons of the political prisoners, in the voice of the starving exile, in the acts of a camarilla of monks and Jesuits again in power, whose excesses are daily heaping fresh infamy on the Church. No doubt the Pope and the President understand each other; and the latter, when he surrendered the miserable inhabitants of this unhappy country again to priestly misrule, received a *carte blanche* from the Vicegerent of Heaven, to riot, and do as he pleased, in the patrimony of the descendants of St. Louis.

Forbearance, however, has its limits; and when we remember how frequently this unhappy people have been outraged in all that man holds dear, a spirit of vengeance will be aroused, even in a population less easily excited than the hot-blooded Italians. Even now, notwithstanding the formidable array of foreign bayonets, glittering in every city, town and village in the country—a complete reign of terror—the inhabitants are so active in their preparations for another outbreak, that the Austrian general in the Legations, and the French general

in Rome, find it necessary day after day, to issue special instructions to their troops, telling them how they are to act, in the event of another insurrection.

This is by no means an exaggerated picture of the condition of the Papal States, and indeed of all Italy, in the present day ; the fruits of intervention, or, in other words, the law of proscription, as if a numerous and highly civilized people like the Italians, who have learned to appreciate their strength on the field of battle, could be coerced with impunity, their rights and privileges trampled upon as if they were for ever to remain the hereditary helots of foreign despots and intolerant priests, a people to whom there was to be no hope for the future, no redemption from the slavery of bygone ages.

In the meantime, the Jesuits, those indefatigable soldiers of the Papacy, now that the bayonets of despotism serve to restrain the spirit of rebellion, were never known to be so active in carrying out their intrigues in every Roman Catholic and Protestant country in Europe ; here obstructing and retarding the

march of knowledge, there creating obstacles and embarrassments in the way of every government opposed to their views, the whole body animated by the same feelings, the same endeavour to establish a more perfect system of priestly despotism. The effects of their intrigues are visible, not only in Italy, France and Austria, but in Ireland, and the Protestant States of Germany, where they have rendered, by their secret machinations, every other species of government but their own impracticable; and now, having given their laws to France, Austria and Spain, refractory Sardinia is threatened with the direst vials of their wrath. An invisible enemy that no ordinary legislation can control, except by the most rigorous law of banishment, and who, if left to weave their web undisturbed, would never rest till they had made the Church of Rome, and nothing but the Church of Rome, the dominant power.

This new invasion of Papal Rome on the civil and religious liberties of mankind, is one of the most remarkable events of our age; an ecclesiastical polity, which having escaped, as it

were, utter ruin, has once more taken the field with extraordinary vigour, armed and protected as it is by the despotic princes of coalesced Europe. A proof of how helpless these princes must have felt in their position ; how haunted by their apprehensions of what must surely come—the triumph of civil and religious freedom ; when they were obliged to employ the Jesuits and the Pope to assist them in reducing the mind of men to the same state of pupillage, political death, and abstraction from all the duties of public life which marked the reign of the dark ages. These champions of ecclesiastical usurpation may congratulate themselves on the ephemeral establishment of spiritual and temporal despotism in some of the enlightened states of Europe, but if they believe that this event will serve to rivet the chains of priestly bondage, they have studied with little advantage the vast changes that have taken place in the feelings and intellectual aspirations of the inhabitants of Europe, impelled, as they have been for centuries, by the omnipotence of thought, conveyed to them by the printing-press, and

now by steam—agents which know no barrier, and against which all physical resistance, and religious intolerance, will prove equally unavailing and powerless.

Every age has its peculiar phase, that of ours is progress—a forward movement which distinguishes the efforts made by every people to keep pace with their contemporaries. Ignorance and inaptitude in some, and political disabilities in others, must necessarily retard this progress for a time, but with the numerous aids we now so happily possess, no tyranny, wars, revolutions, nor invasions, however disastrous, could ever reduce a people once civilized to the degradation of former days, to the condition of serfs and barbarians.

It is equally certain that the Church of Rome has had its day, has performed its civilizing mission of spreading the light of Christianity among the ignorant masses of mankind, and to which its gorgeous imposing ceremonial is so well adapted; but the attempt to continue enforcing the delusions of that creed on the intellect of man, when highly civilized, is worse than folly.

Signor Rusconi, himself a Roman by birth, educated in the Roman Catholic faith, in the seminaries of the Jesuits, assures us at page 218 of his "Guerra Santa d'Italia," that the peasant of the Papal States already rejects many articles in the creed and formularies of the Church of Rome, as too puerile to satisfy even his untutored mind ; but we cannot do better than transcribe the words of this distinguished statesman and philosopher, who had more ample means of knowing the effects produced by the Roman Catholic religion on the civilization of the Italian people than any English traveller can possibly have.

"Nemico alle scienze, nemico alle lettere, in lega adultera e perpetua cogli oppressori dei popoli. La libertà è impossibile col papato, e dovunque il papato più o meno alligna, ivi è sbandita la libertà. L'Italia schiava di tutta Europa ; l' Irlanda schiava dell' Inghilterra, la Polonia schiava della Russia, scontano orrendamente la pena di non essersi emancipate dalle influenze del papato. La Spagna, il Portogallo, la Boemia, l' Ungheria, la Francia stessa para-

lizzata sempre dai mali infusi del Vaticano, tutta la storia dell' Europa moderna infine ha irrefragabilmente provato, che il papato quale è oggi è sinonimo di schiavitù, di guerre intestine, di mali che fine non avranno, se non quando il papa sceso da un trono da cui ha avventata la discordia nel mondo, tornerà a quella semplicità, dell' Evangelo che una malnata ambizione gli fece conculcare."

Our intelligent author after passing in review the various states of Continental Europe, the growth of public virtue in some, and the demoralization of others, which he ascribes to the amount of Papal influence found in each, passes a high eulogium on the sturdy reformers of Great Britain, our own glorious ancestors, who having dethroned the Pope, and taken the Bible—the word of God—as the Magna Charta of their civil and religious liberties, have outstripped all their contemporaries in the great march of civilization and industry. He compares her position with that of turbulent France, ever flying from one extreme to another, ever seeking for internal peace and finding it no-



where ; whose people, after perpetrating the most savage enormities, wound up the tragedy by denying the truth of all revealed religion, and have now become so thoroughly demoralized—the intellectual classes by scepticism, the fruits of a creed they despise, and the ignorant masses by superstition, forming together such contrary elements—the one the slaves of their passions, and the other of a Jesuitical faction, that it has been found impossible to establish among them any lasting system of government. Neither will social order, says our author, be established in that country till the Divine truths of Christianity are thoroughly understood by the people—till they embrace a creed divested of the illusions and superstitions of Popery, which while it appeals to the soul, fears not to meet the intellect of man in the highest state of civilization.

Look at Spain, says Carlo Rusconi, in his denunciation of Popery, and see what a state of ignorance, superstition and humiliation, Papal

influence has reduced her—Spain that, about three centuries ago, was mistress of the greater part of civilized Europe and America, and might be said to hold in her hands the destinies of the world. He then transfers the attention of his reader to America, when he contrasts, with great force and philosophical reasoning, the intellectual and moral state of the two great races—the Anglo-Saxon and the Spanish—who may be said to divide between them the whole of the New World, and clearly proves, notwithstanding the institutions of each are republican, and on the self-governing principle, that the creed they carried with them into the land of their adoption, has had its influence in forming the character of each. In the Anglo-American, that gigantic son of Old England, he justly acknowledges he beheld the same spirit of enterprize—the same love of civil and religious freedom—the same moral feeling and energy, that distinguishes his illustrious sire, and who have now become lords of the ocean; at home commanding the commerce of the world, abroad opening

new regions, and founding new empires, conformably with their heavenly mission as civilizers of the world, and bid fair to encircle the globe with their language, their laws, their religion, and their institutions. On the other hand, the degenerate sons of bigoted Spain, with the Pope for a master, and a host of intolerant priests as their guides, have continued to sink century after century still deeper in the slough of superstition, inertness, and barbarism; and like the inhabitants of every country in the Old World cursed with the rule of the Papacy, without a hope for the future, or a gleam of sunshine to herald a brighter day, as if awakening to a sense of their degradation, resort from time to time to these repeated and dreadful revolutions, which have filled the whole civilized world with alarm, and shaken the base of society to its centre.

In perusing these extracts from the works of so distinguished a scholar and enlightened statesman as Signor Carlo Rusconi, our readers can judge for themselves the state of religious and political feeling in Italy. Happily our

author is not only a patriot, but an ardent champion of Christianity as it ought to be—pure and evangelical—one of those enlightened minds who knows how to support his subject with the skill of an artist—a politician and a man of the world. In tearing aside so rudely the veil worn by Popery, and placing it side by side with the reformed creed which seeks for its inspiration in the words of the evangelists, he shows to his readers, with great adroitness, the effects of each on the civilization and prosperity of mankind. In the same manner, by allying the one with despotism, and the other with liberty, he wins over to his cause every man who values the greatest of all earthly blessings—civil and religious freedom.

For many years it has been the great object of the intellectual classes in Italy to root out the last remnant of Popery among the people, to tear asunder the last tie that bound them to the exclusive creed of their fathers, and thus, by gradually developing their natural

good sense and intelligence, prepare them for the revival of that public spirit which marked the character of the Italians before they were enchained by the thousand shackles with which Popery so well knows how to fetter its victims. To what extent they have been successful in the regeneration of their countrymen, is shown by the events of the last few years, events which designate a new epoch in the history of the Italians, and proves their character to possess a constancy of purpose, a bravery and enterprize for which their contemporaries had hitherto not given them credit.

We believe, however, with Carlo Rusconi and other patriotic writers, that the Italian nation has not yet risen; that no Italian revolution, strictly national, has yet taken place; that the day of a Cromwell or a Washington has not yet dawned on Italy; that the iron will of a soldier is yet to be found to give order and life to the movement, a higher tone of daring to a people battling for freedom, than the sparkling eloquence of a chief whose weapon is the pen. All the elegant and energetic epistles of Signor Mazzini, the humane and enlightened

triumvir of the late Republic of Rome, appealing to the honour of France; all his letters interchanging greetings of fraternity and sympathy with the diplomatists of republican France; all his threats about the rights of nations, an established government, &c., were so much waste paper, when employed to arrest the brand of a military chief of glorious Gaul, backed by thirty thousand bayonets!

Of one thing we may feel assured, civilized Europe has not yet arrived at the golden age—the dream of poets and philosophers, when war and the right of nations to improve their social condition is to be decided by the deliberations of a peace congress. Mazzini of Rome, Manin of Venice, and all the other heroes of the pen, who soared so high during the late insurrections in Italy, were philosophers born before their time. No deed of infamy, however, marked their short-lived reign; and if they failed in giving civil and religious freedom to their compatriots, they have at least the satisfaction of carrying with them into the land of the stranger the respect of their contemporaries.

We have had many examples of their

humanity, particularly towards the close of the siege of Rome, when the exasperation of the Romans was at its height, and all hope of successful resistance was doubtful, the triumviri of Rome not only succeeded in calming the effervescence of the people, but overruled the desperate counsels of Garibaldi, a giant in himself, with a hundred eyes, and a hundred hands, who would have carried on the contest in Rome while a barricade, a church, or a palace was capable of defence.

Admitting that the mind of a well-educated Italian is of a very high order, and none better adapted for making the most of present circumstances, still we think Signor Mazzini, the great master-spirit of Young Italy, acted unwisely in hesitating to sanction the proposal of the Roman Senate to publicly renounce the errors of the Church of Rome. An act so astounding as this would at once have imported to the struggle a religious character, complicated the question of French intervention, and led to such excitement in England, America, Germany, and every Protestant state and community in the

old and the new world, as must have compelled their governments to interfere in behalf of their co-religionists in Rome, while the liberal press in England and America would have lashed republican France with such a torrent of abuse that she must, through shame, have given up the contest.

Instead of coming to this decision, Signor Mazzini and his associates continued to philosophize till the moment for action had passed. They thought that so sweeping a concession of reform in the Church to the liberal spirit of their countrymen, would be ascribed by their enemies to infidelity. No doubt some good Roman Catholic of the old school was still left to tell them that the removal of a single stone, the slightest change in the fabric of Popery, and the whole edifice would crumble to pieces, and with it Christianity.

Be this as it may, the intelligent classes in Italy, the supporters of reform in the Church, know, from a more intimate acquaintance with other countries where reform has found a home and prospered, that the fate of a creed



which relies for its preservation on its Divine origin, can never be involved in the ruin of any ecclesiastical system whatever. Still it must be conceded there is a great deal of scepticism to be found here and there among the people, the effects of the long rule of the French, as if that fatal nation were destined to be the destroyer of the Church of Rome, formerly as enemies, now as friends.

Happily for the well-being of society and the advancement of true religion, there is now in Italy an under-current influence, guided and directed by her own intelligent sons, which neither the intolerance of priests, nor the shallow philosophy of a giddy Frenchman, can arrest—a desire to establish a church on pure evangelical principles; and though a general manifestation of this is retarded through political influence, and the dread of that fatal combination of Jesuitism and despotism now the order of the day, for the suppression of thought, it is more than ever silently making way. The majority may publicly profess their faith by attending mass and going to confession, through fear of

being sent to answer for their heresy at the footstool of the Sacra Consulta, but Popery, as a creed, we may rest assured has lost for ever its influence over the minds of the people of Italy.

Even in the absence of conviction, the obstinacy with which the intolerant rule of Popes and Jesuits is being continually forced on an outraged people—a rule to which they ascribe the misery of their country and their own slavery—would be sufficient to awaken that fierce spirit of hostility which we now see manifested by Young Italy to everything connected with or that savours of Popery. We may also be assured this spirit will never rest till it has removed the cumbrous ruin that so long stood in the way of all social progress—national independence; and the noblest pledge the Italians could give of their being ripe for more generous institutions, is the tolerant conciliatory spirit that reigned among them at a time when all the fiercest passions of man's nature might be said to be allowed a free scope.

What a sad contrast with the awful calamities

that ensued, when, overcome by the Austrians in one direction, and betrayed by the French in another, they fell victims to the vengeance of their cruel rulers, showing to the world that the Italians were capable of governing themselves, gained a great moral victory over the coalesced powers of bigoted Europe, and laid the foundation of a future Italy, destined to be ruled by its own Italian Church, Italian institutions, and Italian government.

## CHAPTER VI.

The prisons of Rome—Sufferings of the prisoners for political offences—Their severe confinement—Their insufficient food—Frequent occurrence of death or insanity in the prisons—Pretended inspection of the prisoners — Administration of justice in the Papal States — Political and religious persecution in the Papal States—Insecurity of Papal power—Opinions of the ultramontane writers respecting England—Threat of a general crusade against the stronghold of Protestantism—The great influence of England acknowledged by despotic powers.

WE have said that on the re-establishment of the machinery for the administration of Papal power, persecution had again become the order of the day in the Papal States. Without depending altogether on our own gleanings to

prove the truth of our assertion, the statements of a people highly incensed against their rulers being often highly coloured and exaggerated, we shall refer to the work of another Italian author, "*Le Prigioni di Roma*," by Ernesto Burdelli, Avvocato alla Corte d'Appello, a gentleman whose profession as barrister afforded him many opportunities of acquiring a correct knowledge of facts, which could not possibly have fallen under the observations of a stranger. We regret that our limits will not permit us to give more than a faint outline of his work, which was published in 1851, by Demaria and Co., Torino.

In this publication, the reader will find every statement confirmed by the name of the individual sufferer, together with a clear exposition of the judicial system exercised by the *Sacra Consulta* at Rome—its sudden, mysterious, and arbitrary measures carried into execution by priests, Jesuits, and police agents, terminating with a harrowing picture of the unhappy prisoner whose hard fate has consigned him to incarceration in a dungeon of Papal Rome. The

picture of relentless oppression on the part of the pontifical government, and the unmitigated misery of the unhappy victims appears scarcely credible in the nineteenth century.

“In the capital of Christendom,” says Signor Burdelli, “in the place where the Vicar of Christ, the chief of the Roman Catholic Church holds sovereign rule, where St. Paul died teaching Christian charity ; we should have expected that the punishment of prisoners, at least those who had offended against the government during the political excitement of 1849, would have been tempered with mercy. But alas ! the sanguinary despotism exercised by the most absolute government in Italy, the Neapolitan, over its prisoners, is less severe, than the relentless tyranny of a conclave of Roman inquisitors, who, with the refined cruelty of their order, know how far to press the instrument of torture without causing immediate injury to the spring of life. Besides, the Neapolitan monarch, having only temporal power, his jurisdiction is limited to the body ; whereas the Pope, being at the same time spiritual chief and temporal

ruler, after destroying the earthly frame of his victims, consigns the immortal spirit to eternal woe."

"History," continues our author, "even in the darkest ages of Pagan barbarism, records nothing so repugnant to humanity, as that horrible institution of Roman Catholic priests—the Inquisition. While the tyrants of old, uninfluenced by the softening spirit of Christianity, slew their victims wholesale, the Papal Church sacrificed theirs by a refined systematic torture, from the contemplation of which the soul of man recoils with horror. Happily for the world, civilization, in conjunction with the mission of France, effected the overthrow of that dreadful tribunal; so that the persecuting spirit of Popery dare not show itself in our day, at least in the terrific glare of a public *auto-da-fê*. It is, however, but little changed where it has the power of exercising its hostility against the civil and religious liberties of mankind. Of this a striking example is afforded us in the dungeons for political offenders in Rome, and surely the whole civilized world in

our day presents no spectacle so deplorable as one of these prisons, where everything that the experience of ages had taught was effectual in the art of torturing mankind, everything that intense hate and studied barbarity could invent, are here prepared, ready to be inflicted on those unhappy prisoners whose crime has been that they have rebelled against Papal misrule."

Our author in his work, at page 9, gives an interesting account of these prisons, which, alas! show how little the dignitaries of the Church of Rome can be accused of indulgence towards those who have offended against the state, how little these ecclesiastical rulers have kept pace with the general humanity and civilization of the enlightened age in which we live.

"There are," says Signor Burdelli, "two species of cells in the prisons of the Papal States, *la Segretina*, and *la Larga*. *La Segretina* measures about two metri and seventy-five centimetri in circumference, and two metri and six centimetri in height, a space originally destined for one criminal, and allowing no



more air than medical science has pronounced to be necessary for preserving the health of the prisoner ; but now, owing to the number of political offenders implicated, or suspected to be so, in the late insurrection, each cell contains four, and in one or two instances six inmates ! and to increase the misery of the political delinquents, they are always confined in the same cell with ruffianly brigands and assassins !”

Surely none but the most intolerant bigot, the most heartless fanatic, can reflect without horror on the wretchedness of a human being incarcerated within such narrow precincts, especially in a sultry climate like that of Rome, where the miserable victim of Papal tyranny, to prevent suffocation, is obliged from time to time to elevate himself on the shoulders of one of his companions, in order to obtain a mouthful of air from the grating above—the horror of his position being further aggravated by the noxious gases with which the air of his cell is oppressed, as the prisoners are never allowed to leave the place of their confinement for any purpose whatever, and the guardians of the prison only visit them once in twenty-four hours.

"A portion of straw," says our author, "is allowed to each prisoner for a bed, which, never being changed, is soon filled with vermin, and the daily food of each is limited to sixteen ounces of bread,—16 *oncie di pane*—a little soup, and two ounces of salad—*due onci di pietanza salata e secca*,—with a glass of weak acid wine—*un bicchiere di vino acido*. This scanty fare is supplied but once in twenty-four hours, and, bad as it is, on fast days the still more meagre diet of beans and vegetables is substituted!"

The entire want of exercise, as may be supposed, soon preys upon the health of these unfortunate victims of priestly tyranny, and not a few become insane. In some degree to prevent this, he says, jalop is mixed with the bread! What brain but that of a Dominican monk or a Jesuit could have given birth to such a contrivance for sapping the springs of life? As a necessary consequence, the insufficient nutriment creates a ravenous appetite, and those only who have seen them can form an idea of the attenuated, feeble, cadaverous, half-starved appearance of the ill-fated beings who have en-

dured, though only for a few weeks the horrors of a Roman dungeon.

“Among the numerous persons we have known,” continues our author, “who had been confined in the *Segretina*, we shall only mention two youths, aged respectively seventeen and eighteen. These unhappy boys were the sons of highly respectable Roman citizens, with whom we had been on terms of intimacy, and the fine healthy forms and intellectual acquirements of the young men had often excited our admiration. In an evil hour they fell under suspicion of being concerned in the late insurrection, were arrested, and committed to prison without even the mockery of an examination, such being the arbitrary method of administering justice in the Papal States. After being confined for a few weeks, they were liberated in consequence of the intercession of some powerful friends, whose benevolent advocacy more easily effected its object as no criminal act could be proved against them. Alas! they only exchanged the dungeon for the tomb, as they died in the arms of their heart-broken parents

shortly after their liberation. One, who had become a confirmed idiot, fell a prey to consumption; and the other had contracted a settled melancholy, which no parental care, nor medical science could alleviate, this united to an utter loss of strength soon brought him to the grave."

It is very evident that the Papal government, not choosing to incur the odium of publicly executing thousands of its rebellious subjects, resorts to this method of gradually destroying them, as sooner or later those committed to prison die unless their friends can speedily obtain their deliverance.

"The *Largo*," says Signor Burdelli, "is distinguished from the *Segretina* only by its size, being constructed sufficiently spacious to contain ten persons."

When our author visited these cells in 1850, he found some of them to contain as many as twenty prisoners. This was bad enough, still the size of the dungeon enabled the prisoners to make room for each other, and extend their promenade. But even here, he says, the

malevolent spirit of the priests is manifested towards their political criminals, as they always select the most notorious brigand or assassin among the prisoners to rule over his comrades in misfortune; knowing from their experience, and profound knowledge of human nature, that a ruffian who has been accustomed to war with society, when placed in authority, is certain to entertain an intense hatred to every man whose principles are different from his own. Consequently, they exercise the most unbounded tyranny over the unhappy prisoner, whose only crime had been an attempt to deliver his country from the bondage of priestly misrule. Among other things, he says, they compel them to perform offices so disgusting we cannot record them; and if the miserable victims rebel, or mutually mourn over their sufferings, they are denounced to the gaoler as refractory, when they are thrown into the *Piana*, or *Corbonnara*, a dark dungeon through which runs water, fetid with every description of filth—*acqua infette e le sozzure*,—and to complete their misery, they are loaded with irons, weighing ninety-six pounds,—96 *libbre*!

“At the time we are now writing,” says Signor Burdelli at page 12, “there are prisoners who have been confined in these horrible dungeons, nearly two years ; their iron frames supported with the hope of release, the mediation of friends, or some political event, have endured the varied evils to which they are continually exposed ; still their deformed limbs, swollen feet, and wasted forms tell a tale of the severest suffering. Happy is he whom an untimely death carries off, madness or disease strikes to the ground (*quando la razzia o la morte vengono a strapparli alla disperazione*). In the one his earthly troubles are over, and in the other he is conveyed to the infirmary. (*Oimè !*) Alas ! not to be attended by the soothing care of a sister of charity, or a skilful medical practioner as in other countries, even the most barbaric and despotic. Oh, no ! priests shroud their deeds in darkness. Doctors might talk, and women are proverbial for loquacity ; besides they are generally disposed to bestow more kindness than any offender against the power of the Church can possibly deserve.

“The dying prisoner or madman, as the case may be, is therefore wisely committed to the charge of some condemned culprit, who, if he shows fidelity in his trust, may obtain his freedom. Sometimes, indeed, when all hope of recovery is at an end, and the dying man is too feeble to converse; for form’s sake, a medical man is summoned, who finding the case hopeless, resigns his patient to the chaplain of the prisons, to whom, if the expiring sufferer confesses his sin, the Church shows her indulgent spirit, by granting him a passport to heaven!—absolution.”

“Every man,” continues our author at page 15, “who has resided in Rome, and knows anything of the Papal administration, must have heard that the president of the Sacra Consulta, the Grand Inquisitor, Monsignor Matteucci—a worthy disciple of the renowned Spaniard Torquado—is also Inspector-general of the prisons, his duty obliging him to visit the prisons of the Papal States three times a year, and hear the complaints of the prisoners. What a mockery! On the day appointed, the

gaolers and overseers take care that the reception room is prepared to receive Monsignor, the cells are swept, and a better description of food is given to the prisoners ; thus rendering their condition for one day at least more supportable. It must also be observed that every thing connected with the Papal government, is conducted, if the occasion will permit, with pomp ; consequently, the visit of the inspector-general of the prisons, is made the pretext for assembling a brilliant *cortège* of the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and the various ambassadors of the various Roman Catholic powers, who by their presence, contribute to render the ceremony more imposing. The food of the prisoners is tasted, and, of course, pronounced excellent. The prisoners are then unmanacled, at least those who have retained the use of their limbs, and conducted to the reception room, when they are humanely interrogated with reference to their general treatment, and the conduct of their gaolers. With all these details, Monsignor and his scarlet-robed companions are already perfectly familiar ; but woe to any one of the



fraternity of sufferers, if he should have the hardihood to complain of his treatment—his immediate removal to the dreaded *Piana*, as a refractory culprit, would be the certain consequence, and as he had learned wisdom from the example of others, he prudently remains silent as to his wrongs.”

“In fact, the whole ceremony, from beginning to end is a farce (*una menzogna*),” says Signor Burdelli, “or, as a Turk would say, dust thrown in the eyes of the uninitiated ; for Monsignor Matteucci never quits the reception room ; but the visit of so many princes of the Church in company with so many foreign ambassadors, reads well in the state gazette, and imposes on the pious and well-meaning foreign Roman Catholics, who may happen to be then at Rome.”

As may be presumed in a country, where the administration is confided to priests, who carry their measures into effect with the silence and secrecy of the tomb, no man who is not in the confidence of the government, can form any just estimate of the number of political

prisoners confined in the dungeons, or sent to the galleys in the Papal States. Signor Burdelli, at page 23 of his work, considers them to amount to something more or less than ten thousand. In addition to these, he says, there are at least from sixty to seventy thousand natives of the Papal States compromised for political offences, and either living in exile or at home under the surveillance of the police. "If the latter," he says, "are found absent from their usual place of residence, either after sunset or before sunrise, they are sent to prison."

Our author has also given us a long catalogue of the names of several public men, civil and military, distinguished for talents and virtues, besides those of private individuals of every class of society, even patriotic priests who have been arrested and confined, on the slightest pretence. "It is merely sufficient," he says, "in the Patrimony of St. Peter, for an informer to write to the authorities denouncing a man as a rebel, or a heretic, to cause his instant arrest and committal to prison, even without an examination, or divulging the name of the accuser.

Nearly every person," he adds, "who was known to have been employed by the republican government, and did not find an opportunity to escape, has been incarcerated, the French soldiers,—more

" 'Shame to thee, oh land of the Gaul!'

in many instances acting the part of police officers."

Our author further informs us at page 21, that numbers of these ill-fated prisoners have never been brought even to the mockery of a trial; and when any inquiry is made after them by their friends and relatives, the answer is frequently: "*le tabelle mortuarie sono là!*" "Mr. Gladstone," he observes, "exposed the abuses of the Neapolitan prisons; but, alas! what noble-minded Englishman could effectually draw aside the veil, woven by Dominican inquisitors, and crafty Jesuits, that shrouds the prisons in the territories of a Pope. He arrives in Rome, the residence of the Vicar of Christ, sees the outward show, the pomp and ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church; he may or he

may not admire the saint-like meekness of its prelate, the upturned eye, the hand elevated to Heaven in prayer, the absolution and the blessing. Accustomed to civil and religious liberty in his own happy land, he knows nothing of the tiger-heart that too often rules within. He knows not that the same intolerant, persecuting, spirit of priestcraft, that invented the tortures of the inquisition—the horrible vigile—still lives in their successors. He knows not that they possess secret and inexhaustible resources for tormenting their victims, unknown to every other class of mankind, every other government, every other tribunal. He knows not that from experience and long study, they have found out the exact thermometer of human suffering, which tells how long life can last when exposed to the torture, the cravings of hunger, thirst, humiliation, deprivation of air, family, friends—in short, all the ties which bind man, in his misery, to life.”

“Il despotismo è spaventoso sul trono di Napoli, ma egli è insuperabile sul trono del Vicario di Cristo!” says Signor Burdelli. “In

some cases, the accusations brought against the delinquents would be ridiculous, if the consequences were not so deplorable. For instance, the well-known process, entitled '*Devastazione e rapina dei sacri carri!*' led to the arrest of a hundred and thirty individuals, who were committed to prison, on suspicion of being engaged in the destruction of the holy carriages of the cardinals! whereas it was proved that the whole populace of Rome took part in the sacrilegious act. These and similar arrests and arbitrary imprisonments are of daily occurrence. Imagine the state of society, when thoughtless boys are sent to prison for any supposed insult to the dignitaries of the Church, such as omitting to uncover their heads when these holy persons, or any religious procession pass in the streets! Imagine the state of religious persecution to which the inhabitants of this ill-fated country are exposed, and the means to which a conclave of infuriated priests resort to fill their empty churches; when every man, woman or child, suspected of being in any way connected with the revolutionary party, must be provided with

a certificate signed by the clergyman of the district, attesting that they regularly attend mass, and go to confession, otherwise they are dragged to the footstool of the Sacra Consulta, to answer for their heresy. Can we then wonder that every enlightened mind, every man whose soul abhors religious intolerance in any shape, loathes the very name of Popery, or that this feeling has now become general throughout the whole length and breadth of civilized Europe, but more particularly in the Papal States."

But this is not a tenth part of what might be written on the tyrannical acts of this most unjust government, "*volendo dir tutto, questa numerazione potrebbe estendersi infinitamente,*" says our author; and we have only extracted a few detached portions from his work, and, moreover, endeavoured to soften the language in our translation, so as to accord with English feeling. Neither should we have transcribed a line from his writings, had we not found his statements corroborated by numerous respectable Italians and foreigners we met with during our tour in

the Papal States; they were further confirmed to me by several high-minded and intelligent French officers, quartered in Rome; who, while they deplored the heartlessness of the policy which compelled them to become the defenders of such a government, felt and expressed their feelings for the woes and sufferings of a people who deserved a better fate.

Finally, Signor Burdelli, in accusing the Jesuits of being the instigators of the murder of the unfortunate Roman minister, Count Rossi, at page 24 of his work, "*Le Prigioni di Roma*," defies the whole Roman Catholic world to impugn the veracity of this, or any other statement he has made. Be this as it may, we heard the same opinion very generally expressed by the citizens of Rome, who assign many causes, political and religious, for that atrocious deed; particularly as that ill-fated minister had provoked the animosity of the Jesuits, by the magnitude of the reforming measures he meditated in the Church, and which were intended to effect the utter annihilation of their order.

What will our ultramontane Roman Catholics

and Jesuits of the British Islands, say to these dreadful charges brought by Signor Burdelli and other continental writers, against the spiritual and temporal rule of the pontiff of their love and allegiance? who is accused of committing more acts of tyranny and cruelty as a ruler, than the most savage pagan that ever disgraced humanity in the ages of barbarism. Will they, or will they not accept the challenge? Surely our cardinals, bishops, and archbishops—those great princes of the Roman Catholic Church—with their numerous *aides-de-camp* and subordinates, can find some champion among them to take up the gauntlet. The Lion of St. Jarleth wields a powerful weapon! to say nothing of those inimitable swordsmen of the “Tablet!” Then there is the far-famed general of the Irish brigade, Father Cahill! who claims the honour of having killed, in a fair stand-up fight, one of England’s greatest champions, Lord Palmerston! at least so we saw it announced as a fact, in an Italian publication at Rome.

The enemy is advancing upon them on every side, the intellect of the whole of Italy, France,



and Germany is evidently against them, and the missiles they employ are far more dangerous to the stability of the rule of their lord and master, than the samples we have selected. With these facts before us, we would merely ask our friends, where they are now to get their millions of fanatic Romanists from, to invade Protestant England? which, they tell us, "stands alone in the world, surrounded by enemies, politically and religiously panting, like bloodhounds in a leash, to be let loose on the infidel island!"

We must not refer to the ravings of our own romancists, every ultramontane journal in Europe sings the same song, tells the same tale. We know as well as they do, that the citadel of civil and religious liberty enthroned in the British Islands must be battered down, otherwise there is no hope, no prospect of effectually chaining down the mind of Europe to Romanism, and its ally, despotism. For the last three years we have read pamphlet after pamphlet, in every European tongue, written by excited enthusiasts:—General officers, com-

manders of Jesuits, superiors of monasteries and nunneries, recommending how, and by what means the lion can be attacked, whom all the world fears, and occasionally throwing out, as a bait to their ragged, half-starved soldiery, the prospect of the plunder of London, and to their chiefs the wealth and commerce of the world. Nay, the "Univers," a Paris journal, the organ of the *parti prêtre*, like everything French knows no medium, since one of its principal contributors, the Jesuit M. de Montalembert, recommends, now that France, under its glorious President, has joined the Papal league, that the whole of the armies of Europe should unite, and with one desperate charge, sink the infidel island, if it were necessary, into the bottom of the sea!

Poor England—

"Beset with every ill, but that of fear,  
The nations' hunt—all mark thee for a prey;  
They swarm around thee, and thou standest at bay  
Undaunted still."

Imagine a war of this description—a war of

principle springing up between England and the coalesced despots of Europe, situated as the continent is at this moment, with its millions of vigorous and enlightened democrats, who look up to her as the sheet anchor of all their hopes of redemption from the slavery of their intolerant priest-ridden rulers. Why, the first hostile cannon would raise up a force countenanced and supported, as it would or ought to be, by England, sufficient to sweep away for ever the last remnant of popery and despotism from every continental state in civilized Europe. To say nothing of the swarms of our Anglo-Saxon brethren of another hemisphere, who in a war of principle like this, would fly to our assistance, and fill every sea in the old and new world with their privateers.

Papal fanatics may rave about the invasion of Protestant England, and Jesuits count their millions of devoted soldiers, and speculate on the plunder of the wealthy heretics; but their lords the Pope and the despots know better than to make the attempt, they know that a single hostile British man-of-war in any one

of their ports would be sufficient to put the world in a blaze. They well know the enterprising spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, they well know that there is none other in the present day that exercises such direct influence over the future destinies of man; and that they will succeed in fulfilling their mission, either in their own peaceable way, or more speedily by being forced into a war of principle, it requires not the spirit of prophecy to predict.

Among the numerous political and religious pamphlets, which since the late revolution have been flying about in every part of the continent, numerous as autumn leaves, reflecting upon the state of England, its religion and policy, we will merely select one of a much higher order, than any that has yet appeared, entitled "Lord Palmerston, l'Angleterre, et le Continent."

The author, M. de Ficquelmonte, a professed champion of the *parti prêtre* and despotism in the fullest sense of the word, having in early youth foresworn "la belle France," and his infidel countrymen, settled in priest-ridden

Austria, where with a little talent, and a vast deal of French vanity and self-confidence, he contrived to elevate himself into a species of foreign minister—a sort of general political quack, riding over, and controlling the more prudent measures of many an honest German.

Our author, after alluding in his own vapoury and pompous style, to the dangerous state of Europe, adverting to the bravery of the Austrian troops, the conquest of Hungary, and the downfall of Italy, dwells on the consequences of these great victories, and their influence on the future aggrandizement and prosperity of the Austrian Empire ! Then, like a true Frenchman of the old school, whose head is full of divine right and Papal despotism, slashed right and left at “perfidious Albion !” and as usual with this class of dreaming politicians, unconscious of all the workings and progressive tendencies of the great world around them, accuses the hero of his work, Lord Palmerston, as the instigator of all the insurrectionary movements in Europe. Having exhausted his wrath upon the minister, he reminds England that there is such a place

as Ireland, with its millions of papists and ultramontane priests, and Jesuits, ready organised to join France, and the other great Roman Catholic powers, whenever they may think fit to carry war and desolation into the land of the heretics ! The old threat with these writers, as if the whole population of Ireland were Roman Catholics, and every Irishman a traitor to England.

Perhaps the most amusing part of the romantic speculations of our author, at least to an Englishman, are his lamentations on the present state of England. He represents the authority of the Queen as a nonentity, our House of Lords as a farce, and our members of the House of Commons, as a set of republicans, no better in principle and feeling than their predecessors, the regicides of Cromwell ; capable at any time, on the mere turn of a feather to declare a republic. Poor Ficquelmonte ! no wonder that Austria has fallen so low when she employs such a dreamer as you have proved yourself to be, as her political servant. No doubt the imaginative Frenchman, finding

himself during his visit to England, among a people differing from every other in their form of government, was shocked at the liberty of the press, and the freedom of speech used by the opposition members of the House of Commons, and comparing them with those of the slaves amongst whom he was accustomed to vegetate, wrote in his tablets, that we were a nation of republicans and regicides !

Of course M. de Ficquelmonte tells his readers that the great crying evil of the day is the liberty of the press, and the tendency of the present generation towards the heretical doctrines of Luther and Calvin ; and last, though not the least, he declaims at the want of spirit displayed by the great powers in permitting England to become the refuge of all the political vagabonds in Europe ! Political vagabonds ! what will Prince Metternich, the political vagabond of Austria, say to this ? and all the other political vagabonds, kings, princes, ministers, and mighty men, who found not only a refuge, but a hospitable reception in England ?

In fact the whole work, which our author has

contrived to expand into two volumes, would be a mere tirade of his Gallic spite against England, and his ill-concealed jealousy of her power, strength, and resources, were it not that he now and then, like an imprudent Frenchman, "lets pussy out of the bag," and enlightens us as to the real state of Europe, and the little dependence to be placed upon the continuance of the unnatural lull which has taken place in the politics and mind of Europe. Finally, after dwelling upon the commercial wealth and industry of England, and the great influence it gives her among the nations, he candidly admits that the sovereigns of Europe are ready to make any sacrifice to her commercial interests, if they could only prevail upon her to become again a party to the Holy Alliance. In other words, they admit that they are too feeble to molest her ; and so long as she stands forth in the majesty of her free institutions, to be a beacon to enlighten the nations, there can be no hope nor prospect of continuing their reign of despotism.



## CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Rome—Difficulties attending passports —Dreary aspect of the country —The Vettura — Travelling companions — A priest's account of the state of Italy and the Roman Revolution—Viterbo— Lago di Bolsena—Its solitude—Orvieto—Its interesting cathedral—Arrival in Tuscany—Improvement in the aspect of the country—Condition of the inhabitants contrasted with those of the Papal States— Arrival at Sienna—History of the fair St. Catherine.

TRAVELLERS of every nation, every country, and every language, have already exhausted eloquence on the wonders of the Eternal City. Its palaces, churches, works of art, and antiquities, all have been again and again described; and as far as these are considered, no traveller, though he may fear to weary his readers with

describing them, can ever enter Rome without pleasure, or quit it without regret.

Previous to our departure, we had the same endless number of forms to comply with, that we experienced at Naples; and as in that city, unless a stranger is known to be one of the elect of the Jesuits, or wears a *soutane*, he is regarded by the authorities with a feeling the reverse of affection.

Since the late revolution, the passport system is enforced in every part of Italy, except the kingdom of Sardinia, with the greatest rigour; hence it is impossible to pass from one petty state to another without the signature of its representative. This, it is true, may easily be obtained on payment of the usual fees. But this is not the case with Austria, that jealous power interposes such a barrier of police laws and passport regulations around her Italian possessions, for the purpose of preventing strangers from entering them, that it is almost impossible for a traveller to know when he has complied with all the requisite formalities. Owing to the late regulations with regard to foreign

passports, ours was declared irregular, because it was not signed in London by the Austrian ambassador; yet we had traversed the Austrian states the preceding year with the same passport on our return from Turkey. Happily in our case, the disappointment was not attended with any inconvenience. We had already visited Lombardy and Venice; and finding a vetturino on the point of starting for Florence, we lost no time in making arrangements to quit the Eternal City.

We left Rome by the Porto del Popolo, the most cheerful and beautiful entrance, with its fine piazza, churches, and the shelving gardens of Monte Pincio, presenting altogether a most imposing effect.

After passing the Ponte Molle, the country became highly picturesque, everywhere broken up into swelling hills and romantic vallies, here and there enlivened by the remains of some ruin of ancient Rome, or a crumbling village grouped on the summit of a distant mountain. The soil had the same volcanic appearance we before remarked as peculiar to so many districts

in the patrimony of St. Peter, and seemed bursting with vegetation, requiring nothing but the industrious hand of man to render it a Garden of Eden. But alas! no smiling valley, no cultivated fields, no luxuriant garden, no neat farm-house, with its stacks of corn and bleating flocks and herds, here gladdens the eye of the traveller. The shepherd, indeed, was to be seen, as in the deserted districts of European Turkey, wandering over hill and dale, followed by his sheep and goats, with crook in hand, attended by his faithful dog, just as his ancestors, the patriarchs, might have done long before the foundation of ancient Rome.

Taken altogether, the country had the same desolate aspect, it probably exhibited centuries ago, after the ravages of the barbarian Gauls, Goths, and Allemanni, whose descendants now, as their ancestors were in the olden time, seem destined by fate to be the bane of the beautiful peninsula. With the exception of the Legations, and a few favoured spots in the vicinity of some large town, this is the general character of the country in the Papal States. In addition

to this, a deep gloom pervades the entire people, who seem to be without emulation, industry, or that active, energetic spirit, which distinguishes the inhabitants of so many European countries, even the worst governed, in the present day. This melancholy state of things convincingly proves the disastrous effects of ecclesiastical rule on the happiness and prosperity of a country.

To a traveller, not pressed for time, acquainted with the Italian language, and not very fastidious with respect to his personal comforts, we would recommend the vettura mode of travelling in Italy. It is the least expensive, and the most amusing, and the tourist may possibly glean from his companions, if they are intelligent and communicative, much useful information respecting the state of the country and public feeling. He also is less exposed to the dangers of being ill-treated, should he fall into the power of bands of political refugees, who, driven from place to place by the authorities, have been forced to seek a subsistence by robbing passengers on the highway.

I was fortunate in my companions of the vettura, consisting of three Italian gentlemen, who had suffered in a greater or less degree for their political offences, since the restoration of Papal power. The recital of their separate adventures, formed a more eloquent comment on the mischiefs arising from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, than any given by contemporary writers, especially as their narratives were delivered with those expressive tones and gestures, real sufferers alone can give. They also presented by profession and rank, a fair specimen of the mind, intelligence and feeling of the middle-classes in Italy.

The first was a barrister, a native of Pisa, who had been incarcerated several months in the horrible *largo*, on suspicion of having served in the Legione Garibaldi, and was at length liberated by the exertions of his excellency the Tuscan ambassador. Money, that potent god of the priestly government of Rome, kept his accusers out of the way, when the case was brought before the Sacra Consulta. A severe illness, the invariable result of a lengthened

imprisonment in a Roman dungeon, confined him to his bed for several months; and now broken in spirit, and with all his future prospects blighted, he was returning homeward to try the effects of his native air, in renovating a constitution worn out with suffering and disease.

The position of the other two as members of the ecclesiastical profession, was even still more pitiable, because they could not be considered guilty even of a political crime. Like hundreds of their brethren, at a time when the passions of the multitude were excited against every man that wore a *soutane*, they joined the ranks of the insurgents, and by the aid they rendered in dressing the wounds of their compatriots, and administering the consolations of religion to the dying, became extremely popular. Yet, for these acts of Christian charity, they were made to feel the iron rod of Papal vengeance, and might have been doomed to perpetual imprisonment, had not their liberation been effected through the representations of several French officers, who bore testimony to the humanity

they displayed towards the French prisoners during the siege of Rome. As ecclesiastics, they were however so far fortunate, in having been confined in the prisons of the Inquisition, which, it appears, offers far better accommodation to their unhappy inmates than those appropriated to laymen.

Assuming that the strict and impartial administration of justice is indispensable to the maintainance of civilised society, the first duty of a government should be to proportion the punishment of those who have offended, according to the nature and magnitude of the crime. When rebellion is so universal in a country, that the executive cannot quell it without calling in the aid of foreign troops, the inference must be that the government, by its own acts, has provoked the insurrection, for an entire people never rebel against their rulers, unless driven to desperation.

At the restoration of the rule of the Sovereign Pontiff, by the force of foreign troops, when we consider how universal had been the insurrection, and how severe and sanguinary the



contest—the insurgents, according to every idea of right and justice, were entitled to commiseration on the part of their victors, and might have expected a general amnesty from the clemency of the Vicar of Christ, from him who assumes to be the only link between sinning, sinful man, and his Creator; or, at worst, the exile of those who had been the most prominent leaders. In no case is it possible to choose your victims from among an entire people, where all have been directly or indirectly guilty, without committing an act of great injustice, without setting at nought every idea of humanity, religion, and all the ties which bind a government in the performance of its duties towards society. But the Papal government seems to have entirely forgotten the distinguishing precept of the Christian creed “Love your enemy,” and which could only have been given by Him, who lived and died as man to establish it as a principle—a light to guide and humanize mankind till the end of time, that could only have had its origin with the God of mercy.

In making these observations, we do but repeat the words of the amiable divines, it was our good fortune to meet with as fellow travellers, men who are an honour to the Christian religion, of whatever sect or denomination ; and such, they assured me, is the general character of what is termed in Italy the working clergy, whose only maintenance, it appears, is derived from the miserable pittance the law allows them to charge their congregation as fees, in the performance of their clerical duties. We wish we could say as much for the grandees and princes of the Roman Church, and their large army of monks of every order—a mighty faction, whose sole idea appears how to get money, uphold the rule of their chiefs, and tyrannize over mankind.

We have had a striking illustration of this during the cruel administration of the late Pontiff Gregory, whose clerical subordinates holding in their hands every situation of trust and emolument down to that of an exciseman, ruled the entire land with a rod of iron. It is unnecessary to say that partial revolts were

constantly occurring, without any other result than filling the prisons with victims of every class of society. This state of things continued till the accession of Pio Nono to the dignity of the tiara, who, sympathising with the wrongs of the unhappy people he was called upon to govern, and contrary to the advice of his prelates, and the sinister threats of the Jesuits, with a bold hand and an iron determination commenced the work of reform. A general amnesty for all political offences was proclaimed, the civilians were called to power, and laws were enacted for the better administration of justice; in short, everything was commenced with a view of placing the government of the Papal States on a par with those of the most favoured countries in Europe.

“The gratitude of the poor people,” according to our fellow traveller, “was unbounded; the reforming Pontiff became the idol of all Italy. Wherever he appeared, the air rung with vivats, till the name of Pio Nono became the watchword of liberty—the beacon which was to guide Italy to unity and independence.

“Confiding in the patriotism of their new

sovereign, the activity of men's minds received an impulse unknown to Italy since the great Lombardian League. There was no longer any necessity for resorting to secret societies—the passions of the multitude needed no further excitement; the cry of Pio Nono, Italy and independence! flew like a meteor from town to town, not a sword was unsheathed, not a voice was heard in favour of despotism. Sardinia, Naples, Lombardy, Tuscany, Venice—in short, the whole of Italy had risen, and, as if by mutual consent of the people and their rulers, a general crusade was established to drive the Austrians for ever from the soil of Italy. But not even the rapidity of success, nor the unanimity of the people could inspire their princes with sufficient faith and determination to continue the struggle; some displayed treachery, others lukewarmness, and all seemed to fear that if the power of Austria were destroyed in Italy, the republican feeling which had manifested itself in the North might extend to the South and Central Italy, and swallow up in its vortex all kingly rule.”

“These forebodings and feelings of mistrust,”

continued our companion, "were increased ten-fold on the intelligence from France, communicating news of the horrible fratricidal war which filled the streets of Paris with torrents of blood. The timid stood appalled—freedom was pronounced an illusion—the tide of fortune was at once turned in favour of Austria and despotic rule. Even Pio Nono, grieved at seeing the name of freedom profaned by the atrocities of a people, who were doing everything to bring disgrace upon its name, for the first time hesitated in his career of reform, for the first time listened to the counsels of Austria, and Italy was forgotten. The great princes of the Church again flocked round their chief; different men, possessing different principles, were called to power; the Jesuits mustered stronger than ever at the Vatican; the people became sullen and discontented; designing agents fanned the flame, and the unhappy minister Rossi was the victim. It is needless to say that the intrigues of Austria triumphed; the bewildered Pope, made to believe that he was to be the next victim, suffered himself to be carried off to Gaeta,

in the disguise of a livery footman, leaving his states without a ruler or a government to anarchy and confusion."

Such were the events which rapidly succeeded each other at this eventful period of the Italian Revolution, rendered still more interesting as the narrative was given by an eye-witness at Rome. "But never," said he, "shall I forget the consternation that was pictured in every countenance when it became generally known that the reforming Pontiff, who was still the idol of the people, had flown, nor the indignation of the citizens when they learned how completely their enemies had succeeded in securing the person of the Pontiff, who they knew from this moment could no longer be considered a free agent in the exercise of his authority. Deputation after deputation was sent to Gaeta, imploring the self-exiled Pontiff to return—it was of no avail; their advances were received with menaces of arming against them as *atei impii dannati* (heretics and infidels) the whole of the Roman Catholic States in Christendom."

Thus far we have presented to our readers the opinions of a moderate, well-meaning divine of the Roman Catholic Church, respecting the late insurrection in Rome. It must also be observed that his position as chaplain to a well-known cardinal afforded him the opportunity of becoming in some degree acquainted with the motives and actions of the Court of Rome, as well as the state of public feeling in Italy. Still no man, unless he is a party to the secret counsels of a conclave of crafty priests like those of the Church of Rome, can fathom their real intentions. Was Pio Nono a sincere reformer? or did he assume the character for the purpose of carrying out some vast ambitious project, arrested before it was brought to maturity by the breaking out of the French revolution in 1848, and the other conflagrations that took place simultaneously in every part of Europe? are questions that remain to be solved by some future historian.

The repeated threats of the Emperor of Austria to imitate Henry VIII. of England, and embrace with his people the reformed creed,

are significant enough of the designs of the Holy See on the iron crown of Lombardy, and when we take into consideration the extraordinary popularity of Pio Nono at this time, and the desire of the Italians to found a united and independent Italy, there was every prospect of seeing realised the highest flight of ambition ever dreamed of by any preceding Pope of Rome. King of Italy, and Pontiff of the whole Roman Catholic world, the Holy See would have been placed in the highest rank among the states of Europe.

We would fain think well of Pio Nono, and that he really intended to reform the abuses of the Church of Rome, so as to meet the enlightenment of the age; but when we examine his subsequent line of conduct, the delivering up of his country to be torn up by the combined armies of Europe, the tyrannical acts of his government when restored to power, the incarceration and execution of so many thousand political offenders, and the other enormities perpetrated day after day, rendered still more infamous, when we remember that he had



previously been the life and soul of the liberal movement, how can we pronounce a verdict in his favour? At least, he must either be an ambitious, intriguing Jesuit, or a sort of prisoner in the hands of a priestly faction, whose measures he has not the power to control.

But, to return to our fellow travellers, it would appear from their account that the situation of the clergy in the Papal States was most deplorable after the flight of the Pope for Gaeta; it was dangerous for a man wearing the cowl of a monk or the *soutane* of a priest to be seen in the streets, and this continued till the 9th of February, 1849, when, after a long discussion among the representatives of the Papal States, the self-exiled Pope was declared to have forfeited his rights as a temporal ruler, and a republic proclaimed; and among the hundred and fifty-four members of the Senate then present, only three voted in favour of the temporal rights of the Pope!

Notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary by the friends of the Papacy, we know this to be the fact. We also know that

the whole of the members of the Roman Senate except General Garibaldi and General Ferrari, were natives of the Papal States, and that the event was hailed in every city, town, and village throughout the entire country with transports of joy. Thus, contrary to all expectation, even of the most sanguine, the spell of the Roman Church, the halo of spiritual power that had so long surrounded the head of the Pontiff, at least in his own states, proved to be an illusion; not a voice was raised in his behalf, not a sword drawn in his defence, and in less than three days from the promulgation of the Roman Republic more than three millions of Italians were free, and civil and religious liberty the law of the land.

The fearful events that followed, and which again prostrated this unhappy people at the footstool of Papal despotism, so vividly described by my fellow-travellers, are already in some measure known to our readers; still we must think that a more impartial and comprehensive account than that hitherto given us of an event so extraordinary and so full of interest as the

downfall of a Pope, the spiritual chief of the whole Roman Catholic world, deserves to be recorded by some able and impartial historian. Mankind in general are too prone to judge of actions by the event. Those who succeed never want adulators, no matter how villainous may have been the means they have employed to obtain their object; while faults are certain to be discovered in those who miscarry, by which if it be not sufficient to disgrace them in the estimation of their contemporaries, an additional calumny is added. ♦

In this instance many facts might be related of the Roman people and their chiefs, in which disinterestedness, constancy of purpose, public virtue, and deeds of the most heroic valour were exhibited under the most trying circumstances, and in moments of the utmost peril, more like romance than reality. And when we remember how grievously the people had recently suffered under the cruel rule of the late Pope Gregory, and how many wrongs they desired to revenge on their clerical tyrants, we may record, to their honour, that there were few, if any, well-authen-

ticated facts of private assassination. It is true the clergy were never spared when they were found as spies or taken in arms, as at Ascoli and Ancona.

With respect to the chiefs who figured during the contest, and staked all on the hazard of the die, a nobler or a more disinterested set of fellows never led the van of any revolution. Enthusiasts in the highest degree, real veterans in the great fight of civil and religious liberty, every thought of worldly interest or personal ambition was lost in one great absorbing feeling—how or by what means they could best succeed in giving freedom and independence to their own beloved Italy. The life and adventures of those great apostles of Italian liberty, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Avezzano, independent of those who fell during the contest, if we might judge from the details we heard again and again of their public career and private history, would be far more interesting to the reader than the creations of the most inventive romance writer.

Each of these Italian patriots, when an exile in the land of the stranger, whether as writers,

teachers of languages, warriors, statesmen or merchants, displayed talents of the highest order ; and if they amassed wealth, it was hoarded with the care of a miser to be lavished in purchasing the *matériel* of war, and to supply the wants of their followers when the hour of deliverance should come.

It is well known that General Garibaldi fought his way from the deck of a man-of-war to the high position of one of the most successful Generals in South America, the hero of Montevideo ; yet he threw up the lofty station he had won in his adopted country—everything to offer his sword and wealth at the shrine of Italian liberty. The sacrifices made by General Avezzano were equally heroic and disinterested ; at one time a merchant, then a banker, and again a General in the Mexican service, he left all, crossed the sea, and flying to Rome, also lavished his long-hoarded treasures, and fought to the last in support of the Roman Republic.

But these are not solitary instances ; we could give the names of a hundred others equally ardent, equally enthusiastic in their cause—

princes, nobles, rich traders, and even ecclesiastics, fighting shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, with peasants and the lowest rabble of the Trastevere; and if their fame was not so universally known, their actions throw an additional lustre on the Italian character. Garrisoned by such men, can we wonder that it took more than two months, and upwards of thirty thousand French soldiers to besiege a town with an immense line of wall, and ill-constructed fortifications like Rome?—who, if they had not arrived so opportunely with their allies the Austrians in the Legations, and the Spaniards and the Neapolitans in the patrimony of St. Peter, we doubt much whether either Austria or France would have succeeded, without an immense loss of life, in again reducing the rebellious subjects of the Pope to the debasing bondage of priestly rule.

But to resume the details of our tour. On approaching Ronciglione, we were somewhat startled by meeting a guard of the Pope's dragoons escorting a gentleman's travelling carriage. On inquiry, we found the unsafe

state of the roads had prompted the precaution, and that a highway robbery actually took place only a few days previously. Our vetturino, however, tranquillized our fears by saying, it was no doubt the act of some political delinquents, who now and then, when rendered desperate by starvation, descend from the mountains and relieve the rich traveller of a few francisconi, but never resort to violence except in self-defence. As for himself, he said, having fought during the whole time the Santa Guerra d'Italia continued, he could travel from one end of Italy to the other without fear of being molested.

On expressing my surprise to my fellow-travellers at hearing how freely our vetturino declared his opinion on political subjects, they replied that the audacity of the man was at present by no means uncommon in Italy, particularly among the Unionists, whose secret societies extend to every part of the country, and who, bound to secrecy by the most solemn oaths, communicate with each other by means of pre-concerted signs. As for themselves, they

had suffered too much from the severity and injustice of the government, not to wish success to the cause of their countrymen, and, to have been imprisoned, was a passport to the sympathy and commiseration of every Italian patriot, of whatever part of Italy.

We remained at Viterbo for the night—one of those old towns in the Papal States, with its domes and steeples, walls and towers, which, like many similar old towns that we have already described in European Turkey, look very beautiful only when viewed from a distance.

Viterbo, however, claims the honour of being built on the ruins of the *Fanum Voltumnæ*, one of the ancient cities of the Etruscans, and of having been the private residence of several successive Popes; it was also the birth-place of a saint and heroine, the far-famed Santa Rosa, who, like another Jeanne d'Arc, possessed the power of inspiring her countrymen to fly to arms, and drive from the walls the German emperor, Frederic II. We had no time to visit the shrine of the Viterbo saint, whose mortal re-



mains we were told have been preserved by the blessed Virgin in a state of pristine freshness down to the present day ! As might be expected, in a Church which has so admirably grafted the poetry of paganism on Christianity, the *fête* of the heroine is annually celebrated with great pomp, affording at least one day's amusement to the inhabitants of this dreary town. In our day, Viterbo has acquired additional notoriety by having been for several years the residence of Father Achili, who, from a Dominican monk, has become one of the most energetic reformers of the Church of Rome ; and however unfavourably his conduct has been represented by his enemies, those among the inhabitants of Viterbo, with whom we conversed, spoke most favourably of his private character as an ecclesiastic, and of his abilities as one of the most eloquent preachers of his day. This eulogium was pronounced in presence of several French officers quartered here, and other gentlemen, *employés* of the Papal government, who did not contradict it.

Viterbo, notwithstanding its salubrious situation on the shelving sides of Monte Cimino, is not altogether exempt from the *aria cattiva*, the curse of so many towns and districts in the Patrimonia di Santo Pietro. The inhabitants looked pale and emaciated, due, no doubt, to the dirt and filth of the streets, and the absence of all commercial activity to give life and animation to a place which appeared half deserted. To the west of Viterbo, however, the country is notoriously unhealthy, in consequence of which three small towns, Montalto, situated on the river Fiora, and Cornita and Toscanella on the Marta, are deserted six months in the year, during which time the inhabitants are obliged to seek an asylum in the mountains. Yet this district is considered to be one of the most fertile in the Papal States, and produces, it is said, splendid crops of grain. To avoid the unhealthy season of the year, in the spring, the land is cultivated, and the seed sown. It is then left to nature till autumn, when the exiles return, get in their crops, and occupy their

towns during winter and spring. Still with every precaution, there are numbers annually destroyed by the fever.

About half a league from Viterbo, we visited the crater of an extinct volcano, now a small sulphurous lake, bubbling and boiling with a force that might be heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile. These waters, it appears, were used by the ancient Romans as a bath under the name of the *Aquæ Cajæ*; they now serve the peasants as pits for preparing their flax and hemp for bleaching, and will, it is said, complete the process in twenty-four hours.

The country maintained its *triste* appearance till we got to the Lago di Bolsena, one of the most beautiful and picturesque districts in the Papal States; but how lonely! Imagine a lake thirty miles in circumference, surrounded by romantic hills, offering the most charming sites for the erection of numerous towns and villas, as still and dreary as if it were placed in the interior of central Asia. As usual, we were told that the *aria cattiva* was the cause. Truly

St. Peter must be deaf to the prayers and supplications of the faithful, otherwise it is impossible he could be so unmindful of the patrimony of his successors, as to have it eternally exposed to such an enemy of man as the *aria cattiva*. This is still more singular, since we learn from history that this district was highly salubrious before it fell under the rule of the princes of the Church, and maintained a numerous population, the ruins of whose towns and cities, with those of the ancient Volsci, lying about in every direction attest the fact. The cause is apparent enough to the traveller, who, having visited other lands, has learned to know that a country so fertile as this must be kept in a state of cultivation to render it healthy, otherwise the redundant vegetation, accumulating year after year, acted upon by the great heat of summer, is certain to poison the air. The rivers also, from being neglected, degenerate into marshes, and by their miasma increase the evil.

The situation of Bolsena, the next place we came to, rising on an eminence above the

lake, is extremely beautiful. Here a powerful tribe of the Volsci built their famous metropolis, the ancient Volsinium, a city said to have been so populous and so well defended, that it took the whole force of warlike Rome, under one of its most enterprising generals, Fulvius, to subdue it.

History further informs us that this conqueror, in addition to the immense plunder of so wealthy a city, carried with him to Rome a thousand statues, as trophies of his victory. However we may deplore the ruin of so civilized and industrious a nation as the ancient Volsci, it is still more melancholy to reflect, that in our day Bolsena, that rose on the ruins of the Volscian metropolis, so long and so well known in the history of Italy as a rich and populous city, cannot furnish, including the whole of the surrounding district, five hundred inhabitants :—not half the number of the statues that adorned the city of their ancestors more than two thousand years ago !

What a sad reverse is this in the fate of a country and its inhabitants ! Still, bad as the Papal government undoubtedly is as a temporal

ruler, and depopulating as its sway has proved to all the fair provinces that have had the misfortune to fall beneath its withering rule, here it must be held in some measure blameless. Since the melancholy condition of this unfortunate district was rendered utterly desolate during the time that Napoleon held forcible possession of the Papal States. As might be expected, the unhappy peasants, ignorant and superstitious, were easily excited to deeds of brigandage and violence against their infidel rulers, when every Frenchman that fell in their way was massacred. This led to a repetition of those savage *forays*, which the French know how to carry out with such terrible ferocity; and the effects are still visible in the widespread ruin and pitiable poverty the traveller witnesses in every town, village, and hamlet through which he passes.

This state of things continued with little intermission till the Pope returned to his dominions, when his Holiness, in the fullness of his paternal love, rewarded his faithful Bolseni, who, it appears, were the greatest sufferers,

with the privilege in perpetuity of furnishing the pontifical table with eels ; which are said to be found in the lake of a species far exceeding any other for delicacy of flavour. But whether these famous eels have become scarce of late, or the demand for them has diminished, fishing for them is not a lucrative employment, if we may judge from the wretched appearance of the inhabitants of Bolsena, and the importunate demands made by crowds of miserable, half-starved beggars. This is the more deplorable, when we look around us, and see some of the most fertile lands in Italy, lying on the banks of this beautiful lake, wasting their luxuriance in producing nothing better than rank grass, thistles and thorns. But, alas ! to cultivate them a man must have a little capital ; he must also be intelligent, skilful, and industrious.

Had the grateful Pope, when he was restored to his dominions, introduced a wise system of agriculture, and by a trifling outlay of capital brought this fertile district into cultivation, then, indeed, he would have conferred a lasting benefit on an unhappy people, who have lost

their all in standing up for the rights of their Church, their country, and its exiled Pontiff.

While our vetturino remained at Bolsena to rest his horses, we engaged mules, and set off with our guides to visit Orvieto, a singular old town perched on the summit of a volcanic rock. We believe that the whole of Italy does not contain a more interesting edifice than its Gothic cathedral, erected about the commencement of the thirteenth century by an architect of Sienna, the famous Maitani, and decorated by Nicholas Pisano, a sculptor highly celebrated for his works. It was in this old church, in the study of the "Last Judgment," the "Heaven and Hell," and other interesting works in sculpture and painting that Raphael and Michael Angelo drew many of their inspirations.

On leaving Acquapendente, we quitted the Patrimony of St. Peter, and entered Tuscany. All was changed ! we had passed from poverty and filth to comparative comfort and cleanliness. The villages were better built, the fields cultivated with care, the peasant appeared respect-



able. There were no paupers to be seen ; and at every inn, however humble, we found the necessaries of life in abundance, and the greatest civility. It was pitiable to reflect on the misery, the rags, and the squalor of the unhappy people we had so recently left. But the history of the Papal States, with few exceptions, is in some measure that of every other country, whose inhabitants had neither the courage, nor the intelligence to stand forth at the Reformation, and deliver themselves from the intolerant despotism of the Church of Rome. Hence they bequeathed to their descendants the Inquisition, the Censorship, and the thousand other shackles by which manliness of thought, freedom of action, and every noble aspiration are still trammelled even in the most civilized countries of Roman Catholic Europe.

Happily for Tuscany in that dark age, her form of government was republican, and her inhabitants, if they did not embrace the reformed creed, possessed sufficient manliness, energy and freedom in their nature, to resist successfully the attempt of the domineering court of Rome to

impose upon them its religious tyranny ; consequently they flourished, while their countrymen on the other side of the frontier, shut out from all mental communication with their fellow men, continued to sink century after century still deeper in the slough of misery and degradation. The effect of this has been, that in the present day, the Papal States can hardly be called a member of the great European family, having been so fenced in from time immemorial, that the headlong march of intellect, which has already effected so much, and so wonderfully changed the condition of every other country, and even found an entrance into Turkey, has not yet been able to break through the wall of adamant the Church has so admirably reared around it—Patrimony of St. Peter !

We remained a day at Sienna, so remarkable for the beauty of its women, its fine air, and the purity with which the Italian language is spoken by every class of the community, and perhaps more than all for the romance attached to the name of the famous St. Catherine of

Sienna. The history of this lovely and holy damsel must be familiar to every good catholic. The interesting tale related of her marriage ring, her extraordinary revelations, her correspondence with popes and learned doctors of the Church, the number of her miracles, and other wonders recorded of this highly gifted lady, all of which justly entitle her to a high place among the saints of the Roman calendar. These were in fact the palmy days of popery; the good olden time, when popes and cardinals, bishops and archbishops, banquetted after the fashion of their Roman ancestors, made love to inspired saints, if they were pretty: spent their lives like gods, and never troubled themselves about the doings of heretics, or any dogma of Christianity that might interfere with their pursuit of pleasure. All is gone! Alas! we shall never again hear of such a harmless enthusiast as our pretty Catherine of Sienna. The development of the human mind, like the apple which mother Eve plucked in the garden, having given to us increased knowledge

has introduced among us at the same time an inquiring spirit, which leads us to examine and criticise, sometimes perhaps irreverently, the conduct of our spiritual and temporal rulers.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Railroad between Sienna and Florence — Historical recollections of Florence—Details of the late insurrection in Tuscany—Military occupation of the country by Austria—Political and religious persecution—Great discontent in Tuscany—Unpopularity of the Grand Duke—Observations on the political and religious state of Italy—Remarks on the Roman Catholic religion as it is—Its destruction inevitable—Reforming Pontiffs poisoned by the Jesuits—Pio Nono as a reformer—Difficulties of his position—Reasons why unsuccessful.

AT Sienna we exchanged our vettura for the rail to Florence, a remarkably well-conducted line, the carriages were commodious, the fare trifling, it was in every respect superior to any of

our best lines in England, but here the despotic prerogative of the Grand Duke is useful to the public, in curbing the monopolizing propensities of a railway monarch. The road is also carried through a very lovely country, which continues to increase in beauty as we approach the Tuscan metropolis, so long and so justly famed as the seat of learning and the fine arts—one of those free states of old Italy, like Milan, Pisa, Sienna, Genoa, Venice, and others of inferior note, that rose to proud pre-eminence when the rest of Europe lay plunged in night and barbarism. Their population for the most part was composed of artizans and traders, who, cherishing a spark of generous liberty, rose up amidst the chaos of misrule from which society was then suffering, and, uniting themselves into a confederacy, established separate commonwealths, to whose liberal institutions we owe the revival of learning, and the successful cultivation of the fine arts; and not the least, the influence they had in first kindling that flame of civil freedom, we now see burning so steadily in our own country, and which must

sooner or later spread over every part of civilized Europe.

If we review the rise and fall of these commonwealths of old Italy, like those of ancient Greece, to which they bear a striking resemblance, there is much to admire and censure. They both exhibited the same emulation; the same ardent thirst for liberty; the same watchful jealousy for its maintenance; the same enterprise and commercial wealth, introducing into the habits of every day life, all the comforts and luxuries necessary to man in a high state of civilization, the same love of learning and the fine arts; and singular enough, the same ingratitude was displayed by the people towards many of their most virtuous and deserving patriots. Still, however much divided by local jealousies and opposing interests, however different in their origin, laws and institutions, the history of both Greece and Italy offers a striking example in the numbers of illustrious men produced during their republican era. This decisively proves how much a state of very limited territorial extent, is capable of effecting

under the fostering hand of liberty, when the interest of every citizen is identified with its prosperity, and where public spirit is the main spring of every action ; and if they fell through their own dissensions, we can never forget what we owe to the free institutions of Greece and Italy, when we remember that each at its own separate epoch, performed its mission as pioneer of the civilization, which is now gradually extending to every part of the habitable globe.

On entering Florence, the first idea that strikes the traveller, is the solid, durable style of the public buildings, alike observable in the churches, in the palaces of the sovereign, and the nobility, and which the architect seems to have had more in view, than any useless display of ornament. Even the streets, paved as they are with flat stones of Cyclopean size and grandeur, several of them shewing the wear and tear of more than eight centuries, are equally characteristic of the gigantic mind that reigned in Italy during its republican era, as if everything constructed by these proud republicans was intended to last for ever.



There is nothing in the annals of European history so interesting, or that offers a lesson of such ominous warning to a free nation, as the sudden rise, world-wide fame, and disastrous fall of the Italian republics. According to Sismondi, and every other Italian writer, they owed their origin to the alarm caused by the rapid advance of the Saracens in Spain, when the citizens of the various towns, aware of the little support they had to expect from the gallantry of their native princes, armed themselves, and having secured their towns from any sudden surprise, by surrounding them with lofty walls and towers, entrusted their defence to a chosen body of their fellow citizens. This gave birth to a commonwealth, and a code of laws, which laid the foundation of an organized body of highly civilized states, astonishing the world in after ages by their rivalry in the arts and sciences, their industry, enterprise, and every ennobling pursuit that sheds a lustre on man.

Perhaps of all the republics of old Italy, none did more towards furthering the civilization of

the world, or asserted its liberties so long and so courageously as Florence, till, becoming infected with the spirit of that voluptuous age in Italy, when ostentation and luxury, masquerade and debauchery usurped the place of public virtue and social duty, it fell an easy prey to the ambition of one of its own merchant princes, Cosmo di Medici. The immense wealth of this powerful Florentine enabled him to pander to the vices of the masses, at the same time that his princely entertainments and magnificent patronage of the arts and sciences won to his side every man of learning, genius, and talent; and thus the fiercest and most democratic people in the whole of Italy were schooled to servitude. Still it would be great injustice to deny to the merchant prince of Florence the credit of a very superior taste as well as great liberality of character, or to dispute the influence he exercised on the progress of literature and the fine arts, which, stimulated by the patronage of a man who knew how to reward merit, produced a galaxy of eminent men, filling the world with their fame and

adding increased lustre to the pomp and pageantry of a court, at that time unequalled in Europe for its splendour and luxury.

But, alas! this was the last halo of glory that shone over the decaying embers of Italian freedom, and Florence having sacrificed the birthright of her liberties for a mess of pottage, from the hands of a Medici, the lofty genius of her talented children continued to decline with the cessation of their civil rights and privileges. They had no longer any ambition to tread the busy haunts of public life. They felt their servitude, and moved about like men upon whom the clammy chill of death had fallen. But alas! this was only the commencement. Greater calamities were still to follow. Hitherto they had been strangers to religious persecution, but the Reformation having opened men's eyes to the errors of the Church of Rome, and given a new train of thought to the mind, the Florentines were the first among the people of Italy who embraced the opinions of the Reformers. The tenets of the new creed also agreed with their superior intellectual advancement, with the

memory of their liberal institutions, consequently they had now to combat the despotism both of Church and State, an alliance against which all the efforts even of modern social progress have been as yet unable to prevail ; and although centuries have passed by, Tuscany, in the present day, is as much the slave of civil and religious despotism as it was in the darkest period of the mediæval age.

The religious persecution of the *Madiais*, whose unhappy case has so justly excited the sympathy of Protestant Christendom, is by no means a solitary instance in this ill-fated land, where prosecutions for what are called religious offences are fearfully on the increase ; a convincing proof that Popery has lost nothing of its intolerant spirit in every country where it can depend for support on the civil power. Had we space, we might multiply similar instances here and in every part of Italy ; but since these disgraceful acts have been brought before the tribunal of public opinion in countries blessed with civil and religious liberty, and have excited a burst of universal indignation,

the trial of religious offenders is now transferred from the civil tribunals to a secret conclave of intolerant priests; and to make matters worse, by a late ordinance of the Grand Duke, the penalty of death has been revived against criminals condemned for religious offences in his dominions. Our Austrian Prince thus proves himself to be a worthy descendant of his famous ancestor, Ferdinand of Austria, so well known as the butcher of the Protestants in Bohemia and in Germany during the Thirty Years' War.

In fact, any traveller, while wandering over the petty states of despotic Italy, may see the priests and the police armed with the authority of the law, entering day after day the dwellings of those citizens suspected of the crime of Protestantism; where, should a Bible, or any religious work proscribed by the Romish Church be found, its owner, without even the mockery of a trial, is sent to prison, not as a religious but a political delinquent. Truly, if these ministers of justice have not the innocence of the dove, they have at least the wisdom of the

serpent! In short, enlightenment in religion and disaffection are crimes equally obnoxious, and equally feared by the priests and the petty tyrants of Italy.

Strictly speaking, Florence was the last of the Italian republics; Milan and the other minor states had long since fallen. As to Genoa and Venice, occupied as they had always been with their colonies and their maritime interests, they never sought nor exercised any great influence over the internal affairs of the other states in Italy. Besides, their peculiar system of government was no where popular, the one having degenerated into a pure democracy, and the other into an equally pure aristocracy, under whose arbitrary administration there could be no balancing element of sufficient influence to protect one party from the tyranny of the other, when lingering on for a century or so longer, governed and governing by terror, purchasing the forbearance of the mighty nations around them by money, they were finally engulfed by republican France.

In the meantime, the mission of Italy, as a

teacher of the nations, had been accomplished. The French, Germans, and Spaniards who were led by a thirst for plunder, or some political advantage, to take a part in the sanguinary struggle for power which had now taken place between the Emperor of Germany and the Pope, Ghibelline and Guelph, having at length desolated the country, carried with them beyond the Alps some portion of the genius of the people they had ruined. Hence industry and enterprize, science and the arts, which had been hitherto engrossed by one people, gradually spread from one nation to another, till it became the heritage of the whole European family. Thus tottered and fell to earth all that belonged to Old Italy of the inspiring genius communicated to her from the spirit of her free institutions, and what her own degenerate princes and intolerant pontiffs had left was ruthlessly torn from her by the lawless oppression of the Spaniard. It was, however, reserved to his worthy successor, the Austrian, to give the last blow to all that remained of manly

energy, mental vigour, and bold conception, in the character of the Italian people.

What a melancholy history is this of a country, that had risen so rapidly from the long night of darkness which overspread the whole of Europe after the dissolution of the Roman empire! How deplorable the fate of a people who, during their day of freedom, displayed the utmost development of the human mind! The instruments by which this subversion of national independence was effected, the Medicis and the Viscontis, the Estes and the Farnese, the Gonzagas and the Strozis, with all the other petty princes and petty potentates, have sunk into utter obscurity; not one has transmitted his rule, and but very few even their name, to posterity. Ignoble while they existed, they were only remarkable for cowardice in the field, riotous debauchery at home, and treachery to their country; assassins when it suited their purpose, intolerant bigots who never failed to join their master, the Pope, and the Jesuits, in waving the torch of fanaticism over the ill-fated



land destiny had confided to their rule; till, finally, having extinguished the last spark of republican activity, and destroyed the resources of the country, they consummated their own ruin, together with that of Italy.

Under such ominous influences, the era of foreign bondage commenced in Italy; and if we were to dwell on the irreparable calamities that befel this unhappy country during the sway of a succession of imbecile princes; to enumerate all the causes of demoralization that then existed; to state the degree of corruption and debasement into which the Italians had fallen; to detail the appalling executions, the riotous debauchery, and absence of all public virtue and patriotism that marked their vicious reign, prince and pope alike; we cannot feel surprised to hear the name of royalty so frequently execrated by the Italian people, associating it as they do, through the voice of history and tradition, with all that is vile and profligate in human nature.

Having, in our little epitome of Italian history, shown our readers the facility with

which a nation, however courageous and enterprising, however intellectual and independent, can be reduced to a state of helotism when it has once departed from the path of public virtue and patriotism, we shall commence our review of the events of the last few years, and endeavour to unravel a tangled skein of Italian politics. While doing this, we shall find that the fallen race cling, with all the vitality of a southern nature, to the republican system of self-government enjoyed by their ancestors during their day of glory, and which proves, disguise it as we will, that a democratic form of government is natural to the people of Italy, appealing as it does, to the memories of the past, to the most brilliant period of their history.

It is well known by every traveller who visited Italy previous to the late revolution, that Tuscany was by far the best governed state in the peninsula ; and its reigning prince—apparently highly popular with all classes of his subjects—one of those paternal monarchs whose throne was accessible to the meanest of his children, and who feared not to visit incognito,

or in his own proper person, alike the palace of the wealthy, and the humble dwelling of the poor. In short, the administration of the Prince of Tuscany was considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of despotic governments.

There are, however, some races in the world, possessed of a certain loftiness of genius and manliness of character, who can never be reconciled to the rule of an absolute master, and who, full of their own self-sufficiency, scorn to receive as a boon what they consider they are entitled to claim as a right. The good Tuscans under their own pastoral government, were, it is true, equitably and moderately shorn, and could not with any justice complain of want of care and solicitude in their shepherd. But, no doubt, fearing that time might bring forth a wolf, they rose up like their brethren in other parts of Italy, and compelled their ruler to grant a representative form of government which was to identify every citizen with the State, and to be the sole depositary of rule and power.

The petty Prince of Tuscany, like every other prince in those days of excitement and peril

unhesitatingly granted all that was demanded of him, and not only solemnly swore to uphold the constitution in all its bearings, but to show how truly he admitted the just demands of his own highly-civilized subjects, and the necessity of princes conforming to the enlightenment of the age, made a most liberal speech to the democratic multitude, which was greeted, as these effusions always are, particularly from a constitutional monarch, with deafening shouts of applause. None could now doubt—not even the most unbelieving sceptic in the faith of princes—that Tuscan liberty, fame, wealth, and commercial prosperity were again to visit their true home. Florence, Leghorn, Sienna, Pisa, Lucca, and all the other cities and towns of the then happy Tuscany, had their succession of *fêtes* and illuminations. The people were mad with joy; and the Grand Duke, although a Prince of the house of Austria, was extolled as a demi-god. Had he not, of his own free will, entered into the famous coalition of Italian princes; which had for its object, to drive the barbarian Austrian for ever beyond the Alps!

In the meantime, the constitutional sovereign of Tuscany had ample time for reflection ; and during one of his triumphal tours, finding himself in the pleasant town of Sienna, sick at heart, and fatigued with so much speechifying and shaking of hands with all the dirty artizans and uncombed peasants of his dominions, demanded permission from the senate at Florence, now his master, to rest a few days from his labours. Here, no doubt convinced, like every other prince in similar circumstances, who had been accustomed to consult no will but his own, of the utter impossibility of performing to his own satisfaction, and that of his democratic subjects, the new duties he had now assumed, meditated in company with a few trusty friends—a *coup-d'état*.

The moment was pronounced to be favourable: symptoms of a reaction were said to be everywhere visible in the public mind of Italy, caused by the excesses that had so recently taken place in France. Even Carlo Alberto, being ill-seconded by the other states in his attempt to struggle with the gigantic force that

Austria still maintained in the field, and at the same time embarrassed with the intrigues of the Jesuits, and having to contend against the republican party, was reported to be anxious to bring the war to a close at any price. On the other hand, it was well known that the King of Naples only kept his troops marching and counter-marching according to the thermometer of public feeling in his own dominions; now giving orders to them to attack the Austrians, and then as suddenly recalling them; and, to add increased force to the arguments of his advisers, republicanism was declared to be frightfully on the increase. There was already a Roman Republic, a Venetian Republic, and it was feared that Tuscany, full of the glorious and imperishable reminiscences of her republican era, unless strong measures were instantly resorted to, might follow their example.

"Still the Grand Duke," says our Tuscan chronicler, "like a good and pious Roman Catholic, hesitated to light the torch of civil war. There was his oath, solemnly pledged to

the people to uphold the constitution, and he could not place his soul in jeopardy, even to reign an absolute monarch, without a dispensation from His Holiness the Pope." At length, pressed on one side by his relative the Emperor of Austria, and on the other by his brother-in-law the King of Naples to declare himself before it was too late, and fearing some hasty movement on the part of his own rash advisers, the distracted Prince prudently fled in the middle of the night, and never slackened rein, nor slept, till he found himself, side by side with his brother exile Pio Nono, leaving his beloved subjects to settle their differences in their own way.

This was in reality the commencement of the Tuscan tragedy. Everybody knows, or ought to know, the facility with which a dispensation from that most sacred and most binding of all social ties, an oath, is granted by the Church of Rome, but how much more effectual must not this be to a pious Romanist, when it comes direct from him who holds from St. Peter the keys of heaven and hell ! Our

good Duke, therefore, finding his conscience relieved from so weighty an obligation, became a new man ; and being now far away from the stilettoes of the fierce-looking democrats of his own dominions, with great courage and determination, abrogated by one stroke of his pen all his previous acts, and gave up his subjects, democrats and constitutionalists, who were now denounced as rebels and heretics, to be dealt with according to the tender mercies of an Austrian bayonet.

The democrats of Tuscany, like every other class or political party that hold in their hands the sword of state, nothing doubting of ultimate success, prepared for the contest, and, with something of the spirit of their republican ancestors, retaliated on their traitor prince, by establishing a provisional government, and by passing a law excluding him and his heirs for ever from the throne of Tuscany. This bold step was succeeded, as is usually the case on similar occasions, by the promulgation of a Republic ; and to ensure its maintenance, an alliance, offensive and defensive, was concluded with the sister



Republic of Rome. Thus, while the poor Tuscans were endeavouring to form a representative system of constitutional government, and dreaming, like the rest of their brethren in Italy, of freedom and independence, their princes employed themselves in playing successfully the game of Austria. There was now no further barrier to oppose the invasion of their country, no moral engagement to break, so as to excite the jealousy of England. Had not the Tuscans, by their own act and deed, rebelled against monarchy and all social order ; and was it not just and natural that on Austria should devolve the duty of chastising with fire and sword the rebellious subjects of a prince of her own imperial family ?

It is not so much the events, which must be known to most of our readers, as the systematic manner with which they were carried out, that deserves attention ; and the agents employed on these occasions, must have been men of consummate wisdom and hardihood, to be able to conduct their intrigues so successfully. At the auspicious moment, while a French army held

in check the republicans of Rome, and prevented the possibility of a union, it was no difficult matter for a body of well disciplined Austrian soldiers to march over Tuscany, and by their presence strike terror into a host of undisciplined citizens without unanimity, or a master spirit to guide them in their operations. In the midst of so many dangers and ominous forebodings, a general panic seemed to have seized the mind of the multitude, and it was only in Leghorn, and a few other places, where anything like a spirited resistance was even thought of, or maintained.

The Tuscans, however, paid dearly for their tame submission, and it was not till the last hour had struck, when they saw themselves the victims of deceptive promises, that the illusion vanished. They flattered themselves that liberty could be maintained, as easily as it had been obtained. They thought that the bloodless revolution upon which they had so justly prided themselves, would secure them the respect of their contemporaries. They thought that their early submission to a prince who, without any

provocation had broken faith with his people, would at least save them from the brand of a foreign soldier. No such thing; revolt and treason were visited as usual by the summary punishment of Austrian martial law: and nothing now remains in Tuscany, nor indeed in the whole of Italy, of the small remnant of civil and religious freedom its inhabitants formerly possessed, and to add to the general discontent by a fatal combination of disasters, their petty princes, who formerly enjoyed a certain degree of independence, have now become, under a secret compact, the sceptred lieutenants of Austria.

Among the number of upright men, the zealous supporters of constitutional monarchy and national freedom, that suffered for their opinions, when Austrian bayonets introduced the reign of terror into Tuscany, we cannot refrain from mentioning the name of the unfortunate Dr. Guerrazi, who was arrested on the serious charge of high treason, yet, while he held the reins of power, most unwillingly forced upon him at a moment of great peril, by the

Grand Duke, as the most popular man in Tuscany, he successfully exerted himself towards softening the feelings of the ultra-democratic party. Even at the last moment, when the country was without a ruler, and when Florence rang with the clash of arms—and the cries of an infuriated multitude demanding a republic, he continued to uphold, at the risk of his life, the interests of monarchy, and it was only when all was hopeless that he proposed the abdication of the Grand Duke, and the election of his son to that dignity, as the sole chance of preserving the country from anarchy and bloodshed.

The princes of Italy by pursuing such a systematic plan of treachery towards their subjects as that we have described, could not, even if they had been the paid agents of the republican party, have more effectually advanced its interests. They have it is true succeeded in establishing despotic power, but the memories of the past will live for ever in the minds of the people of Italy; and of all her cities none has earned so distinguished a place in modern history as Rome, none is so justly entitled to be-

come the future capital of the country, or as the the Tuscan chronicler tells us in his own expressive language: "Roma è il centro, il core d' Italia, il palladio della missione Italiana!" When we remember the state of Italy in the present day, the accomplishment of this prophetic allusion is by no means improbable; the very fact of baptizing Rome as the heroic city, pointing it out as the future capital of Italy, the arbitress of her destinies, may have removed the only obstacle that hitherto prevented local prejudices from being merged into one national interest, and lead to unity and independence.

The friends of absolute government may contemplate these contingencies in a different point of view, and fondly hope that foreign mercenaries will succeed in extinguishing the excitement caused by the disasters of the late revolution, and that eventually the people, being accustomed to arbitrary rule, will relapse lifeless and mute into their old bondage of slavery; without reflecting that we live in times of great uncertainty, and that the Italian character is far too elastic, and too keenly sensible of injury to forget or forgive

the wrongs of the past. Besides, a spirit of military adventure, unknown to the Italians of a former age, has seized upon the minds of the masses, and that they are particularly quick in learning the art of war, late events have shewn by the facility with which a daring chief like General Garibaldi could lead mere peasants and citizens, who had never beforehand led a weapon, to the attack and defeat of the best appointed armies of Europe.

The insurgents of 1848, have, however, so far profited by their misfortunes, that they are not likely again to endanger their lives and liberties upon the slippery oath of a Roman Catholic prince. But they flattered themselves that by placing their sovereigns at the head of the movement, they could reform the institutions of their respective states without affording any legitimate pretext for the interference of a foreign power ; and as we have shown in Naples, Rome and Tuscany, it was only when their rulers had broken faith with the people, that they had recourse to extreme measures, and that republicanism reared its head.

In accordance with these views, the moderate reformers of Italy, who numbered among them the most respectable members of the community, and who held in their hands as it were the destinies of their country, forebore from the first to impart to the insurrection a character of hostility to the sacred rights of their princes. In pursuance of this object they avoided every allusion to the name of one undivided Italy, and not only neglected to avail themselves of the full tide of popular enthusiasm, but employed both force and persuasion to check the impatient zeal of those who desired a pure democracy, and who, placing but little reliance on the faith of a prince, would at once have come to an open rupture, by declaring a confederated republic for the whole of Italy; and thus by placing the sovereignty in the hands of the people, rise up *en masse*, and with one general and instantaneous movement accomplish the emancipation of their country.

The final results of these complicated dissensions led to discord and perplexity, hasty and tumultuous deliberations, and before the dis-

putants could settle their differences, one petty state after another had fallen. Indeed, were it not for the gallant defence of Rome and Venice, whose inhabitants having embraced an idea, clung to it, and thus by their unity and determination to uphold it at every risk, redeemed the national character,—the unsatisfactory results of these successive insurrections might have sufficed to brand the Italians with the disgrace of being a pusillanimous race, unworthy of freedom. Whereas in reality they do not deserve to be so stigmatized, when we remember the multiplied difficulties they had to contend against, and to which we have occasionally alluded in these volumes with the impartiality of a traveller, who can have no object to create a prejudice against, or an interest in favour of, any party. Facts, notorious facts, speak for themselves, and nothing is more significant than the smothered curses you hear on every side at their own folly, in not taking advantage of the moment when they held the balance of victory—undisputed victory—in their own hands. Then the wide spread



system of secret combination, the rapid success of its tenebrious work of fraternization, and desperate character of its proselytes, embracing the most influential members of every class—the oaths by which they are bound to each other—their secret signs so wrapt in mystery, and so faithfully kept, that all the efforts of the Jesuits, the confessional, and hosts of spies, have not been able to obtain the slightest clue. All this, we fear, is ominous of a dreadful and sanguinary outbreak at some future period.

Unhappily this intense feeling of hatred and hostility in the Italian people towards their present rulers, is not confined to any particular state or prince, it extends to all except the King of Sardinia, and that they might have a culminating point of attraction "*Viva la Repubblica Romana!*" is now the rallying cry. We must not, therefore, dream that Italy of to-day is the Italy of a by-gone age. The fierce spirit she manifested in 1848 is not dead—but sleepeth—sleepeth in the bosom of millions of her sons, fiercer than the fire of her

own volcanoes. To use the words of one of her own impassioned writers—"The prophetic lightning heralding the determination of a people resolved to be free, has already gleamed on the walls of Rome and Venice, on Bologna and Brescia, on the plains of Lombardy and Sicily, in the streets of Palermo, Naples, Milan, Leghorn, and a hundred other sites and places, hallowed for ever by the blood of martyrs, whose names shall live for ever in Italian history, and remain engraved in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, till time shall be no more."

These are the people that the despotism of one colossal empire, and the liberal individualism of another, in their anxiety to uphold the balance of European power, dream of chaining down in a state of brutal helotism to their present rulers. If their hope of this depends upon the subjugation of Italy, they might as well attempt to stay the winds of heaven as to withhold for any length of time civil and religious liberty from a people, when they have once learned to regard it as an essential right to

which they are entitled, and the longer it is denied, the greater is their desire to obtain it at every hazard. Thus neglected by free England, and barbarously sacrificed by republican France—the only powers from whom they could expect any sympathy—the Italians in their desperation found themselves reduced to two alternatives ; either to submit to never ending slavery, as decreed by the great powers ; or by one of those sudden and sanguinary outbursts of an outraged people, which no human force can arrest, burst the chains which enthrall them.

In every respect, view it as we will, the condition of the inhabitants of Italy at the present day is without a parallel in modern history. In every other country, the least civilized, even in Turkey, a man may now worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, so long as he respects the laws of the country, and behaves with morality and decorum. He may have his Bible, or any other religious work he pleases—it is no infringement of the laws of the state ; in unhappy Italy this is a capital offence, and punished as

such with the utmost rigour of the civil and ecclesiastical law.

In no other country but this, do we find the system of arbitrary government and foreign military despotism carried out to such perfection; where Gauls and half-wild Croats, Huns and Slavonians, Germans and Gypsies, Servians and Zinzars, have met and converted the entire land into one vast camp, and where every petty military despot, whose law is the sword he carries by his side, rides rough shod from village to village, from city to city, wantonly insulting the people and the passing traveller, and against whose overbearing arrogance there is no redress.

In no other country, with a population of twenty-four millions, speaking the same language, and actuated by the same feelings, could this system of military violence exist for a single day; but in divided Italy, with its imbecile princes, servile Pope, and hosts of illiberal monks and Jesuits. No doubt the Italians bide their time, and if their rulers themselves were the abettors of revolution, they could not have hit upon a more effectual method

of hastening the catastrophe than by giving up their people to be ruled by the bayonets of foreign mercenaries.

The Italian writers attribute all the misfortunes of Italy to the spell of Popery, fate having singled it out from among the other countries of Christendom to be the residence of the Pontiff of the Roman Catholic world—whose princes, they tell you, some through interested motives, others through bigotry, or a dread that the removal of a single stone from the crumbling edifice of Popery would bring the whole fabric to the ground, never fail to resort to military force, in order to crush any manifestation of the people, to relieve themselves from the calamities that an intolerant priesthood has heaped from time immemorial on their country. All this they say is what Popery, under the mask of being the infallible Church, has given to them, regardless of every object but its own immediate interests. “*Falsi sacerdoti*” under whose debasing rule they repeat, there can be no mental progress, no liberal ideas, no hopes of salutary reform, no national regeneration, no

public spirit, no enjoyment of civil and religious freedom.

This is no exaggerated report of the public feeling in Italy, you hear it expressed in the palace of the wealthy, in the hut of the peasant, in the depth of the valley, on the summit of the Apennines, abroad and at home, every where that an Italian meets with an Italian, whose interests are not identified with the Church.

"A tree is known by its fruits," and the significant fact of the chief of the Roman Catholic Church having been driven from his stronghold twice in the course of half a century, is a sufficient proof of the angry feelings of the people of Italy, and their determination to rend eternally asunder every tie, that binds them to the intolerant despotism of the Church of Rome. But so it is with every creed, theory, or system of philosophy, based on its own selfish interests; popery, as a religion, is fast approaching the termination of its mission; and the fathers of this Church, with all their skill in the art of building up a religious theory of their

own, never committed a more fatal mistake, than when, disregarding the high and holy mission entrusted to them by the successors of the early apostles, they announced to the world, that their Church was infallible, and their Pontiff the only link between believing man and his Creator.

All this worked well during the dark ages, and went on increasing to the exclusive advantage of the hierarchy, till man, having advanced in moral and intellectual attainments, judged the Church by its works; and seeing the shameless profligacy, the worldly mindedness, venality, and licentiousness of the clergy, denounced them as impostors. From this moment, the Church of Rome, to save itself from falling, commenced its reign of religious tyranny; consequently, Christianity, as enforced by this Church, instead of being what Christianity was ordained to be—a boon of unqualified good to man—deluged the Christian world in human blood. Instead of allowing uncontrolled dignity to the intellect of man, tempered by a wise system of Christian charity—every master spirit

that dared to think, and draw his inspirations from the word of Scripture, was silenced by the ordeal of fire and sword. Instead of adding to the dignity of man, by giving birth to public opinion—it invented the Inquisition. Instead of strengthening the bonds of civil and religious freedom, and securing mankind from the tyranny of despots—it became the abettor of arbitrary rule. Thus has it been from its primordial rise to power, down to the present day, an intolerant, persecuting Church—the fatal result of having established a false theory of religious discipline, worldly in its views—an infallibility which admits of no reform—no change—and to attempt which would end in total destruction.

The invention of printing, one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon mankind by a merciful Providence, giving an impulse to learning, and promoting a more extended circulation of the Scriptures, undermined the rock on which Papal power was built. In process of time, two excellent, high-minded popes, Clement XIII. and XIV., foreseeing in this discovery the total



ruin of the Church of Rome, attempted to carry into effect some reformatory measures, with the hope of meeting the growing intellect of the age ; but they both died by poison, before their plans could be executed. Cardinal Bernis, M. de Saint-Priest, Arnould, and other writers, accuse the Jesuits of being the authors of this horrible crime. Clement XIV., as a first step to reform, suppressed the order of the Jesuits, as he hoped for ever ; but conscious of the deep feeling of animosity, he had excited in this powerful and unscrupulous fraternity, he prophesied his own death in the following words : “ Non mi pento di ciò che ho fatto ! A questo passo mi ci sono determinato dopo di avere ben meditata la cosa ! Io lo farei ancora. Ma questa soppressione mi darà la morte ! ”

In our time, we have had another instance, how utterly impossible it is for any pope, however vigorous, popular and enlightened he may be, to attempt correcting the abuses of the Church of Rome with any prospect of success, so long as that dangerous fraternity, the Jesuits, continue to exist, the main-spring of all the

intolerance, unchristian rancour, and sanguinary bigotry, which have convulsed society since their establishment. We ground this assertion on what we so frequently heard among the admirers of Pio Nono, who ascribe to the machinations of this powerful fraternity, the failure of success, when that irresolute Pontiff attempted to make the Cross and the Tiara the rallying cry of an Italian confederacy. Stimulated by their intrigues, the whole Roman Catholic hierarchy instantly took the alarm ; perhaps they feared that the liberal Pope might be tempted to reform the Church. A reform in the Church of Rome ! What a sacrilegious idea ! Be this as it may, it is well known that the reforming Pontiff was denounced by some as a madman, by others a species of Luther, nay worse, an antichrist professing opinions dangerous alike to Christianity and social order.

Despotism had equal cause for alarm. It foresaw with apprehension the effect that the liberalism of a pope, in our enlightened age, must produce in every Roman Catholic country in the world. It beheld in the perspective

a united Italy, with the standard of a pope waving at the head of its armies, and fearing for the result, in conjunction with its allies, priests, monks, and Jesuits, it prepared for action ! Russia threatened ; Austria threatened ; and all the minor states and petty despots of combined Europe threatened. Poor Pio Nono ! we believe him to have been ardently desirous of his country's welfare, but he wanted the master mind of a patriot, the daring spirit of a reformer, to meet the menaces of this formidable combination against him, and seeing no hope of success, in an evil hour for the triumph of civil and religious liberty, espoused the cause of despotism, perhaps he had no other alternative !

The philosophic mind, that soars above the narrow prejudices of this or that sect, and acknowledges no creed that has not the pure and simple truths of Scripture for its ground work, cannot but mourn when it reflects on what might have been the happiness of man, if the laws of Christianity, as promulgated by its divine founder, had been universally received

and obeyed. Of one thing, however, we may feel certain, pure Christian charity may be revived, as an effect of the awakened spirit of the age, but religious persecution in its worst form, never. The majority of mankind no longer believes, that the Inquisition, the stake, and the torture, are part and parcel of Christianity. They now look to the cross, not only as a sign of redemption, but as a means of regenerating the human race ; and no sect nor creed, that does not carry with it, this redeeming mission, illustrating by its acts the sublimity of the Christian religion, can hope to prosper among any community of men in a civilized state.

## CHAPTER IX.

Railroad between Florence and Pisa—Arrival at Pisa—

Its historical recollections—Revival of the Fine Arts in that city—Advantages which the Italian Republics conferred upon Europe—Journey from Pisa to Genoa—Picturesque beauty of the country—Arrival at Genoa—The improving state of Sardinia—Crossing the Apennines—Railroad from Arquata to Turin—Plain of Piedmont—Its great fertility and historical recollections.

FLORENCE, once the gay and delightful Florence, now suffering under the combined evils of martial law, and Austrian soldiers marching and countermarching through its deserted streets, with all the anxieties, restrictions, and vexations, caused by a searching, harassing, prying police, and all the mistrusts

and petty tyrannies this state of things originates, is not an inviting residence, particularly to an Englishman, in the present day. In addition to his other annoyances, he stands a fair chance of being cut down by the first cowardly Austrian officer he meets with, should he chance to rub his skirts against one of their pipe-clayed jackets, or be supposed to carry his head a little higher than is allowed by the standard of Austrian liberty, to one of her own servile subjects. We have had a very painful illustration of the insolence of the Austrian military, in the affair of our countryman Mr. Mather; but since it has become a national grievance, we cannot do better than leave it in hands of the government.

On leaving Florence we availed ourselves of the more expeditious mode of travelling by rail to Pisa, where we remained nearly two days, in visiting the various objects of interest in that fine old town.

The imposing spectacle of so many splendid palaces, churches, and public buildings, that crowd on the view—the noble Arno, with its

massive stone bridges, winding through the town in a semicircular sweep, without a single bark to impart life and animation to the scene, fills the mind of the traveller at once with admiration and sorrow. This is still further increased when all this magnificence is contrasted with the dreary aspect of its grass-grown streets, and the decay of everything that the genius and energy of its former citizens had created. What a glorious epoch was that in the history of old Pisa, when the goddess of commerce was the presiding deity of the city; when the enjoyment of civil freedom, and the consciousness of dignity and security had given a manliness of conception, a boldness and rapidity of execution to everything connected with the public welfare; when every man vitally interested in the advancement of his country's greatness, endangered his life and sacrificed his property, when the safety or the embellishment of the state required it. In fact, Pisa, like so many other fine old towns in Italy, dates all its magnificence to its republican era, and none, not even Florence, had advanced so far the landmarks of

civilization, till it fell a prey to the jealousy of its formidable rival, the Republic of Genoa.


Independently of the interest attached to the historical recollections of Pisa, it has many claims on the attention of the traveller in the present day, containing as it does the earliest and some of the finest specimens in the art of painting in Italy, which rose with the wants and in accordance with the wealth and commercial spirit of an active and enterprising age. But where there is talent and industry, and the fostering hand of patronage to encourage its efforts, the crude attempt of untutored genius will often be succeeded by the work of a master spirit; and it was here, in the study of some rude paintings collected in Greece by an amateur merchant of Pisa, that Cimabue first drew his inspiration, and founded the school that produced a Carlo Dolci, a Leonardo da Vinci, and a hundred other renowned artists, whose names, even if their works should perish, will live for ever in the history of painting.

What a glorious age was this in the records of republican Italy, and how full of enthusiasm



her inhabitants, since contemporary writers inform us that the paintings of Cimabue and his brother artists Giotto, Simone, Memmi, and Orcagna, when removed to their destination, were accompanied by music, and followed by the high dignitaries of the state, the clergy, and the people, in solemn procession ; and, that they should have a habitation worthy of them, the united voice of all the citizens solicited their chief magistrates to build a church, regardless of expense, unequalled for the beauty of its architecture, in which these treasures of art should be deposited.

Indeed, from the earliest epoch of the emancipation of the cities of Italy from the feudal tyranny of their native princes, it was the pride of these enterprising republicans to dedicate a great part of their increasing wealth to the encouragement of learning, the sciences, and the fine arts, and to raise up magnificent churches, seminaries, and public buildings, for the most part still standing, and bearing dates of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. We have several noble specimens of these structures at



Pisa, in the Duomo, the Battistero, the Campo Santo, the Loggia, and the famous Campanile Torto (leaning tower); the latter is of such singular construction, and so easy of ascent, that a man may mount his horse and ride to the top, a hundred and ninety feet high, with the same facility as if he had been cantering on the high road. These edifices are generally distinguished for a serious and solemn, and at the same time a grand and lofty style of architecture, blended with the Gothic, and ornaments of an Oriental character, sufficient to overawe the judgment of the beholder of a more refined age, which induces us to regret that this primeval national taste of republican Italy had not been followed to its utmost degree of perfection.

Pisa, like Venice, Holland, and other maritime states, hemmed in within narrow bounds, and having the sea alone to look to for support, may be said to have been chiefly indebted to this circumstance for her commercial prosperity, and the political power she obtained at a time when the whole of Europe lay shrouded in the

darkness of barbarism, and none of the Italian cities can trace their origin with certainty to so illustrious an ancestry as the Pisani, who ascend in their genealogical tree to the pure race of the ancient Greeks, as Virgil tells us in the tenth book of his *Æneid* :

“Mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis ;  
Hos parere jubent Alpheæ ab origine Pisæ  
Urbs Etrusca solo.”

In after times, when the whole of Italy had become a prey to the devastations of the barbarians, the swamps of the Maremmæ, like the reedy islands of the Adriatic, affording a comparatively safe retreat to every free and independent mind, Pisa continued to gain in strength and importance by the constant influx of so many enterprising strangers, who, having allied themselves to the natives, and established a popular form of government under the influence of free laws, soon learned to estimate their strength, and to place upon a permanent foundation the independence which accident had placed in their power. When we remember

the insignificant territory of Pisa in those days, for the most part a sickly morass, and the small amount of its population, none of the Italian republics so early distinguished itself, nor had become so formidable as a naval power, everywhere sweeping from the Italian seas the piratical ships of the Goths and the Saracens, and defending the neighbouring towns from their freebooting excursions.

The first daring exploit of the Pisani at sea, according to the most authentic accounts, took place at Salerno about the middle of the ninth century, where they totally defeated the Saracens' fleet, and ultimately driving these pirates from the island of Sardinia and every part of the Italian coast and islands where they had obtained a footing, acquired for themselves great commercial advantages and additional territorial possessions at home, comprising the islands of Sardinia, Corsica, Elba, and the Balearic isles. Hence, as lords of the sea, with a commerce the most extensive, and taking a distinguished part in the crusades, they were enabled to establish flourishing colonies at Constantinople, and

several important towns in Syria and Asia Minor.

If the Pisani were the first that started in the race of commercial enterprize among the republican states of Old Italy, they were doomed to be the first to fall. The mortal stab came from the hand of an Italian in 1284, when their fleet for the first time experienced a defeat from the growing power and jealousy of their republican brethren of Genoa—a defeat which was soon after to be followed by a still more disastrous reverse, that took place at Meloria, and which ended in the utter annihilation of their naval force. From this time the glory of Pisa was eclipsed by that of her more fortunate rival, Genoa. Hence arose the saying in Italy, “If you would see Pisa, you must visit Genoa.” Florence proved a new enemy, and the once illustrious republic, now leaning for support on one ally and now on another, at length sunk into utter insignificance.

Like the republics of ancient Greece, this absence of union, this jealousy of states, each self-sufficient, independent, and divided from

each other by local prejudice ; each exulting in the downfall of its rival, and at the same time dreaming of its own enduring existence, led to the ruin of the republics of Italy. How different might have been their fate and that of the whole of Italy, had they organized themselves into a confederacy for mutual protection, or the attainment of some great political object ! Still, it is more than doubtful, at an epoch of such universal civil disorganization of states and demoralization of mankind, whether the republicans of Old Italy, like those of ancient Greece, without all this rivalry and emulation of petty states, would have risen so rapidly in the scale of civilization.

Be this as it may, that man is not to be envied who can contemplate with indifference the fate of a people, which taking the precedence of every other, re-awakened man to a consciousness of his power and dignity, reformed the taste, humanized the manners, and laid the basis of a regenerating influence which entitled them to the gratitude of the world. " And having done all this," as a nobleman of Pisa observed

to me, while sitting with him in one of the rooms of the dilapidated palace of his ancestors : “How is it we, the descendants of these illustrious men, although we have resisted year after year the cruel violence of our foreign tyrants and struggled to shake off the yoke of an ignorant, intolerant priesthood, are still excluded by the treaties of foreign powers from any participation in the rights of nations—denied everything, as if soul and body belonged to our tyrants?”

On leaving Pisa, we took one of the most charming routes in the beautiful peninsula—that leading along the sea-coast to Genoa. After passing through the territory of Lucca, another of those Italian republics which continued to maintain its independence through weal and woe till the advent of the Corsican usurper, we ascended a spur of the Apennines, offering everywhere around the most interesting prospects. Old towns with their crumbling walls and towers lay beetling here and there on the summit of some apparently inaccessible precipice, telling of the time when force was law. Beneath these, smiling villages, with their orchards,

vine-clad slopes, groves of olives, and wide-stretching vallies, bursting with the young corn, formed a pleasing picture of industry, peace, and plenty. Then the picturesque costume of the peasantry, the beauty of the women, the robust appearance of the men, all decently clad and full of life and animation, gave evidence that this part of Italy at least was governed with justice. The inns at the various towns through which we passed were also excellent, and supplied with everything the most fastidious traveller could desire, and at moderate prices.

At Massa, we had the inexhaustible quarries of Carrara to admire, and as we wound along the sea coast, the splendid Bay of Spezia, considered by many travellers to be the most beautiful jewel of the Mediterranean; these, with the ruins of ancient cities, rapid rivers, and the scenery of a fine country alternating between mountain, hill, valley, dale, and rocks in all their grotesque forms, continued to accompany us till we got to Genoa.

Whether we approach Genoa by land or sea, the view is equally picturesque and magnificent;



and as we now beheld it from the heights of Nervi, the imposing sight of its fine spacious bay, filled with the ships of every commercial nation in the old and new world, and the grand amphitheatre of palaces rising above it, glowing in all the pomp and glitter of polished marble, we could not but admit that this fine old town is justly entitled to the soubriquet of Genoa *la superba*.

On leaving the balmy atmosphere of Genoa, where the orange and the citron, the olive and the fig, the vine and the almond, and every species of exotic plant and flowering shrub exhale their delicious fragrance; we commenced the ascent of the Apennines, when we found ourselves in a climate so different, that we might have fancied ourselves suddenly transported to some country on the banks of the Frozen Ocean. We were, however, in some measure, compensated for this disagreeable change, by a succession of the most interesting, extensive, and picturesque prospects.

After passing through the dreary villages of Ponte-Decimo and Ronco, we arrived at

Arquata, distant about two posts from Genoa, where we found a railroad, which took us in a few hours to Turin. This has been a most gigantic enterprise, and when completed, must be attended with the most beneficial results, politically and commercially, to Piedmont, as it unites the seat of government by rail and telegraph with a naval and commercial station of such importance as Genoa. In every point of view, the states of the King of Sardinia possessing so many fine harbours on the Mediterranean, and now since civil and religious freedom has become the law of the land, which has already given an impulse to commercial enterprise, promises to become by far the wealthiest, and most powerful kingdom in Italy. Her navy is increasing, and notwithstanding the reverses she sustained in her deplorable war with Austria, and the necessity of maintaining in the present state of the continent, an army of a hundred thousand men; her finances are found to be amply sufficient to meet every demand of the state, without having recourse to those oppressive taxes, the curse of

so many despotic governments, that rule by spies and the sword.

The railroad between Arquata and Turin passes through a most interesting country, the far-famed plain of Piedmont—strictly speaking an elevated plateau of vast extent, which lying between the Apennines and the Alps, and uniting with the plain of Lombardy, is everywhere well watered with fine rivers, and of extraordinary fertility. Here the traveller interested in agricultural operations, sees much to admire in the skill and industry with which the land is cultivated, particularly in the process of irrigation, here carried out to the utmost perfection.

To the historian, the plain of Piedmont is equally interesting. Here he may trace out the spot where some of the greatest battles of modern days have been fought, among which the memorable battle of Marengo takes the highest rank, from its influence on the destinies of Europe; still, had it not been for the instantaneous inspiration of the brave Kellerman, who changed a defeat into victory, the career of Napoleon, then only commencing,

might have ended on the plain of Piedmont. Alessandria, so celebrated as a fortress in the wars of Italy, and Asti equally so, as the birth-place of the poet Alfieri, are the two principal cities we find on the route.

Turin, situated at the extreme end of this vast plain, presents to the traveller, one of the most beautiful prospects the eye can rest on ; you behold at one glance, a large city spreading out in every direction, embellished with palaces, churches, public buildings, country seats, and all that wealth and taste can give to ornament it ; with the additional charm of two noble rivers the Po and the Dora, which here mingling their waters are seen gliding through corn fields and gardens, perhaps the richest in the beautiful peninsula. The whole plain and city surrounded in a semicircular sweep by the vast range of snow clad Alps, that here form the natural barrier between those eternal enemies, the Gauls and the Italians.

## CHAPTER X.

Historical sketch of Turin—Princes of the House of Savoy—Their rapid rise to power—Progress of religious and political freedom in Piedmont—Difficulties it had to contend with—First manifestation in 1821—Disastrous issue of the conflict—Perfidy of Charles Felix and the Prince di Carignan—Reign of the Jesuits—Persecution for political and religious opinions—Military occupation of Piedmont by Austria—Second manifestation of public opinion in 1848—Triumph of civil and religious liberty—War with Austria—Causes which led to the defeat of Carlo Alberto and the calamities of Italy.

TURIN is one of the few among the old cities of Italy that does not claim for its founder one of the demi-gods of Troy or Greece. Her historians simply tell us that, about some four thousand

years ago, the Taurini, a tribe of Ligurians, from the shores of the Mediterranean, crossed the Apennines, and after wandering about with their flocks and herds at the foot of the mountains, eventually built themselves a town, to which they gave their own name, Taurini, which it still retains; Torino, supposed to have been derived from the bull (Taurus), which this tribe had adopted as their ensign.

The city of the bull tribes must have been sufficiently strong, and the inhabitants sufficiently numerous, brave, and enterprising, to be able to arrest the progress, even for a time, of so experienced a warrior as Hannibal, the great Carthaginian chief, when he invaded Italy; and though the city was sacked, and her strong men made captives, their deeds of arms were not forgotten by Imperial Rome. Hence we learn that Taurinorum (Turin) rose to great eminence during the rule of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, when its inhabitants were invested with the proud title of Roman citizens. This continued till the advent of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, when, in an evil hour

its citizens, having espoused the cause of his rival, Maximus, provoked the vengeance of the conqueror ; and the fall of Turin must have been most deplorable, since history is silent with respect to its fate till the tenth century.

About this period the Counts of Savoy, from whom the present kings of Sardinia, said to be the oldest reigning family in Europe, are descended, having gradually extended their dominions on the Italian side of the Alps, established their residence at Turin, when that town again took a high rank among the cities of Italy ; and Piedmont, under their wise administration, assumed an aspect of prosperity unknown to it since the fall of the Roman empire. At the same time, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, while the other petty potentates of Italy were sinking into ignominious obscurity, or their families becoming extinct, the princes of the House of Savoy by their valour were adding to their strength and territories. Their power arose to the greatest height during the contest for the Spanish succession, when the military services of Prince Eugene were re-

warded by the addition of extensive territories to the ancestral dominions of his family, besides the permission of the great powers to exchange the ducal coronet for a royal diadem. Still the frequent wars and intriguing policy of this ambitious family to rule the whole of Italy repeatedly brought them to the brink of ruin, their most inveterate enemy always making his appearance from the other side of the Alps; both France and Austria being equally jealous of the warlike abilities and pretensions of the princes of the House of Savoy.

In 1536, Turin suffered severely from the French, under their King Francis I., who had the barbarity to destroy its beautiful and well-preserved Roman amphitheatre, an edifice which had been respected by his predecessors in devastation—the savage Gauls, Goths, and Vandals; yet his contemporaries exalt this monarch as the patron of learning and the fine arts! Turin had again the misfortune to be taken, and in great part destroyed by the French, in 1640 and 1706; and finally to fall into their power,



and with it the whole of Italy, when Bonaparte made his appearance on the stage of European politics.

If the fickle nature of Frenchmen, in running from one extreme to another, has done so much in their own country to injure the cause of popular government, it is but just to avow that during their rule in Italy they effected a great deal of good in Piedmont. The roads they constructed across the Alps and the Apennines gave an impulse to commerce and agriculture. The introduction of a uniform code of laws, broke down the last barrier of feudal barbarism ; the suppression of monasteries and nunneries put an end to the influence of priestcraft ; the enfranchisement of universities and literature from the yoke of the Jesuits called into existence a host of honest, ardent patriots, through whose exertions the moral character of the most degraded and priest-ridden people in Italy was greatly ameliorated. These salutary reforms marked the advent of a new epoch in the history of Piedmont, sowed the seeds of a moral regeneration, and gave an activity to men's

minds that no efforts of absolutism or religious persecution in after days could arrest.

The first manifestation of the inhabitants of Piedmont, in favour of civil and religious freedom, showed itself on the lamentable persecution of the Jews in 1816, almost immediately after the return of their native princes to their patrimonial dominions. Public opinion, however, was disregarded, and as usual with those despotic governments, who rule through the instrumentality of the Church, this generous burst of national feeling in favour of a long-persecuted race, was misconstrued into scepticism, the remains of that deadly poison communicated to the people by the infidel French, and which must be extirpated, at whatever cost, from the body politic.

Victor Emmanuel, then the reigning monarch, one of those princes of the day who had spent the chief part of his life in utter exclusion from the great world, while Bonaparte was ruling in his kingdom, lending a willing ear to his advisers, reinstated the Jesuits, as of old, in the full enjoyment of their privileges. This was

succeeded by the re-establishment of monasteries and nunneries, royal ordinances for the enforcement of confession, processions to sacred shrines, the erection of crosses by the roadside, and temples with statues of the Virgin, and all the other religious solemnities and miracles, and contrivances, including penal laws, that a crafty priesthood could invent for enforcing their peculiar system of religious discipline. But all this ingenious machinery had now lost its influence; the inhabitants of Piedmont had learned to think for themselves, and like every people possessed of common sense, while they rendered rational obedience to the Church, had long since spurned its miracles and mummeries, its mysteries and unmeaning ceremonies, as too infantile to accord with their superior intelligence.

The multitude, however, remained passive; freed from the intolerable arrogance and licentiousness of their former masters, the French, they were more than ever attached to the rule of their native princes, and respected, partly through long association and partly through

policy, the harmless ceremonies of their Church, provided they did not interfere with their personal liberty. On the other hand, whatever ill-feeling might have been rankling in the bosom of the more enlightened classes, it did not find a vent till 1821. This was caused by burning at the stake an unhappy criminal at Chambery, condemned to that horrible death by the dignitaries of the Church, for having stolen some trifling ornament from a statue of the Madonna.

The Inquisition, torture, and all the religious persecution of other days, it was now anticipated, would be the fate of Piedmont, and commented upon by every class of the community : the cry of horror ran from town to town, from village to village, increasing in violence as it passed onward, till the entire country rang with murmurs of discontent. Popular indignation was at its height, when a cavalry regiment stationed at Fossano, catching the spirit of the people, declared itself in favour of constitutional government and the abolition of the rule of the priests; the demand was repeated with enthusiasm by the garrisons of Alessandria, Pinerolo, Tortona,

and several other strong towns and forts, and soon found an echo in the streets of Turin.

The insurrection was so formidable, and the determination of the military and the people to obtain the boon of civil and religious freedom so decided, that the King at that time, Victor Emmanuel, fearing for his personal safety, and still unwilling to grant the demands of the insurgents, abdicated in favour of his brother Charles Felix, then Duke of Genoa; who, also dreading to assume a post of such danger, appointed his nephew, the Prince di Carignan, as Regent, afterwards Carlo Alberto, who at that time was highly popular with the liberal party.

In the meantime, while Carlo Alberto, the Regent, continued to coquet with the friends of civil and religious freedom; Austria, the great leading power of Italy, had time to assemble her well-disciplined legions on the frontier; and the friends of absolutism, with their allies the clergy, to sow dissensions in the ranks of the Piedmontese army, at best an ill-assorted host of republicans, royalists, and constitutionalists, levied in the hurry of the moment. When

everything was prepared for carrying out the farce, this heterogenous body of troops, without discipline or unanimity, was dispatched by the Regent to defend the country from invasion. As might be expected, the honour of Piedmont and its newly-acquired liberties, entrusted to the keeping of such a rabble, was certain to fall in the mire. It is merely necessary to say, that, on meeting with the Austrians on the banks of the Agagna, near Novara, the greater number were dispersed after the first discharge of artillery.

The fate of the deluded patriots, who had rushed to the combat in the full hope of victory, is soon told. Those who escaped the sword of the invader were doomed to perish on the scaffold, or pass the remainder of their days as galley-slaves, unless they found means to fly the country. As to the masses, panic-stricken and overawed by the vast armies of Austria, here marching and counter-marching, and there quartered by their faithless monarch in impregnable fortresses, threatening their large towns and cities with instant destruction, they

fell dull and spiritless into the death-like torpor evinced by every people who suffer from the consequences of an unsuccessful revolt.

But these were not the only misfortunes in store for unhappy Piedmont: now that church and state, under the protecting care of Austrian bayonets, could carry out their schemes for degrading the presumptuous rebels who had dared to dispute their authority, everything was resorted to, that despotism and the ingenuity of a priest could invent to tighten the chain of slavery. To increase their sorrows, those among the fugitives condemned to exile had to endure the taunt of cowardice from unsympathising strangers, who could not know the various and almost insurmountable obstacles the patriot has to encounter, who raises the standard of civil and religious freedom in a country so singularly constituted as Italy, torn and divided by a thousand conflicting interests, and ruled by a confederation of princes and priests, leagued against any change or improvement.

Still the insurrection in Piedmont, and the calamitous condition to which that unfortunate

country was reduced, had the effect of exciting the sympathy of the rest of the inhabitants of the peninsula, and laid the basis of a future Italy, by showing the necessity of all parties uniting for one common object—the expulsion of the Austrians, without which they now clearly saw there could be no hope of freedom. The impulse, once given, has gone on increasing down to the present day, and no effort of the Jesuits, or *espionage* of the Austrian police, has been able to arrest its progress.

Taken altogether, the Piedmontese insurrection of 1821 can be considered as nothing more than one of those fitful starts made by an enthusiastic people to keep pace with the spirit of the age, the forerunner of civil enfranchisement, and by which the progress of mankind may be traced, as the history of the world is told by its floods and earthquakes. The events which have occurred in this little state, since that time, suggest many reflections to those interested in the fate of nations, and ought to serve as a lesson to rulers on the duty they owe to society of granting popular institutions to their people



when it is evident they have acquired the ability of legislating for themselves. The denial only serves to keep alive a feeling of irritation, and eventually they must be accorded, perhaps at a moment when popular indignation shall exact greater sacrifices from royal prerogative than would have been required if despotism had met liberalism half way, and gracefully yielded what it had no longer the power to withhold, without having recourse to the assistance of foreign bayonets.

Of the truth of this, we may receive a practical lesson from the past and present state of Piedmont. We have seen with what facility an Austrian army, encouraged by a monarch who broke without scruple the engagements into which he had entered with his people, put down the insurrection of 1821. We have seen the entire nation compelled at the point of the bayonet to submit to that arbitrary power—to the total deprivation of all civil and religious freedom. We have seen an organized army of Jesuits ruling in the cabinet, presiding over the

universities, occupying the professorial chairs, directing the elementary schools, guiding the censorship of the press, and preventing the rising generation from acquiring the slightest knowledge of political rights and duties. In short, we have seen them with that ubiquitous spirit which this learned body so eminently possesses, controlling every institution that could elevate or enlighten the mind of the people, with the view of reviving the age of ignorance and fanaticism; and this continued for more than a quarter of a century. Yet, when the *ignis-fatuus* of French liberty gleamed in the distance, and Europe, seduced by the delusive light, flung the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of despotism; this ill-governed, ill-guided, priest-ridden people, rising as it were from the depths of political ignorance, not only carved their way as if by enchantment to the proud position they now occupy, but in their eagerness to drive their old enemy, Austria, from the land, enrolled themselves as the champions of a free and independent Italy; while other

nations, with far more pretensions, and not groaning under the yoke of foreign vassalage, sunk, and continue to sink, still lower in degradation and slavery.

In fact the present position of Piedmont is one of those singular and unexpected changes, which now and then take place in the political life of a people, sufficient to confound the calculations of the most astute and deep-thinking politician. But, as we before observed, there is a pliability in the character of an Italian, capable of being moulded into any form; an enthusiasm that will lead him, if once roused, to the performance of heroic deeds; an earnestness in pursuing any principle he has adopted; an intelligence which renders him capable of becoming a powerful instrument under the guidance of a master-mind; and that he possesses a great deal of sound judgment is shown by the fact that in Italy you hear nothing of communism, socialism, and all the other isms and absurdities of the demagogues and charlatan legislators of other countries.

In fact, the greatest evils the inhabitants of Italy have had to contend with, and which have

hitherto prevented them from taking a leading position among the enlightened nations of Europe, and of becoming at once an ornament and a support of the social fabric, have been disunion, foreign rule, and perhaps the greatest of all, the ever-present influence of a crafty, intolerant priesthood; evils against which they have been struggling for centuries, and which would be sufficient to crush the energy of the most enterprising race in the world.

With respect to the late disastrous war between Piedmont and Austria, there are so many conflicting statements of interested writers—republican, monarchical, and despotic—that it is impossible for any traveller who has not a key to the secret cabinet of absolute princes, and their confederates the Jesuits and money-lenders of Europe, to arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion. That there had been a great deal of foul play exercised by that party, in preventing the success of the liberal cause into which the King of Sardinia, Carlo Alberto, had entered with all the chivalry of his ancient race, is well known; and the hints that the gallant

monarch himself let fall at his abdication, respecting the unworthy intrigues of the superior clergy and Jesuits of his dominions, together with the degrading epithet of cowardice applied to certain members of the aristocracy who held a high rank in his army, should never be forgotten by a prince of the House of Savoy. At the same time, any class or community of men, who could be so base as to sacrifice the honour of their country and the glory of its army for any paltry interests of their own, must be eternally disgraced in the estimation of all honourable men.

“*Tutto è perduto anche l'onor Piemontesi.*” The last words of the broken-hearted monarch, when in disgust he bade adieu to his country, still vibrate in the hearts of the people, and has exposed the clergy and their confederates to a degree of contempt and odium that will cling to them for ever; and for which they have in some measure dearly paid by the loss of all their former privileges and consideration in the country. Dangerous as this camarilla proved itself to be, it was not the only evil the gallant

monarch had to contend against, in his bold attempt to free Italy from the degrading rule of the foreigner. To increase still more the difficulties that beset his path, the extreme liberals, having the events of 1821 ever before them, in which Carlo Alberto, as Regent, played a conspicuous, and rather a doubtful part, could not be induced to place confidence in any Prince; and it was only when the standard of Italian independence fell on the plains of Lombardy, and that the enemy had carried war into Piedmont, threatening the country and its newly-acquired liberties with a repetition of the disasters of 1821, that this party, the most numerous and energetic in Piedmont, no longer dazzled with the *prestige* of a grand republic for all Italy, joined their brethren, the monarchists, and turned the tide of victory in favour of constitutional monarchy.

The movement commenced at Casale, a small fortified town on the Po, which, according to the stipulations of the armistice, was to be given up to Austria. The inhabitants, however, either

did, or would not believe, that their government could have agreed to such a dishonorable treaty as placing one of its fortified towns in the hands of an enemy ; and instead of opening their gates to the summons of General Wimpffen, the Austrian commander, poured upon him and his army a destructive fire of artillery.

The spark of liberty that lit up the stout hearts of the inhabitants of Casale, now spread to Turin, Genoa, and all the other towns and cities in the country. Treason flew from lip of lip ; the government, the clergy, the chiefs to the army—all were denounced as traitors ; excitement was at fever heat, and the republican party were both numerous and formidable. Happily, the King was popular and patriotic, and the people yielding to the remonstrances of their chiefs, and to the pledges of their government to uphold the constitution, order was restored. Genoa alone, full of the glorious reminiscences of its independent republic, for a time refused to submit ; but even here the good sense of the majority of the citizens ulti-

mately triumphed, and the independence of the country was saved.

Austria therefore, seeing the utter hopelessness of again introducing despotic government into Piedmont, and no doubt fearing for the safety of her troops among a people so highly exasperated, relinquished, for the first time, her arrogant pretensions of dictator, at least to one state in Italy.

Piedmont is free ; but the unsuccessful result of the war having added to the calamities of every other state in the peninsula, is much to be deplored ; at the same time, it proves decisively the necessity of union, should Italy again attempt the dangerous task of endeavouring to regain her independence. But man is doomed to toil for the accomplishment of whatever he undertakes in this world ; and it is only by repeated labour and practical knowledge, that he eventually achieves his purpose. In the present instance, had the late insurrection assumed a truly national character, instead of each political sect and petty republic combating



for its individual interest, what Italy willed, with a constitutional monarch marching at the head of its armies, no efforts of intriguing priests, or arbitrary despots could have withstood. Much, it is true, has already been effected; and the best pledge the Italians can give that they are fitted to receive more liberal institutions, is the tolerant, conciliating spirit that reigns at this moment between the constitutional King of Sardinia and his people; and these, be it remembered, only constitute a section of five millions among the inhabitants of Italy rather below in intellectual attainments, than in advance of their brethren of the other states, when we take into account the ignorant islanders of Sardinia, and the equally ignorant mountaineers of Savoy.

## CHAPTER XI.

The political condition of Piedmont—Constitutional Government—Dangers to be apprehended to its stability—Intrigues of France and Austria—Factionous conduct of the Pope and the Roman Catholic clergy—Popularity of the King—His reforms in Church and State—Hostility of political parties—Considerations on Austria as a ruling power in Italy—Danger to be apprehended to the peace of Europe.

NOTWITHSTANDING we take a strong interest in the triumph of constitutional government in the states of the King of Sardinia, as we trust it will prove the commencement of a better administration in the other states of Italy, and may eventually lead to the abolition of those vexatious and arbitrary laws which oppress the inhabitants of that highly-gifted

land; we are not blind to the fact, that the representative system is not likely to be a permanent establishment in this little state, unless supported by England. So far as regards the honour of the King, and the practical good sense of the people, we have no fear of a reaction in favour of despotic principles on one side, or popular liberty degenerating into licentiousness on the other; but there are other interests, both powerful and pressing, to be guarded against—those of despotic Austria, and now despotic France—great military powers, whose arbitrary rulers cannot see with pleasure the growth of liberal opinions in a little state lying on their frontier.

The French have already commenced their intrigues through the instrumentality of their agents, the Jesuits, in the duchy of Savoy, one of the states of the King of Sardinia; whose inhabitants, a mixed race, for the most part speaking a *patois* of the French language, however attached they may be to the ancient princes of the House of Savoy, pride themselves in being called members of the

*Grande Nation*, and incline, it is feared, rather to a union with France, than to remain bound up with the destines of an Italian nationality.

It is true they form but a small portion of the population of the dominions of the King of Sardinia ; and the territory they occupy—for the most part a barren alpine district—is nearly valueless, in a financial and military point of view, to Piedmont, with its own formidable barrier against invasion—the *Alpis Cottia*—nature's everlasting boundary between two races antagonistic in their manners, language, and character. Whereas to France, the acquisition of Savoy would be of the utmost importance, by giving her an almost impregnable mountainous country to strengthen her frontier.

Without seeking for causes, there are so many complicated interests between neighbouring states, which can be easily converted by an unprincipled adversary into a pretext for open hostility, especially towards a weaker one, that it requires all the skill and foresight of the King of Sardinia to steer clear of the numerous

shoals and rocks that are daily presenting themselves, and thus save the national bark from a concussion which might prove fatal to his hopes of a prosperous voyage.

Having arranged the delicate subject relative to the political exiles of France and Austria, the affairs of the clergy are now under discussion, a subject pregnant with danger at all times, but more particularly at the present moment, when priests and despots, alarmed at the growing intelligence of the age, have joined their forces, and combat every movement of social progress, as the only chance left to preserve their arbitrary rule over mankind. In pursuance of this system, it matters not that the constitutional King of Sardinia enacts laws for the better administration of his dominions, while one class of the community denies his right to rule independently, and acknowledges no other sovereign than the Pope, no other law than such as emanates from the Vatican, and when he attempts to enforce his measures, threaten to appeal to their faithful allies, the crozier-loving rulers of France and Austria.

In every point of view the factious conduct of the clergy in the dominions of the King of Sardinia is much to be deplored, more particularly in a country where the Roman Catholic religion is that of the state. The question is simply between the constituted laws of the land and the power of the Church, between civil and clerical authority—a daring attempt of an ambitious priesthood to continue imposing the spiritual dominion of the Pope and the Church alike over King and people—a display of ill-will and malignant feeling by the whole clerical party towards the government, perhaps without a parallel in the history of any other state. And they know their power; for, independent of their allies abroad—and these include the whole of the ultramontane ecclesiastics in Europe—and their abettors, the despots, they possess territorial property, and funded interests, in the states of the King of Sardinia, amounting to several hundred millions of francs, besides upwards of two hundred monasteries and nunneries, and forty diocesan and other clerical benefices; and this among a population under five millions. Surely this

is an indisputable proof of the adroit manner in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church transfer the wealth of their flocks to their own possession, when we remember that nearly the whole of this immense property has been acquired since the occupation of the country by the French. They are also not without a very considerable party in the country. In addition to the aristocracy of the old school, they can depend upon the fanaticism of the ignorant mountaineers of Savoy—a mongrel race of Celts, Gauls, and Italians; a large portion of the islanders of Sardinia; also a *mélange* of Italians and Saracens, as bigoted and stupid, as they are devoted to their priests; forming altogether an army of fanatics, ready to commit any atrocity at the command of the Church. In opposition to these, we may number nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Piedmont, and the Genoese—Liguria, Italians of the pure race, who have long since foresworn everything in the shape of fanaticism, or the influence of priestcraft.

Up to the present time, notwithstanding all the wealth, power, and influence of the clergy,

their threats of excommunication, denial of the rites of the Church, and all the other expedients resorted to by ecclesiastical intolerance to deter the common people from voting at elections, the liberals possess in the Senate an overwhelming majority, nearly as embarrassing to the government as the hostility of the clergy; except that the one is patriotic, and obey the laws of the country, while the others are anti-national, and, in defying the authorities, look for support to foreign powers. Hitherto the enmity of these adverse parties has produced no serious consequences to the working of the administration, in a country where there is no true aristocratic element to be found among the impoverished and degraded members of the nobility, to control the democratic tendencies of the liberal party, whose sweeping measures of reform, particularly in the Church, must have forced the government, in spite of itself perhaps, beyond the limits prescribed by prudence.

The passing of the Siccardi laws, in defiance of the remonstrances of Austria and the threats



of the Pope, and which relieved the country from some of the most intolerable exactions of the Papal court, and the abuses and immorality of a rapacious priesthood, has elevated the King of Sardinia to the rank of being at once an enlightened reformer—a practical legislator. We say the King, because we know that it was principally owing to his influence that these acts of the Senate have become the law of the land; and it required no small amount of personal courage and determination, in the Sovereign of so limited a territory, to combat the intolerant pretensions of the Church in its own domain—to baffle Papal powers and the wrath of the Jesuits on the very threshold of the Vatican.

Among the laws enacted for the better regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, that which renders marriage a civil contract, and permits mixed marriages, may be regarded as the severest blow that the legislature has yet inflicted on the Roman Catholic Church in the states of the King of Sardinia, as this law opens an admission to Protestantism, a religion whose en-

lightened views the majority of the Piedmontese people are fully prepared to adopt. Consequently the promulgation of this law has produced the most violent excitement. On one side you hear of nothing but mutual congratulations and public rejoicing, and on the other, threats of excommunication, denial of the rites of the Church, and spiritual punishment denounced against the inferior clergy and the people, should they dare to conform to the heretical law.

It remains to be seen how far the government will go in enforcing on the clergy obedience to its measures ; hitherto it has shown great forbearance, notwithstanding their acts have sufficiently proved that they are not only disobedient to the laws of the land, but traitors—corresponding with foreign powers, and endeavouring to excite rebellion among the ignorant multitude. The intelligent classes, however, are growing weary of this eternal hostility of the clergy to all social progress, and may lead to such an outbreak of popular indignation, as it is feared will offer a pretext for the intervention

of France or Austria, and probably endanger the stability of the representative system in the states of the King of Sardinia. Be this as it may, the clergy, by their intolerance and factious opposition to the government, have lost all consideration in the country; even the women have declared war against the priests, and none were more active in the struggle that drove the arrogant prelates of Turin and Cagliari from those cities. Indeed, if we required an evidence of the decadence of the power of the Church of Rome here or elsewhere in Italy, we have it in the fact, that she is now obliged to rely for support on the very lowest classes of society on one side, and on the other, the sword of a foreign despot.

With the exception of this unhappy dispute with the clergy, there is not the slightest symptom of an insurrectional spirit in any part of the dominions of the King of Sardinia. Even the citizens of Genoa, with their Ligurian dependencies, who at all times manifested the fiercest republican feeling—hitherto so inimical to monarchy, and a union with Piedmont—now

that commerce and prosperity have revisited their ancient home, are every day becoming more attached to the constitutional government of their estimable monarch. It must be admitted, when we remember how very recently civil and religious liberty has constituted the law of the land, that no country, however enterprising its inhabitants, could have made a more rapid advance in its material interests, offering an example to other rulers how commercial prosperity, industry and social order can be achieved, when impelled by the good faith of a constitutional monarch, and that powerful lever of the human mind—free institutions.

But to return to the internal and external enemies of constitutional government in the states of the King of Sardinia. The clergy, as we have already observed, manifest the most obstinate hostility to all social progress, and Austria, the great ruling power in Italy, is not more friendly in her feelings. Up to the present time, the enmity of this power has shown itself, not so much in open resistance, as in secret intrigue with her agents, the *parti*

*prêtre* ; and though we must regret, we cannot feel surprised at this spirit in Austria, when we remember that every advance made by the inhabitants of Sardinia in consolidating their reformed institutions, increases the insecurity of her own rule in Italy, where, as a foreign power, she is compelled—in consequence of the discontent of an entire people—to rule by the sword. Hence it follows that Austria, actuated by the necessity of self-preservation, in opposing every attempt of the inhabitants to improve their social condition, becomes the evil genius of Italy ; but there are certain laws in society, as in nature, which must not be violated, and those who disregard them will be certain, sooner or later, to suffer.

Oppression in any shape is dangerous to the stability of a government ; but this becomes humiliating and unendurable when the executive is in the hands of a foreign ruler, accustomed to employ the harsh tones of a language with which the natives are unacquainted ; and this is the system of rule practised by Austria, in the government of a people who consider

themselves a century in advance of her half-civilized subjects on the other side of the Alps. Despotism, with its agents—the sword and the crozier—may keep down insurrection for a time, but it cannot arrest the progress of mind in our enlightened age, nor place a barrier between these feelings of mutual sympathy, which are gradually uniting the inhabitants of every country and every race, into a more civilizing, social compact. Even should constitutional government, by any unforeseen event, be overthrown in the states of the King of Sardinia, and its gallant monarch, by the force of circumstances, be compelled to pursue a more despotic system of administration, the event, we are firmly persuaded, would only complicate still more the affairs of Italy, by hastening a republican movement far more dangerous to the interests of the Church of Rome, and fatal to the rule of princes.

Without wishing to assume the character of a prophet, we cannot refrain from expressing our decided opinion that Italy is fast approaching a crisis, destined to exercise a great in-

fluence on her future welfare, and which the present generation in all probability may live to witness. And as Austrian rule is the great obstacle in the way of national regeneration—the unwieldy incubus, which men of every shade of political opinion are agreed upon, must be swept away from the soil of Italy, we think, with all due reverence to the majesty of Austria, that since her Italian possessions are a constant source of expense to the home government, and as her finances are not in the most flourishing condition, she could not do better than transfer them to the constitutional King of Sardinia, for such a pecuniary consideration as might be agreed upon. She would thus perform an act of humanity towards an unfortunate people, to whom her rule has been in every age one of oppression and woe, and at the same time relieve the empire of a most unprofitable burden.

Niccolo Machiavello, considered to be one of the most profound politicians of any age, says in one of his works: “However powerful and secure a nation may be in its internal adminis-

tration, an isolating policy is of all others the most dangerous to its present greatness and future welfare." It is, therefore, much to be desired, if the affairs of Italy should again become complicated, and excite the apprehension of Europe, that, for the sake of humanity, if with no other view, England may see the necessity of interfering in such a manner, as shall put an end to the constant revolutionary struggles of an oppressed people, who we are persuaded will never desist till they have obtained civil and religious freedom—a boon to which they are so justly entitled. And truly, if ever there was a people that deserved the sympathy of a free country, it is the descendants of those illustrious men, the first among the nations of Europe, who by giving birth to public opinion, laid the basis of that civilizing process, which has gone on redeeming the world from barbarism down to the present day.

In every point of view, the deplorable state of Italy is a disgrace to the enlightenment of our age, and, politically speaking, reflects but little credit on the policy of the cabinets of



Europe. The effect is, to keep twenty-four millions of human beings in a constant state of revolutionary ferment; who, desperate from want of hope, and seeing themselves the victims of a cruel policy, would at any time join Louis Napoleon, or any other adventurer, whose ambition might tempt him to venture on such an enterprize, and thus, perhaps, involve the whole of Europe in another war. Whereas, let the Austrian cross the Alps, where he has sufficient work to do at home, and his Holiness the Pope resign his temporal authority, and its other imbecile princes, instead of endeavouring to reign under the auspices of despotic Austria, follow the example set by the patriotic and constitutional King of Sardinia, and we shall at once have a united Italy throwing its sword in the scale of European power, should Gallic ambition again attempt to disturb the repose of the world. In the face of this simple reasoning, we pity the understanding of the man who insists on the necessity of upholding the old worn-out system recommended by the Holy Alliance, and so pertinaciously pursued towards

the inhabitants of this unfortunate country, as a means of preserving the equilibrium of European power — a cowardly political murder, destined perhaps, when least expected, to complicate the whole European system, and involve mankind in a war of civil and religious principles.

## CHAPTER XII.

Remarks on Turin—Piedmont contrasted with the other Italian States—Advantages of constitutional government—Liberal system of administration—Increasing prosperity of the country—Parallel between France and Sardinia—Practical good sense of the Italians—Liberty of the press in Sardinia—In what manner appreciated—State of religion in Piedmont—Some account of the Valdesi, the primitive Christians of the Cottian Alps.

TURIN, independently of its beautiful situation, the romantic view of the Alps, and the cleanliness of its well-paved, large and airy streets, is, as a residence, the most attractive town of Italy in the present day. Besides the advantages it possesses in a brilliant court,

there is good private society, theatres, concerts, assembly rooms, and every species of public amusement; then the great influx of wealthy intelligent strangers from other parts of Italy, the *élite* of Italian genius and patriotism, in some measure compromised through their political opinions, whom you meet with in nearly every family circle, throw an additional charm over society.

The change was most refreshing to the traveller, who had been so long wandering through the towns and cities of the other states of Italy, where drilling and drumming, marching and countermarching of foreign troops, processions of lazy monks, with their beggarly population crying for bread, were the only signs of animation and public life. There is also an air of cheerfulness and gaiety about the manners and habits of the good citizens of Turin, in striking contrast with those of their brethren of the other states, subjected to the Reign of Terror, where the knitted brow and the compressed lip expressively show how deeply they feel their humiliated condition.

Thanks to the enlightened rule of the King, and the good sense of the people, this system of government is now driven from the states of the King of Sardinia, we hope never to return. Here you can wander from one family circle to another, frequent coffee-houses, *restaurants*, assembly rooms, club-houses, and express your opinions on political and religious subjects, as fearless of the consequences, as if you were sheltered under the wing of free England. That a mutual confidence exists between the government and the people, we cannot give a more convincing proof than by mentioning the fact, that, while every despotic ruler on the continent is erecting fortifications around his capital, and pointing cannon on the inhabitants, orders have been given by the constitutional King of Sardinia to dismantle the citadel of Turin, and transport its cannon to one of the fortified towns on the frontier, to strengthen the defences of the country in the event of invasion.

The same liberal system of administration governs the press, notwithstanding the un-

ceasing hostility of a very powerful party, among whom the clergy, as usual, when the development of mind is the question, occupy the foremost rank. The consequence has been, that works of the most liberal tendencies, both political and religious, may be procured at Turin, or published there without any interference of the authorities. What a change in the relative position of France and Sardinia in 1852! Publications which no bookseller in the former country would dare to possess, are here to be found publicly exposed for sale, provided they are not of an immoral character.

How many reflections does not this circumstance suggest to the mind of the traveller. Both countries remodelled their form of government at the same time; but how different has been the result. While France, pursuing her unlucky experiments in the art of governing, has fallen beneath the iron will of one man—and that an adventurer, who allows no liberty of private or public opinion, no freedom of legislative debate, no power of judicial law, no development of thought, but what the sword

and the crozier allow — Sardinia, arising from the very depths of monarchical despotism and priestly intolerance, has gone on in harmony with its free institutions, steadily and securely progressing, not only in civil and religious freedom, but in industry and commercial prosperity. This fact, at once so improbable and unexpected, almost justifies the supposition that our neighbours, the Celtic-Gauls, as a nation, have yet to learn the value of civil and religious liberty, and that they are the same people now as when Cowper drew his parallel between them and the English.

“ But if authority grow wanton, woe  
 To him that treads upon his free-born toe,  
 One step beyond the boundary of the laws  
 Fires him at once in freedom’s glorious cause.

“ The Frenchman, easy, *débonnair*, and brisk,  
 Give him his lass, his fiddle and his frisk,  
 Is always happy, reign whoever may,  
 And laughs the sense of misery far away ;  
 He drinks his simple beverage with a gust,  
 And feasting on an onion and a crust

We never feel the alacrity and joy  
With which he shouts and carols 'Vive le Roi !'  
Filled with as much true merriment and glee  
As if he heard his King say 'Slave, be free !' "

Perhaps there is something in the moral and physical character of the French to explain this inconsistency ; at all events, we feel assured the Italians will not deserve the same censure—a race who, when taken in the mass, have proved themselves in every epoch of their history to be far more intelligent, practical, and far-sighted than their visionary neighbours on the other side of the Alps. As public orators, they are also more serious, dignified, and decorous in their manners and language, of which we had frequently an example while attending the debates in the House of Assembly at Turin ; which promises well for the success of the representative system in the states of the King of Sardinia ; and, when we remember the violence of the opposition, the speeches of these champions, whether of liberal or despotic principles, would not, with



few exceptions, disgrace our own legislators of the House of Commons.

It must be admitted that the King of Sardinia has been eminently fortunate in finding such a minister as the veteran patriot, Massimo d'Azeglio ; so well qualified, by his intellectual attainments and public spirit, to assist him in carrying out the necessary reforms in a country passing through so dangerous a state of transition. To his uprightness, energy, and loftiness of character, aided by such men as Siccardi Farini, Cavour, La Marmora, and a host of inferior stars, the country is much indebted. Neither must we forget the worthy monarch, who, in having adhered with so much constancy and good faith to the principles of constitutional government, has not only elevated himself, in the estimation of every honourable man, far above the crowd of perjured monarchs of his day, but has aimed a blow at the republican party of his own states, from which it is not likely soon to recover.

Another striking evidence of the sound practical sense of these people, and the facility with

which they adopt ideas and maxims in connexion with the representative form of government, may be derived by perusing the daily papers of Turin or the departments ; when we shall find them expressing opinions on public affairs, discussing the acts of the administration, suggesting reforms, pointing out abuses, and counselling improvements, with a force of intellect and a sense of justice which might lead the English reader to suppose the writer had passed his life in a free country, and that his journal had been the organ of public opinion—the guardian of the honour and prosperity of the nation.

It cannot be denied that some of these publications express the sentiments of the extreme democratic party, and assert their opinions with the freedom usually found in countries where there is little or no restraint of the censor ; and although their effusions are really harmless in a political or social point of view, they would certainly expose a writer on the other side of the Alps, even when liberty of the press existed, at least to fine and imprison-

ment. Among these, for instance, "La Gazetta del Popolo," and one or two others, strike perhaps too hard when discussing the intrigues of the Jesuits, and the infallibility of his Holiness the Pope; nay, we fear, if they had their own way, they would drive Pope and Popery for ever from the soil of Italy. On the other hand, we have the "Armonia," and several other uncompromising champions of the Church, who, with all the fervour of ecclesiastical eloquence, heap every opprobrious epithet on their opponents; denouncing the liberals as heretics, and contending that there never will be peace, happiness, or true religion again in the world, till the Inquisition is re-established, with the stake and the torture!

Then there is "Il Fischietto," a species of Italian "Punch;" a malicious little wasp, full of sarcasm, wit and humour, throwing his squibs and pasquinades alike at the government, the sacred person of the Pope, and even the august majesty of France! At one time, we have the Pope puffing and blowing while he is manufacturing *bolle Pontificie* (bulls of excommunication,)

to be launched at heretical Piedmont, but which prove to be no more dangerous than the soap-bubbles of a boy at play. At another, we see the Jesuits worshipping their idols, the Emperors of Russia and Austria. Then we behold Louis Napoleon, habited in the dress of an American planter, with a huge whip in hand, driving his Lilliputian negro slaves, the French, before him in every direction. Again, a party of travellers are seen, with the map of Europe before them, vainly endeavouring to discover where France is situated; and when our little wasp takes a higher flight, and means to be patriotic, we see Italy in the form of a beautiful female, sheltered under the wing of Victor Emmanuel, the King of Sardinia; defying the attacks of Russia, France, Austria, and all the despots of Europe, who may be seen in one part of the picture gnashing their teeth with rage; and in another, the fleet of free England proudly riding on the ocean, and one of its tars standing aloft, bearing in his hands the banner of constitutional liberty.

This slight sketch of the periodical press

may serve to convey to our readers some idea of public feeling in the states of the King of Sardinia. People read, laugh, and comment, according to their individual opinions, as we do in England, and in every country inhabited by a people possessing common sense; the public journals serving as the least dangerous vent for popular discontent, when it exists. Sometimes, it is true, the press is the subject of prosecution; but never unless its strictures become immoderately severe on the Roman Catholic religion, or contain an imaginary insult to a foreign potentate, and then only in compliance with the pressing remonstrance of some ambassador at the Court of Turin.

In this respect, the King of Sardinia, by making public opinion the censor of the press—after all, the best corrector of its abuses—appears to have followed the example of England. The result has proved the wisdom of this policy, since his government is highly popular, and his people, leaving their rights to the care of so powerful an advocate—the press, pursue their usual avocations as good citizens, without

having recourse to the more dangerous system of agitating in masses.

In this respect, and in many others, our neighbours on the other side of the Channel might take a lesson in the art of governing from the constitutional King of Sardinia, if their vanity and self-sufficiency will not allow them to profit by anything that emanates from *perfidie Albion*. Their antipathy to this teacher is the more remarkable when we remember that each successive ruler of France since the first dawn of constitutional government, the two first Bourbons by Divine right, then the Bourbon by right of the citizens, and now, the elect of the plebeians—had passed his youth as an exile in England. Yet these rulers of men learned nothing in the art of governing the press, for when called to power they all followed the same system, pursued the same plan, how and by what means they could best succeed in destroying that powerful instrument of civilization, that necessary element in the representative system, and without which it must remain a dead letter. Perhaps they considered that the intellect of

our gallant neighbours was too obscure to bear the light of such a blaze of civilization. The elect of the plebiscite must have thought so, when he swept away constitution, liberty of the press, and everything bearing the name of freedom from the land at one fell swoop! Poor France!

As might be expected in a country so weak as Piedmont, and surrounded by powerful enemies impatient to disturb its tranquillity, the law regulating the liberty of the press has recently undergone some modification. As it now stands, the Foreign Minister is compelled to prosecute the author of any article which the agent of a foreign despot shall deem a libel! Much as we dislike licentiousness in the press, under whatever form, as tending to the destruction of civil and religious liberty, still we cannot but regret this exceptionable enactment in favour of foreign governments, because it implies an act of submission to a despotic power that can have no sympathy with a constitutional government. Besides, having once conceded a point by violating the

existing laws of the country on libel, it is impossible to foresee how far the enemies of civil and religious freedom may carry their hostility towards the press. Be this as it may, no act of the Sardinian Government, since it became constitutional, has created so much discontent among the liberal party, nor greater joy among their opponents, the *parti prêtre*—who, having gained their point, now demand a Concordat with the Holy See, which is, they say, to terminate the long dispute between the government and the clergy !

This truckling to despotism in the case of the liberty of the press, perhaps could not be avoided ; but a Concordat with the Pope ! How much ominous meaning do not these words imply ? We cannot therefore imagine that a people like the Piedmontese, who have been so long accustomed to Papal threats and Papal interdicts, and who know from experience that every compact with the intolerant Court of Rome is fraught with danger to the stability of free institutions, will not allow themselves to be lured into granting a measure, which would place



their dearly-purchased liberties at the mercy of a subtle priest.

No doubt aware of this peril, we already see them with the quick instinct of an Italian, finding there was no hope of winning over their intolerant priests to the cause of national progress, freedom and independence, introducing into the country and supplying the people with Bibles and Prayer-books, of every weapon the most fatal to the rule of the Papacy. The King of Sardinia also, with that frank daring which has won him the confidence of his people, as if to atone for the bigotry of his ancestors, has placed himself at the head of the anti-clerical crusade. To advance the movement more effectually, now that civil and religious liberty is the law of the land, his government has encouraged chapels to be opened for the Valdesi in Genoa, Turin, and the other towns and cities, where the ministers of this long-proscribed sect, now the zealous missionaries of a purer faith, may be heard preaching the Gospel in the Italian language to a people who, about half a century ago, were accustomed to carry

war, desolation and rapine into the peaceful valleys of the very men whose instruction they now gladly receive.

This remarkable change in the relative position of the Valdesi Protestants, and their former enemies, may be considered as an illustration of the age in which we live, and Piedmont as the type of those countries of Europe, whose civil and religious institutions are, if we may be allowed the expression, like the chrysalis throwing off the old form and assuming one of greater beauty. A struggle against such powerful antagonists as despotism and Popery deserves success, and this interesting people having entered into an improved state of existence, we feel assured that any attempt of a reactionary government to stop the progressive movement, would not only be dangerous, but impossible; and the best guarantee they can have for the stability of their free institutions is the fact, that the King having entirely separated himself from the priests and the despotic sovereigns, his interests and theirs are no longer identical. He cannot, therefore,

make a backward movement without total ruin, and by advancing he is cheered with the prospect of encircling his brow with the fairest diadem of Europe, or at least he may hope some of his descendants may obtain it. Nay, the good people of Piedmont have already discovered that a prophecy exists, written by a monk many centuries ago, during the reign of Humbert, the founder of the House of Savoy, which predicts a brilliant change in the fortunes of this family, when a second Humbert should appear; and, as the young heir to the throne of Sardinia has been baptized by this magic name, of course the fulfilment of the prophecy is confidently anticipated during his reign!

Having alluded to the Valdesi, or, as they are more commonly called by foreigners, the Waldenses, or Vaudois, we cannot conclude this chapter without making our readers somewhat better acquainted with these interesting mountaineers, whom Providence hath so signally preserved through centuries of the most revolt-

ing persecution, perhaps, on record in the history of the world.

That part of Piedmont they inhabit lies to the west and the south-west of the city of Pinerolo, distant from Turin about forty English miles—a perfect alpine region, forming a part of that vast chain known as the *Alpis Cottia*, here and there cut up into beautiful valleys and tiny plains, but so completely walled in by mighty alps, and nearly impassable mountains, that it might be termed a little world in itself.

Tradition tells us, that the earliest inhabitants of this alpine district were for the most part Roman soldiers, converted to Christianity by the first Apostles; who, to escape a general massacre meditated against them by their Pagan comrades, while they were quartered together at *Taurinorum* (Turin), fled for refuge, with their wives and children, to the neighbouring Alps; where, finding this sequestered spot, they adopted it as a home, and won over the few peasants they found to their own belief.

Here they remained from century to century practising the lessons of piety, morality, and Christian charity, taught by their pure and simple faith, undisturbed, and nearly unknown to the great world beyond their tranquil retreat.

They were first mentioned in history about the middle of the fifth century, as a most peculiar community, differing in their language, customs, and manners from every other race of mountaineers in the Cottian Alps. It was also observed that they were highly civilized and prosperous, that the country they occupied abounded with neat villages, churches, and seminaries for the education of the clergy and the people, and that they professed tenets not strictly in accordance with those of the Latin Church. From this time they seem to have been entirely forgotten and uncared for, till the seventh and the tenth century. It was, however, at the beginning of the twelfth, when Pope Innocent III. commenced his famous crusade for extirpating the heresy of the sect called the Pauvres de Lyons, the Albigeois, and the Arnaudists—which at that time was spreading

rapidly over the whole of the south of France—that the Valdesi were brought into prominent notice. The subtle mind of a priest soon traced this religious movement to its true source; and finding it to proceed from the Valdesi, those indefatigable missionaries of the Cottian Alps, their doom was sealed. It is impossible for any language to describe the cruel persecution to which these poor people were now exposed, guided and enforced as it was by that scourge of mankind, the Propaganda. When, however, the success of the Reformation, commenced by Luther and Calvin, carried terror and dismay into the inmost chambers of the Vatican, every effort was redoubled, if possible, to extirpate them altogether, that they might not afford a collateral proof of the truth of the new doctrine. From this time the horrible crusade was continued, with little or no intermission, till the first French Revolution broke out, and Piedmont was occupied by a French army—a day of rejoicing in the annals of the long-persecuted Valdesi, and one of mourning to their enemies.

We regret to add, that the princes of the House of Savoy being entrusted by the Holy See with the work of extermination, history tells a long and mournful tale of the faithful manner in which they performed their barbarous mission, and which, even at that period of Papal arrogance and Papal power, provoked a burst of horror and indignation throughout the whole of civilized Europe. It availed nothing that these poor people were acknowledged, even by their Roman Catholic neighbours, to possess every virtue that could ennoble man ; it availed nothing, that their patient enduring industry had converted a wilderness into a Garden of Eden, every succeeding summer the horrible carnage was renewed. The richest lands in the gift of the princes of Savoy were repeatedly offered to them, with immunity from taxation, if they would renounce their faith, and become members of the Romish Church ; no bribe could tempt them, and the sword was not more effectual. It availed not that they were tortured and crucified, impaled and hung in chains on the summit of every height ; infants

torn from their mothers' arms, and dashed against the rocks, and the most atrocious crimes perpetrated upon the women. It availed not that their villages were consumed, their crops destroyed, and every fruit tree cut down, not even excepting the vine, and the cattle driven away as the prize of their captors—they endured all, and remained steadfast to the faith that they loved.

It must not, however, be supposed, these noble martyrs allowed themselves to be slaughtered by the barbarous soldiers of Papal Rome without resistance. No! they met their enemies with the courage and determination of men resolved to live or die in defence of their religion, and who shall say that their heroic efforts were not aided by a Higher Power, when from time to time they obtained the most extraordinary victories, over the best appointed armies their enemies could array against them.

Shut out from all communication with their fellow-men, if they attempted to escape into Dauphiny in France by the Pass Pellice, they found an enemy planted in the strong Castle Mirabue, pledged to the intolerant Court of



Rome to grant them no quarter. If they endeavoured to force their way into the Plains of Piedmont, savage soldiers and infuriated priests, garrisoned in forts and castellated monasteries, were waiting to exterminate them ; many of those buildings may still be seen at Luserna and several other small towns and villages, situated on their mountain frontier. Happily, they had in their own little territory secluded dells and *plateaux* unknown to their enemies, and rendered impregnable by art and nature against any attack whatever ; where their old men, their wives and children, their flocks and herds, found a never-failing refuge in the hour of danger, with magazines of corn, wine, oil, and forage for their cattle, amply sufficient to satisfy every want. While this was being effected, their strong men guarded every approach ; and with their usual intrepidity, and the unerring aim of a chamois hunter, posted behind every rock, precipice, and jutting crag, hurled destruction into the ranks of their ruthless foes, and when ammunition failed, a continued shower of vast pieces of rock served all the purposes of artillery.

It mattered not that their villages were burnt, their crops trampled upon or cut down, there was always some sequestered spot that escaped the general havoc sufficient to save them from absolute famine ; and when blessed with a temporary respite, their fields, as if by enchantment, were again as luxuriant as ever, and their villages once more rebuilt. In short, if we had space to relate every incident of the battles fought and won by this noble people, their preparations to meet the danger that threatened them, the prayers and exhortations of their clergy and elders, the hymn of thanksgiving ascending to heaven for victories gained, the deeds of valour performed—not only by men, but women and children—our narrative would appear more like the fictions of a romance writer, than the records of reality. Indeed, the history of the sufferings and virtues of this admirable people deserve to be stereotyped for the perusal of each succeeding generation till the end of time ; and to none are they more interesting than to a member of the Reformed Church, when he remembers, that they have perpetuated the im-

portant truth, that the religion he professes is identical with that preserved by these primitive Christians, as transmitted to them pure and undefiled direct from the first Apostles.

We are not acquainted with the exact amount of the population of this interesting alpine region. At the time the French held possession of Piedmont, they had been reduced by war and persecution to something less than twenty thousand; since then they must have increased rapidly, as we know that they now form a numerous and highly respectable community at Turin, and support a periodical, "*La Buona Novella*," established for the purpose of spreading the light of true evangelical religion among a people fully prepared to receive it. They are also to be found at Genoa, Pinerolo, and in several other large towns and cities, as merchants, traders, shopkeepers and operatives; their honesty, at the same time, love of truth, industry, and indeed every social virtue, are everywhere proverbial among their countrymen.

In their native mountains their occupations are of course pastoral, and it is here, if we

would fully appreciate their virtues, we must visit them, and study their religion, their manners and customs, when we shall find an elevation of character, that true religion only could impart. Here the traveller will see no monasteries nor nunneries, with their gloomy inmates, to encourage idleness and corrupt the morals of the people; no pictures of the Madonna, nor relics of saints and angels, to tempt the ignorant to the sin of idolatry, no miracles nor superstitions, nor legends to replace the word of Scripture, no worldly-minded priest to confess to, and to grant absolution; no intolerance nor uncharitable feeling towards those who may differ from them in religious opinions; no beggars in dirt and rags importuning him for alms; no fanatic, looking misery personified, as if this beautiful world were only given to man that he might be wretched. On the contrary, he will see cheerfulness and gaiety stamped upon every countenance; morality and social virtue enshrined in the meanest hut; Bibles and Prayer-books in every house, and crime unknown.

Although the district these industrious and estimable mountaineers inhabit is one of the least fertile in Italy, every spot capable of cultivation is made to yield the most abundant crops, the vine and the mulberry may be seen growing in luxuriance on every sunny slope, and walnuts, chestnuts, and forest trees, on the heights above: in fact the whole country nearly resembles a garden, and is everywhere adorned with the cheerful villas of the better classes, the neat village church, and the comfortable clean cabins of the peasants. It is, however, the simplicity of their habits, their attention to their sacred duties, the marked respect paid to their clerical teachers, the contentment imprinted upon every countenance, the harmony and good feeling so generally existing between the rich and poor that excites the astonishment of the traveller, and commands his sympathy and love for a people, who exhibit in their every-day life the excellence of the Christian faith.

Although the inhabitants of Piedmont are by no means so slovenly in their habits, nor immoral

in their conduct, as the population of other parts of Italy, and the continent in general ; yet the difference is most striking the moment you quit the territory of these primitive Christians : you no longer see the same free, bold, and determined air in the men, nor the neat, tidy, housewife look in the women ; nay, their very flocks and herds seem of an inferior species, and their cultivated fields look as if pining under the influence of some noxious blast. The difference is still more perceptible in the villages and small towns, where you are certain to see either a monastery or a nunnery, most likely both, and every second man you meet with a monk or a mendicant friar, and paupers more numerous than is compatible with the industry and prosperity of a country. But now that the rule of the priest is over in Piedmont —society, even in the most secluded districts, is gradually assimilating itself to the industrious habits and social virtues of a people, whom the Almighty has so wonderfully preserved in their alpine sanctuary to be a light and a guide to the nations around them.

Apart from all religious feeling or rivalry of creeds, we feel assured there is no man who reverences honesty and disinterestedness, and the heroic courage of the martyr, who will refuse his tribute of admiration to our poor mountaineers of the Cottian Alps; a people that have been so cruelly tried by the most relentless persecution an intolerant priesthood, and a succession of bigoted princes, could devise for their utter extermination.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Society at Turin—Characteristics of the inhabitants of Piedmont and Lombardy—Departure from Turin—Favourable aspect of the country—Arrival at Suza—Its remarkable objects—Travelling companions—A French officer's opinions on the siege of Rome and the state of France—Public feeling in Lombardy—Results of the foreign rule of Austria—Passage of Mount Cenis—Entrance into Savoy—Character of the country and its inhabitants—State of religion in Savoy—Infidelity and superstition—Causes—Romantic beauty of Savoy—Infidelity and superstition—Causes—Romantic beauty of Savoy—Arrival at Chambery.

My short residence at Turin, now the Athens of Italy, was rendered so agreeable by meeting with many highly amiable and accomplished



men, that I felt much reluctance in again taking to the road. I had also become interested in favour of a people whom fate has placed side by side with our own race, to work out the great problem of constitutional government, and its influences on the destinies of mankind. At the same time, the citizens of Turin are extremely amiable, possessing all the vivacious imagination, lively expression, and intellectuality you expect to find in a well-educated Italian, with something of the frank open character of an Englishman; their manners are also cordial and graceful, without a particle of servility; and they display a degree of nobleness and honesty in their countenance, which dispels every suspicion of the existence of anything mean or treacherous.

In speaking of the citizens of Turin, we mean the Piedmontese in general of the better classes, who are located here, or accustomed to visit the seat of government on business or pleasure. As to the nobility, who have nothing to distinguish them but their quarterings, their idleness, and their poverty, they are the same here as in other

countries on the continent, wrapped up in their antiquated notions—a mere drag on the wheels of social progress. With respect to the lower classes, perhaps they are more easily led astray, and afterwards reclaimed, than people of their station in other countries, because their intellect is more easily excited, and more open to receive an impression. They are, however, less rude in their manners, and less barbarous in the perpetration of crime.

Taken altogether, the inhabitants of Piedmont very much resemble their neighbours, the Lombards, in features, form and character: there is the same complexion, expressive countenance, dark brown hair, and high forehead, characteristic of their northern ancestors; their general style more approaching that of the English than any other nation on the continent. It would be impossible to mistake any one of these people, whether male or female, for French, Germans, or Spaniards; while in some parts of the country, particularly in the interior of Lombardy, at Milan, Brescia, and other towns, every second individual you meet with might

pass for a native of England, were it not for a difference in dress, and a certain continental cast of expression. Has it been owing to this mixture of races, the noble Lombard still prevailing, that the inhabitants of Piedmont have been the first in the field among the nations of Italy to secure to themselves civil and religious liberty? if so, what elastic vigour must not that race possess, how natural their attachment to freedom, when neither centuries of disunion, the demoralising rule of foreign despots, nor the influence of intolerant monks have been able to extinguish it.

On leaving Turin, we took the Mount Cenis road, one of those great alpine routes, like the Simplon, the passage of Mont St. Bernard, and others, destined to carry the name of Napoleon down to the latest posterity. A diligence, the usual conveyance which travels day and night, not suiting travellers whose tour is intended to be one of pleasure, two other gentlemen and myself engaged a private carriage, with a view to see the grandeur of the Alps at our leisure with broad daylight.

Nothing could exceed the fine champaign country we passed over on leaving Turin, presenting on each side of our road some of the richest fields in Europe, bathed by the limpid waters of the Dora, the Ripuaria, and a multitude of rivulets and artificial canals, constructed for the purposes of irrigation during the great heats of summer. Every inch of ground was cultivated with the greatest care. There was the young vine twining its graceful tendons around the mulberry, while beneath them every species of corn and clover were growing in the richest luxuriance ; adding at once to the profit of the husbandman and the beauty of the landscape.

After passing the town of Rivoli, the picturesque character of the country continued to increase, alp, mountain, hill, valley, dale and ruined castle, adding all their varied charms to the general effect ; and this continued to Suza, where Mount Cenis rises up in all its sublime grandeur, as if to arrest all further progress.

We passed the night at Suza, only remark-

able for its ugliness, its antiquity, and the remains of a triumphal arch, erected to the memory of Augustus. After seeing the town, and paying our homage to Notre Dame des Neiges in the church of St. Just, we returned to the inn, and amused ourselves in looking over the travellers' book, filled with the names of nearly all the noble families in Europe, and other travellers, who had sought an asylum for the night under the hospitable roof of La Posta. There was poetry, and a great deal of advice from some worthy matron to beware of certain specified resting-places on the road, notes of the sums which a traveller ought to pay, with now and then a severe censure on the rapacity of innkeepers, including even our own landlord. If a work is really the reflection of the spirit of an author, a few lines of poetry addressed to the *Alpis Cottia*, by a young English lady, aged fourteen, Miss E. M., show her to have possessed an angel's mind in a human form, so inspiring, so religious, and withal so beautiful, were the lines she had traced ; but which, unfortunately, were too much defaced in one or

two places by an unlucky spot of wine or coffee, to permit us to give them entire, still there was enough remaining to admire, and imagination might guess at the rest.

Happily my travelling companions, one a native of Lombardy, and the other a French officer attached to the army of occupation at Rome, were both highly intelligent and gentlemanly men, admirably adapted by their conversational powers and amiable manners to dispel the *ennui* of an evening spent in so dull a town as old Suza.

After discussing the history of this very ancient city, which it appears was the capital of a petty sovereign of the name of Cottius, who reigned over this alpine district at the time of the invasion of Gaul by the Romans, and whose name these alps still bear, *Alpis Cottia*, our lively Frenchman favoured us with anecdote after anecdote, relative to the siege of Rome, the intrigues of the Papacy, and the manner in which the French army were made to believe, before they left Marseilles, that their services were required to support the cause of their

brother republicans at Rome, who by first drawing the sword were the cause of all their subsequent disasters. But as we heard these things a hundred times from Frenchmen, as some palliation for having committed a great political crime, we paid little attention to this part of the discourse, knowing that the French people are now the same as they were, when, under the command of the Duke d'Angoulême, they put down the constitution in Spain.

The conversation, however, became far more interesting when it turned on the present state of France, and the proceedings of Louis Napoleon, who, it would appear, is not such a favourite with the army as some people may imagine. A name, it is true, possesses great influence in a country like France, among the ignorant masses ; but the cruel treatment of such brave old officers as Cavaignac, Changarnier, Lamoricière, and others, who had served their country with honour and distinction, has proved highly distasteful—to use the mildest phrase—to every high-minded soldier in the French army. Then the summoning to

rule and power of so many needy adventurers, whose only merit consisted in doing the servile work of their paymaster, has created jealousies and heart-burnings among the other officers of the army, whose long services entitled them to promotion; and certainly no Frenchman of high intellect, or with a grain of patriotism in his nature, but must feel himself degraded in seeing his country reduced to a state of slavery, scarcely surpassed by that of Russia.

Our Italian fellow-traveller gave us a most deplorable account of the state of his own Lombardy, under the rule of Austria. Forced loans and an overwhelming army, quartered in every city, town, and village, have, it appears, completely ruined the inhabitants. Land, he declared, was scarcely of any value to the proprietor, burdened as it was with state impositions and the support of a starving peasantry, who had no means of obtaining a subsistence. Numbers had already emigrated to Piedmont and Switzerland, and it was his opinion that if this system should be pursued much longer, the world would see one of the finest and



most fertile countries in Europe reduced to a state of pauperism—the closing scene of Austrian rule in Italy.

Perhaps the worst part of the story remains to be told, at least so far as regards any future prospect of tranquillity. It appears there is not the slightest approach towards good feeling, either on the part of the people or their ruler. The sword and the dungeon on one side, and a dogged resolution on the other not to yield an inch to their tyrants. In short, to employ the expressive phraseology of our travelling companion, they are like two chained tigers in face of each other, foaming and straining, pulling and roaring, and it only requires a link to break for them to be at each other's throats. In vain men, women, and children are daily whipt for some insult towards the military and the civil authorities; in vain traitors, real or supposed, are shot, or thrown into prison; the sight of an Austrian uniform in the streets or public places is sufficient to call forth a half-smothered curse, and a frown expressive of the most deadly hate.

Such is the unutterable depth of wretchedness and discontent, to which the foreign rule of Austria has reduced unhappy Lombardy and its sister state, Venice. The Emperor of Russia cannot exercise the same degree of tyranny, even if he were inclined, because he is a native sovereign, and his instruments selected from among the people are of the same race. Although the Pole may be discontented with the rule of the Rouss, he has at least the consolation of remembering that his despot prince is, like himself, a Slavonian. These are some of the consequences resulting from unjust conquest—from that incessant craving of ambitious princes after universal dominion. We may justly admire the efforts of a highly civilized nation or warrior, who push their conquests in barbarous countries with the intention of extending the blessings of civilization and commercial enterprise; but when we see a sovereign, with no other title to rule over a people than the right of the strong over the weak—exercising his tyranny over a highly intellectual people, crushing their energies, and reducing their country to ruin, the

whole intelligence of the age ought to brand the perpetrator with infamy.

We left Suza at the first dawn of day to commence the ascent of Mount Cenis. The road is far preferable to that over the Simplon, being better kept and equally picturesque. During our route it was interesting to witness the tall poplar, the gigantic oak, and the stately pine, as the air became more and more rarified, gradually decrease till they dwindled down to dwarf-like proportions, and then disappeared altogether, to be replaced by a different species of alpine plant and shrub. But it was the loneliness, the dreariness of the route, the savage aspect of the country, the chaos of alps, rocks, and mountains, tossed about in wild confusion, that strikes the imagination with awe; and man, conscious of his own helplessness, bends in all humility and thankfulness before the stupendous power and wisdom of Him who created all this for our benefit. An everlasting source to fertilize the earth beneath, by means of the rivers which have their source in these alpine regions, and without which the

vast plains of Italy, France, and Germany, must have become a desert.

Historians are not agreed whether it was from Mount Cenis, or the Petit St. Bernard, that the great Carthaginian General first pointed out Italy to his followers, and animated their courage by telling them that the Eden below was to repay them for all their previous fatigues and dangers. If it was from here, he could not have selected a more commanding position, embracing as it does one of the most interesting and extensive prospects of the beautiful peninsula that can be conceived.

After crossing the *plateau* of Mount Cenis, about a league and a half in length, ornamented in the centre by a fine lake, supposed to have been at one time the crater of a volcano, we commenced the descent to Lanslebourg, the first village in Savoy. Every step we made in advance reminded us of Switzerland, of which it is in fact the twin sister ; unhappily there is also the *crétin* and the *gottre* to increase the likeness, but there is a greater simplicity of manners observable among the Savoyards, and they are far

more ignorant and superstitious, consequently they bear the character of being the most thoroughly priest-ridden people in the states of the King of Sardinia. On the other hand, the enlightened classes, down to the operatives in the towns and cities, having become inoculated with French philosophy, are notorious for their scepticism in matters of faith.

This, however, is nothing new to the traveller in Roman Catholic countries, who seeks for his pictures of life below the surface; neither can it be otherwise, so long as the Church of Rome continues to encourage gross superstition in the lower orders; but which, when man's reasoning powers become sufficiently matured to enable him to think for himself, is so ill-calculated to satisfy the inquiring mind. The evil is increased by the pertinacious determination, both of Church and State, to exclude the Bible from the laity, where alone the Christian can derive a guide of faith and a rule of conduct. Hence, it follows, in towns and cities, where men congregate together and communicate their sentiments, the opinions of the few

become those of the many, and these opinions are too often tinged with scepticism. In short when a man cannot find in all the subtleties of his logic, sufficient proof to induce a belief in certain rites, miracles, and superstitions, he rejects the whole system as unworthy of credit, and contrary to common sense.

On the other hand, the mere peasant, particularly the mountaineer, secluded from the society of the great world, regards the rites and ceremonies of his Church with the deepest veneration; and the more they appeal to the senses, the greater is his belief; and nature and ignorance having rendered him superstitious and confiding, he implicitly follows the counsel of his spiritual teacher, who, if he is a man of upright principles and conduct, is nearly worshipped, and consequently exercises a great influence over the minds of his flock. But as this is an age when the development of mind is advancing with electric rapidity, and penetrating into the most remote districts of Europe, the recoil may come when least expected, and perhaps not altogether of so gentle a

character as the clergy of the Roman Church may wish.

We are sorry to say, that the interests of Savoy have been much neglected by the Kings of Sardinia, since they removed the seat of government to the other side of the Alps. This ought not to be: they should never forget that the valleys of this province have been the cradle of their house, and that it has been in a great measure owing to the bravery of these mountaineers, that their ancestors have been enabled to bequeath a more valuable inheritance to their descendants; and it is by no means improbable that this family, having sowed the seeds of social progress in the Italian mind, may, at no very distant day, give laws to the whole of Italy.

Perhaps there may be something in the character of races, when we compare the dull intellect of these honest, confiding mountaineers with the sparkling intelligence of the Italians on the other side of the Alps, to explain in some degree the degraded state in which we find the great mass of the peasantry in Savoy; but now

that free institutions have replaced the despotic government of the priests, it is to be hoped that the same liberal system of education so lately introduced into Piedmont may also be extended to this duchy.

We may also be allowed to assign another cause why this part of the dominions of the King of Sardinia is so far behind the rest of Europe ; it is rarely visited by intelligent travellers, who do so much, although imperceptibly, to dispel the ignorance of a people, and perhaps with more rapidity than any system of education could have done in the same time. While Switzerland, the adjoining state, has its thousands and tens of thousands of visitors every year, exploring its highest mountains and remotest valleys, circulating their money, and improving the intellect of the inhabitants by their conversation, Savoy is rarely traversed except by an occasional traveller on his route to and from Italy across Mount Cenis, and then the extent of his tour is through Chambery to France. Yet Savoy has its lakes and its waterfalls, its alps and its



glaciers, its beautiful valleys, glens, and defiles equally picturesque and romantic as those of its rival, Switzerland, with this great advantage, that the expense of a tour would be comparatively trifling in a country where the people have not yet learned to cheat, and where provisions are excellent and at the lowest rate, and where a tourist would be as safe from harm as if he were passing through his own domain.

Every experienced traveller who has passed from Mount Cenis to Chambery, must admit that Savoy is not inferior to any alpine country in whatever is interesting or sublime in mountain scenery ; but he would find the country far more charming, romantic, and picturesque by diverging from the high road. Then the geologist, the botanist, or any other amateur of natural history would find himself in a new world altogether, surrounded with every object necessary to prosecute his scientific researches. To the landscape painter, the charms of such a tour would be endless, whether he sketches the beauties of nature, or the portraits of the mountaineers in their quaint and not unpic-

turesque costume. While the philosopher might make many a favourable observation on the character of his fellow-men by studying the manners and customs of a people, who, however much weighed down by poverty, ignorance, and superstition, still preserve that honesty and fidelity for which they have been distinguished from time immemorial.

Chambery, the capital of this interesting duchy, has the advantage of lying in a romantic valley, unsurpassed by any for fertility and picturesque beauty. Here the traveller may enjoy within the space of a few hours the climate of Southern Italy and the North Pole, for, being partly surrounded by a majestic chain of mountains, which serve as a protection against the cold winds of the North, several varieties of the choicest fruits arrive here even to greater perfection than in the South of France. At the same time, the quality of the wine produced is so justly esteemed as to find a ready sale both in France and Italy.

In the town there is a theatre and an assembly room, with a fine public promenade, and

a charming country in the environs, offering to the pedestrian every species of scenery to explore. Here J. J. Rousseau passed the best days of his youth at his pretty little cottage, Charmettes; and he must have been delighted with Chambéry as a residence, when he expressed himself in such rapturous terms as this: "S'il est une petite ville au monde où l'on goûte la douceur de la vie, dans un commerce agréable et sûr—c'est Chambéry."

We had every reason to speak favourably of Chambéry during our short residence; and truly for any person who should feel inclined to pass his time far away from the turmoil of the great world, and yet enjoy the luxuries of life at a trifling cost, this is the place. The nobility and gentry of the duchy, for the most part retired military officers and superannuated civil *employés*, make it their head-quarters, who, without being wealthy, or making any pretensions to personal distinction, are at once social, hospitable, and good-natured. Chambéry has also the advantage of being situated within a

few leagues of Aix—a fashionable bath, justly famous for the efficacy of its waters, its charming Lake Bourget, and the romantic beauty of its environs.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Return to France—Reign of terror—Passport and Custom-house officers—A literary *auto-da-fê*—France as a republic and an empire—Louis Napoleon as President, Dictator and Emperor—Review of the political, social and religious condition of France—Conclusion.

IN our route from Chambéry to Lyons we passed over a highly picturesque and interesting country, the scenery ever alternating from the sublime and beautiful to the grand and rugged ; from the barren and severe to the ever-smiling and luxuriant ; from the distant panorama of snow-clad peaks, with Mont Blanc towering over all in solitary grandeur, to the narrow confines of some gloomy ravine with its overhanging rocks, cascades and rushing torrents. These

varied scenes of nature in her sublimest forms were occasionally diversified by a glimpse of the vast plain of the Saône and the Rhone, till at length that beautiful and fertile district, with its innumerable villages, towns and cities, its corn-fields, vineyards, orchards, and forests burst full upon us, presenting to the eye of the traveller, as it then lay glowing beneath the brilliant sun of the South of France, a very Eden of peace, prosperity, and rural happiness.

But, alas! these vivid impressions were destined to give way to sad reflections and gloomy recollections, when we remembered how recently this delightful district had been desolated by a fratricidal war, and its wretched inhabitants sacrificed by a host of intriguing priests, despots and adventurers, with no other view than to afford a plausible pretext for their machinations and schemes of aggrandizement, and by pretending to quell a threatened Jacquerie—a very hydra of red-republicanism and socialism—to win for themselves the name of saviours of social order and good government in France!

We were soon made aware of the sad change that had taken place in France, when, on arriving at the frontier custom-house, our carriage was surrounded by a file of soldiers, who drove us at the point of the bayonet into the presence of the despot of the passport office, who arrogantly cross-questioned us, examined our passports, and took down our *signalement*, with as much minuteness as if we had been denounced to him as political incendiaries. Even my fellow traveller, the officer from the army of occupation at Rome, was not spared; for the suspicious government of Louis Napoleon sees in every stranger an enemy.

With respect to myself, I was severely reprimanded for my audacity in wearing a Turkish fez, my usual custom when travelling. What! insult the majesty of France, with that badge of insurrection, anarchy, and defiance of the existing government—the *bonnet rouge*! and as I retorted with more warmth and sarcasm than was respectful to so mighty a personage as the chief of the passport office, I know not how the altercation would have ended, if my fellow-travellers had not

come to the rescue, and assured him that the obnoxious cap being the head-dress of the whole Turkish army ought not to be confounded with the revolutionary ensign of republican France.

Irritating as all this was to the feelings of an Englishman, it was nothing to the ordeal of examining the baggage. I had already travelled in Russia, Austria, Turkey—in short, through the dominions of every great and petty despot in Europe—but never before was I humiliated by having my person examined, my word as an English gentleman, that I carried nothing contraband, had hitherto sufficed to save me from the annoyance of having the dirty paws of a custom-house officer thrust into my pockets. Now, however, it might perhaps be that I was the bearer of letters from some unfortunate exile in Piedmont to their friends in France; then the provoking fez had no doubt ruffled the temper of the amiable official, for certainly every article of my baggage underwent the strictest scrutiny, especially the books and papers, among which the discovery of a few copies of the “*Il Fischietto*”—the “*Charivari*”



of Turin, at once stamped me with the character of a political incendiary.

Fortunately my fellow-travellers, seeing that my indignation was evidently becoming too strong for my discretion, again interposed in my favour, and convinced my persecutors that I was no revolutionary agent, especially as nothing was found in my baggage that could endanger the safety of France. "Il Fischietto," however, fared worse, for, like his brother "Punch" of London, having been found guilty of malice, ridicule, and sarcasm against the majesty of Louis Napoleon, and the most civilized nation in the world! was speedily condemned by our chief inquisitor of the custom-house to the penalty of a public *auto-da-fê*!

When Madame de Staël said of the hero of Waterloo that "nature never made a great man at less expense," she unwittingly supplies us with a sarcasm, which may fairly be retorted upon her own countrymen, of whom it may truly be said, that nature never made a great nation at more expense; indeed it is impossible for words to describe the altered aspect of everything in this unfortunate country since we passed through it

in the autumn of 1850 on our way to Italy. France was then ruled by a Chamber of Deputies whose members, however much divided by political opinions and cut up into different parties, appeared to be the real sovereigns of the country, and Louis Napoleon a mere puppet in their hands, to be played with and shifted about according to the strength of his antagonists ; in fact, so little was he or his party feared, that we frequently heard bets made and taken that Henry V. would be Sovereign of France, and Louis Napoleon a prisoner in Vincennes before the close of the year. A fairy-tale of Eastern fiction, eclipsing the marvels of the Thousand and One Nights, were the events that since then had succeeded with unexampled rapidity. The man who so recently appeared destitute alike of the confidence and support of the worth, honour and chivalry of France ; the friendless exile ; the hero of Strasburg and Boulogne ! now wielded with despotic power the sceptre that ruled thirty-six millions of human beings, and these Frenchmen, on whose lips the watchword of liberty was even yet trembling. Louis Napoleon sole

and absolute ruler of France ! could it be ? was it really so ? Everything around me answered too plainly in the affirmative, everything bore the impress of the mighty change. Even the proud chancleer, the national emblem of the Gauls, was again driven from his perch by his old adversary the eagle ! France had become a nation of helots ; her literature trampled upon, her best citizens massacred, driven into exile, or transported to the pestilential swamps of Cayenne, her press gagged, her statesmen proscribed, her bravest, most virtuous and patriotic generals driven as outcasts from the land for which they bled ; and the whole country so entrapped and entangled in a net-work woven by unprincipled adventurers and their allies, the Jesuits, that there was no possible outlet for escape. In short, we found terror the only law acknowledged in the land, each man suspicious of his fellow, afraid to speak what his heart was bursting to tell ; and worst of all, a government composed of Jesuits and money-lenders, stock-jobbers and gamblers, place-hunters and

---

military adventurers, who appeared to have seized the country with a view of making it a profitable speculation, so long as they could hold the reins of power.

But why dwell on this painful subject, which must be already familiar to every man, woman, and child in England. Happily for the human race, that little corner still exists, in which a free press remains to vindicate the rights of nations, true Christianity, morality, and public virtue; to stigmatize corruption and tyranny, treachery and falsehood alike in the palace and the cottage, and save the world from the curse of despotism and priestly misrule.

There are certain episodes in the history of the world whose very existence appears incredible to after generations, and truly none will be regarded with more astonishment than the present one. How a people in the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, freedom of the press, a representative form of government, trial by jury, and every blessing connected with popular institutions, could possibly by any unforeseen event or combination of circumstances

become the slaves of the most crushing despotism of the crozier and the bayonet on record, in the annals of a civilized people.

We may ask ourselves, as thousands of Englishmen have done, How is this? Are there no elements in the French people fitting them for a representative system of government? Are these people in the nineteenth century mere children in political science, still semi-barbarous, and incapable of framing their own laws and institutions? Is there no high intelligence, no enlightenment, no liberality of feeling and sentiment in a nation numbering thirty-six millions? Where are their lofty intellectual attainments—their ardent patriotism? Have they in all their struggles, outbursts of popular feeling and unparalleled national suffering, disorder, and revolution, for more than half a century, been in pursuit of an *ignis-fatuus*, a phantom, that never can be realized? Can it be that this slavish submission to the iron will of civil and religious despotism is a stern necessity—an unavoidable alternative, the only guarantee for their own

peace and that of their neighbours? Must this nation of warriors, philosophers, statesmen and writers, this people of high intelligence, so chivalrous, so ardent, so alive to a sense of honour, so devoted to glory, so keenly sensible to ridicule—must such a people, we say, be ruled by a despot, at the head of half a million of bayonets! a million of priests, monks, Jesuits, and their acolytes, and an equal number of spies and police agents? Is this, we again ask, an unavoidable alternative?

These are the questions we heard discussed among Englishmen, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Americans, and Russians, during our tour in Italy, in which the French nation were held up to the ridicule of the civilized world.

Far be it from us to deny that there are to be found in France some of the most patriotic, liberal-minded, intelligent, and devoted friends of civil and religious freedom in the world—heroes in the highest sense of the word—who, if some of their schemes for the regeneration of mankind have been visionary and

Utopian, nevertheless preserved, amid all temptations, their integrity of principle, and suffered like martyrs for the cause they espoused. If in many instances their efforts have been futile, it is because their plans were premature—because they promulgated their opinions before their countrymen were sufficiently advanced by education and religion to receive them—because they put in the sickle while the wheat was yet green in the ear; and of all their mistakes, the most fatal was the establishment of a republic. A republic in France! the mass of whose inhabitants, previous to the first great revolutionary outburst, were mere serfs; add to which, the fearful memories attached to the name of republic—anarchy, bloodshed, and the guillotine.

A republic might have had some chance of succeeding in Italy, associated as it is with all that is great and glorious in the history of that people. It might have taken root in Protestant Germany, whose inhabitants, at least in the free towns, had so long possessed a popular form of government, and who were the first to embrace an enlightened religion; but

not among the French people, from time immemorial the slaves of priests and despots, and who have no other recollections than those associated with the pomp and pageantry of the court, the theatre and military glory, and all the other reckless extravagances of a long line of princes, who appeared to have existed for no other purpose than amusement, now and then diversified by glorious war.

Again, if there were no other cause, liberty has never prospered, and never can, conjointly with Popery; least of all in a country where one-half of the population are yet steeped in the grossest ignorance and superstition, and the other too enlightened to remain the slaves of priestcraft, and who, in separating themselves from a religion they despised, became infidels.

Had the intellectual and educated portion of the community, in forsaking the communion of Rome, embraced the Reformed religion, and directed all their energies to the instruction of the people; had they, instead of permitting their minds to be poisoned by immoral and incendiary publications, given them Bibles, and



founded Protestant churches and schools, like our far-seeing ancestors at the time of the Reformation, how different would have been the position of the French nation in the present day. Such a people, situated in the heart of Europe, influencing and guiding it by their example and their writings, would have been at once prosperous themselves, and arbiters of the destinies of the surrounding nations.

Still there is hope for the future. France may again have a Henry IV., a monarch of the Reformed creed, and become, what all the projects of Messrs. Proudhon, Louis Blanc, and a thousand other visionary legislators could never make, and never will make her—the pioneer of European civilization and improvement. But to obtain this position, her children must become members of a creed whose essential tendency is to elevate, to enlighten and to vivify, instead of degrading, darkening, and deadening the intellect and energy of man—a creed that, so far from fearing to encounter the scrutiny and inquiry of the highest intelligence, cherishes and promotes civilization, education and morality in

their noblest forms—the only safeguard of public virtue, the surest guarantee of civil and religious freedom, and without which, and a sense of true religion uncontaminated by priestcraft and monkery, no nation or people can hope to become moral and virtuous, or preserve their liberties.

It has been owing to the want of this elevated principle in religion that France has now become the passive instrument in the hands of a fatalist—it has been owing to the want of this, that the heel of the Jesuit and the ultramontane priest, presses so heavily on the neck of France, and that Louis Napoleon, in having followed their counsels, and allied himself to their interests, has been enabled to win an imperial diadem—it was this that gained for him the appellation of the “Chosen of God,” “The new Messiah,” and a hundred other epithets equally blasphemous.

Oh, ye ministers of Christ! oh, ye teachers of morality! is it thus ye deify crime? Is it thus ye consecrate perjury in the name of the living truth, and with waving censer and peal-

ing organ sing "Te Deum" over the outraged feelings, the trampled liberties, and the blighted hopes of an entire people? But this terrible lesson shall not have been taught in vain; massacre, disgrace, exile, and the galleys have shown the French people their true enemies, else why is it that thousands upon thousands in the South of France, and indeed in every part of the country, as I have learned during my late tour, have gone, and are going over to the Reformed Church?

It would conduce little towards enlightening our readers on the real state of France, were we to follow the various plans of Louis Napoleon and his supporters in their crusade against the liberties of the French people, and how they succeeded in placing on the brow of their idol an imperial diadem; the leading events are already well known, and might have been anticipated in a country where public virtue and public morality have been sapped by venality and selfishness. But the secret history, the deep game, by which democracy was urged onward to its destruction, is still to be written,

effected as, it was through the machinations of an army of priests, Jesuits, and their allies, the Pope, and the despotic rulers of Europe, who, confounding civil and religious freedom with anarchy and infidelity, and democracy with socialism, raised a panic in which universal barbarism, the destruction of property, and of all social order were the dangers threatened. How easily these exaggerated and unfounded representations were believed by a people, who, taken in the mass, are the most visionary, credulous, and least sound-judging of any in Europe, we have abundant proofs in the events of the last few months.

We have already shown to our readers the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the lower order of agriculturists and peasants of France, the endeavours of the clergy and the higher classes to perpetuate their debased condition, the intolerance and bigotry of the ultra-montane press in France, the blasphemy of the St. Esprit brotherhood, and the facility with which the people in general resign themselves to any sudden impulse, political or religious,

at the instigation of any clever eloquent charlatan who may possess sufficient power to win the hearts of his hearers. We have shown in what manner the clergy have become an element of political power in France, a society banded together by the same indissoluble chain which has so long held together the Jesuits. We have shown how, through their influence and intrigues, and the *prestige* of a name, Louis Napoleon was enabled to corrupt the military and trample upon the laws and liberties of a people he had solemnly sworn to defend. We have shown how admirably the drama was played by these men of the past, their acolytes, and a host of impoverished, eager adventurers, who, seeing a brilliant future before them, gave life and vigour to the movement. But perhaps our readers are not aware—and we do not make the assertion on slight grounds—that this well-laid conspiracy was concocted at Gaeta when the Pope resided there as an exile, and that the Church and the despots of Europe contributed ample funds for supporting this well-organized system of chaining down the mind and intelli-

gence of the only people who, from their geographical position and the general prevalence of their language, were capable of influencing the inhabitants of every other country on the continent.

We cannot feel surprised that this well-digested plan should have succeeded in a country where we find intelligence and enlightenment confined to the inhabitants of towns and cities, no high-minded aristocracy to stand up for their own rights, and those of the people; but in their stead, an army of Jesuits, monks and priests, prying into the secrets of every family, and through the instrumentality of the confessional becoming acquainted with their very thoughts, and by the same agency insinuating themselves into the confidence of the women, the servants—in short, of all who are sufficiently weak-minded, or credulous, to become their dupes.

Deeply as we deplore the ruin, massacre, exile, and transportation of so many thousands of the best citizens of France, some such dreadful catastrophe as this, was necessary to

reveal to the people a knowledge of the cancer that had so long eaten into and corrupted the body politic. In vain were the eloquence and pen of a Michelet employed to denounce the abuses of priestcraft, the fertile cause of all the immorality, infidelity, and want of public spirit and virtue in the country. In vain his words were echoed by hundreds of intelligent, enlightened and patriotic Frenchmen, they made but little impression on the great mass of the people. In vain the French nation changed their form of government and exiled their princes, the real evil they sought to remedy still remained in full force—an evil acknowledged by all men, of whatever shade of political opinion, whose sentiments were unclouded by ultramontane prejudices, or imperial predilections, and which is now admitted to be the real cause why free institutions have never prospered in France.

Priests and despots may therefore exult, and proclaim in their journals that the infidel and the democrat have fallen, and that having gagged the press of France they have at length

stemmed the torrent that threatened to sweep them away for ever—the spirit of free inquiry—and that now as there exists no longer an unshackled press to expose their deeds of darkness, the inhabitants of the continent will again sink into the slavery and superstition of the dark ages. But the hour of retribution will come. Even as it is, these men of the past have been beaten by their own weapons. They little thought when they elevated the hero of Strasburg and Boulogne to the dignity of President, that the man whom the world regarded as a fool or a madman, was destined to be their master. They little thought that the spell of an honoured name would raise him to the proudest throne in Europe, for notwithstanding the crimes and corrupt influences by which he won his lofty station it cannot be denied that he was supported by the majority of the suffrages of the nation.

We do not hastily come to a conclusion without having sufficient ground to support the truth of our assertion; but to judge from



all we have heard or seen among the inhabitants of nearly every continental state, priestcraft and its ally, despotism, have played their last card in France. Driven to desperation by misgovernment and uncheered by any hope of assistance from their spiritual teachers towards the attainment of a better state of things, men now brood, meditate, and ponder, and look at length to Protestantism as their only beacon. To arrest this tendency has consequently been the unceasing endeavour of the Romish Church, and its friends the despots, who of course see that the loss of the confessional would deprive them of an army of black-coated aides-de-camp, to assist them by their *espionage* in tyrannizing over their subjects. Strangers to the progressive tendencies of the age, which no human power or influence can arrest, they believed that by destroying the French Republic, and elevating Louis Napoleon to dictatorial power, they had succeeded in reconstructing the shattered edifice of Popery, and by trampling on the liberties of the French people, they had restored the tottering fabric of despotic rule.

They would have done wisely to reflect, that the man who has so artfully duped all classes, and knows so well how to attach to his own interests men of every shade of political opinion, has only, should it suit his purpose, to promulgate a decree, declaring the Roman Catholic Church and its observances inconsistent with the enlightenment of the age, for the crumbling and time-worn fabric to fall to pieces for ever. A measure which would not only rally around him all the great spirits of the day, but he would become at once the most popular monarch and leader of public opinion in Europe.

What a glorious mission for a ruler of France! how certainly would he establish his dynasty on the ruins of so many crumbling thrones! And truly Louis Napoleon must have lived long enough in Protestant countries to perceive that Popery has out-lived its time, and that its priests, who have degraded themselves by their humiliating services in his cause, and who one day bless the tree of liberty, and the next chaunt "Te Deums" over its destruction, are not to be depended on for their

fidelity, nor ever can, so long as they acknowledge the supremacy of a foreign pontiff and the divine right of a descendant of St. Louis.

We are well aware that if we visit the *salons* of the *parti prêtre* we shall find a very different mission assigned him. There you will be told that he has come among men at a time of universal infidelity, invested with full authority to re-establish the Church of Christ in all its primeval grandeur among the nations of the earth, and that his first crusade is to be against England, the headquarters of the Evil One, the upholder of all the heretical doctrines of republicanism and socialism which have distracted the world during the last three centuries! in which laudable undertaking he is to be assisted by the combined armies of Papal Europe. In like manner, if we converse with the military of any grade, they will tell us that the Rhine is the natural boundary of France; Switzerland must be divided, Belgium, Savoy and Holland annexed; we shall hear of a German Pro-

---

tectorate, an Italian Protectorate, Kings of Rome and Naples, expeditions to Egypt, Turkey, and India, the capture of Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu—the sea-wolves entirely driven from the element they had so long usurped, the Mediterranean a French lake, and France the sole arbitress of the destinies of the world! Cowherds are to become generals! swineherds marshals of the empire! and peasants governors of foreign kingdoms and provinces! The agricultural classes, comprehending those small proprietors who cultivate the ground are equally satisfied. Have they not elected a *plébiscite* Emperor, the man of their choice and of their own order—the saviour that Heaven has sent to preserve them from total ruin?

It is thus by appealing to the interest of every class, and every political and religious party, that a people the most venal, time-serving, place-seeking, and we may add vain-glorious, visionary, and self-sufficient of every other in Europe, have been schooled to submission. Loyalty is entirely out of the question—self predominates over every other consideration. There are, it is true, many honourable exceptions;

but the servility—nay, the blasphemous servility—of the speeches made to Louis Napoleon as the saviour of France by men the highest in office, préfets and archbishops, noblemen and bishops, governors and mayors of towns and cities, remain recorded in history as a disgrace to France. This is rendered even more flagrant by their previous desertion of the great men who had faithfully and devotedly served their country; even their own hero, the first Napoleon, formed no exception in the hour of misfortune; he was left alone almost without a friend; whereas now, his memory is adored in the same way the heathens were accustomed to deify their heroes.

Still, how this people who have done so much for the civilization of the world, and have always been so notorious for their impatience of control, could have submitted to the rule of priests and pure despotism, is somewhat difficult to account for. Perhaps the volatile character of the Celtic-Gaul may in some measure explain the anomaly. Then the empire is a novelty, it is also associated with some of the most brilliant events of their history, events

which have been chronicled by many an eloquent writer; but where shall we find the man to narrate the history of the present ruler of France, since her literary men are dying of starvation, or forgetting the use of the pen while pursuing some employment perhaps in a foreign land by which they can obtain bread.

What a sad tale might be written on the privations and misfortunes of our brethren of the press in France since the advent to power of the *élu* of the *plébiscite*. Alas! these ill-fated men many of whom, we had known while living in affluence, having escaped a voyage to the swamps of Cayenne, may be seen wandering in the large towns of the provinces, scarcely able to maintain themselves even by pursuing the most servile employments. It is true the journalist press of France might be pronounced somewhat too violent, too exclusively attached to party, in those days of the liberty of the press; but the brilliant flashes of talent it displayed, the services it rendered to society by exposing abuses and disseminating civilization and intelligence, more than atoned for whatever faults

may have been committed by some of its members.

Under the new *régime* it is amusing to see the expedients which they are obliged to adopt, trembling as they do with the twofold dread of offending the nice perceptions of the *parti prêtre* and their new autocrat. Some of these writers have recourse to most unexceptionable little tales, that might suit the nursery, but clothed in such language as conveys a *double entendre* of political signification, sufficiently intelligible to the party who possesses the key to it.

Others again, with the most pains-taking and laborious industry, search through ancient and modern history with a view of proving by comparison that their hero, the first Emperor of the Bonaparte dynasty, was a model of perfection to all rulers, and that his nephew has been sent into the world as the messenger of peace, the herald of the millenium ! Our witty friends Philipon and Cham, not daring to avail themselves of the plentiful stock of subjects for ridicule they can find at home, are obliged to

look abroad for materials to fill their pages, and caricature with no sparing hand their rivals the sons of *perfidè Albion*; while Dumas, Girardin, and a host of other writers, whenever his Majesty the Emperor forms the subject of discussion, draw his portrait in such bright and flattering colours that he himself could scarcely recognise the likeness.

In fact, the same adulatory strain distinguishes all, high and low, rich and poor, priest and soldier, historian and essayist, philosopher, poet, and dramatist, all sing the same chorus. We had an instance of this in the orations of M. de Montalembert and M. Guizot a few days ago at the Academy, the one the chief of the ultramontane *parti prêtre*, and the other the representative of Protestantism and the *parti du progrès*, which, singular to say, were in most harmonious accord. Their phrases were so ingeniously constructed, their arguments so felicitously expressed, their mutual compliments so characteristic of that politeness for which the French nation are remarkable, their admiration of the new order of things so



ardent, so sincere and unequivocal, that it was impossible to discover the difference between the Protestant and the Jesuit !

In the midst of this wreck and ruin of what France once was, it is at least consoling to the friends of progress to remember, that supreme power in that country is generally of short duration, and that the intellectual might of her children, now bound in chains, will certainly burst its bonds, and exert itself with a more judicious, powerful, and better-directed aim for the advancement of intelligence than heretofore. We are the more inclined to hope this, as the professors of literature, broken in spirit and wandering as exiles in a foreign land, may acquire a more correct knowledge of morality, religion, politics, and the nature and tendencies of free institutions and rational liberty.

Our own opinion is that the present order of things is merely temporary, for whether the elect of the *plébiscite* be driven from the country or maintain his position, it is impossible he can continue to chain down the mind of an intellectual people like the French. Still,

notwithstanding the degraded political condition to which the nation is reduced, so great is the patriotism and vanity of the people, that nearly every person you converse with above the rank of the lowest peasant, expresses himself in terms of the most ardent, self-complacent admiration of his country and her institutions, and proudly claims for them superiority over those of any other people ! Even your *laquais de place*, or the man who cleans your boots, will respectfully, but most intelligibly insinuate, that the only difference between you and him is the mere accident of money.

Venality, want of public spirit, and a craving desire for power, place, and emolument, have been for many years the besetting sins of the French people. Under every government within my own memory, from the time of Charles X. down to that of the adventurer who now wields the sceptre, corruption has pervaded in a greater or less degree every class of society, but now it does not even assume for decency's sake the veil of concealment. This was everywhere glaringly visible during the late election. In

most of the departments, certainly in those of the south through which we travelled, the government officers, aided by the military, might be seen intimidating the independent electors, and publishing the names of those who dared to brave the danger of withholding their votes from, or voting contrary to, the saviour of France!

In fact, the whole machinery of the French Government of the present day, including vote by ballot and universal suffrage, is a farce. There is no law in France but that of the crozier and the bayonet; and unless some great change takes place—a military revolt, or one of those sudden revolutionary bursts destined to carry all before it—such is the abject submission of the people to the existing despotism, that this once great nation must dwindle down to a second rate power.

However much every friend of civil and religious liberty must regret the present state of things in France, and none will do so more than an Englishman—for we can ill afford to lose so efficient an ally as the French people to assist us

in the great work of civilization enlightenment, and progress—it cannot be denied they are chiefly indebted to themselves for the evils that oppress them ; and perhaps no class contributed more zealously to the elevation of Louis Napoleon than the *parti d'ordre*. Their intense dread of socialism, red republicanism, and a Jacquerie that must carry destruction through the land, magnified every public meeting or manifestation of the people into a dreadful conspiracy, till the timid and peaceable classes, completely terrified, believed that a stronger form of government than a republic was indispensable to protect their property from robbers, and their persons from the guillotine. They were no doubt honest in their opinions, for no class have suffered more from the insolence of the man they have unintentionally contributed to elevate to power. It is, however, certain that a government based upon violence cannot permanently endure ; the love of free institutions still lives in the hearts of the people, neither can the legitimate claims of a long line of princes be without weight ; they cannot but have a numerous and influential party in the country ;

and if they are exiles in a foreign land, they have at least the consolation of remembering that their hands have never been imbued in the blood of their subjects. Still we cannot anticipate the future. An empire in France necessarily involves an important crisis in the affairs of Europe; and will be felt not only in every state on the continent, but in our own sea-girt isles, distrust and apprehension of coming evil is the feeling generally entertained. Austria is already trembling for her ill-gotten, ill-governed provinces in Italy. Russia and Prussia have some misgivings as to the fate of Poland and the Rhine; while the Pope and the petty princes of Italy are fully aware, that the first manifestation of France in favour of their wretched subjects, would terminate their rule.

Still, notwithstanding this evil in prospective, there is no combination, no real good-will among the princes of Europe. Prussia and Austria are squabbling in their usual amicable manner about the interminable question of the Zollverein; on the other hand, the emissaries of Louis Napoleon are energetically and indus-

triously propagandizing among the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries, to secure their suffrages for an extension of the empire. Nor are the restless agents of the Papacy less active in their endeavours to uphold the divine right of despotism, to rivet still closer the chains of bigotry and superstition ; thus widening still more the chasm that separates the interest of the subject from that of the ruler ; and as if to sever the political ties that formerly bound England with the countries on the continent, the same firebrand mischief-makers, the priests, are daily breathing threats and slaughters against England, the land of heretics, or even pagans, as some are pleased to term us.

These hypocritical priests, dreading the total destruction of Popery—an event which they know well, must assuredly come to pass when mankind shall be sufficiently educated to appreciate the blessings of a more enlightened system of religion—omit no opportunity of endeavouring to identify Protestantism with revolution, socialism, anarchy, infidelity—in short, with all the evils which shake the fabric

of society from its foundation. To this, we triumphantly answer the tree is known by its fruit; the tranquillity of those Protestant countries in Europe, blessed with free institutions, during the convulsions of 1848 and 1849, convincingly refutes the accusations of the enemies of the Reformed religion.

Now that the empire is an undisputed fact, confirmed by the votes of more than eight millions of Frenchmen, it may be as well to say a few words respecting the character of our Corsican colossus, who is admitted even by his enemies to possess that rare combination of talents so indispensable in an adventurer who aspires to the lofty station of becoming a leader of mankind. He is at once shrewd and impenetrable, cold in his manners, inscrutable in his plans, with great powers of dissimulation and inflexibility of will, united to a mind in which cunning, vanity and duplicity are so intimately blended, that none, even those supposed to know him best, are able to fathom his thoughts and intentions. Add to this his generosity is profuse where he desires to gain

an object ; while with respect to his individual qualifications to become a popular leader, there is, perhaps, no man in France who understands the character of the people more thoroughly, or can more readily take advantage of their vices, or their follies—their love of change, and theatrical display.

Like every man imbued with fatalist principles, he believes in a destiny which marks him out as the ordained of Heaven to restore the fallen fortunes of his house—the empire and its ancient boundaries. Fortified by these hopes, he never loses sight of their fulfilment, and to accomplish which, he is unscrupulous as to the means, or the agents he employs. And having already performed wonders more resembling those of a fairy tale than reality—overreached the wisest heads in Europe—beat his supporters the Jesuits, at their own game of intrigue, of making him the instrument to further the spiritual dominion of the Church ; he has increased his popularity with the people, and confirmed them in the belief that he is a man of destiny.



As a contrast to this, he inherits all the reckless extravagance of his grandmother, the Empress Josephine, with her inordinate love of finery and theatrical display, but he is deficient in her amiability of manners ; and although he is the most servile copyist of his uncle, there is not the slightest resemblance between them, either in character, person or accomplishments. The one was stamped by nature as a warrior—the leader of armies ; the other as a subtle priest—the general of the Jesuits. Still this, perhaps, rather adds to, than diminishes his qualifications as a despotic ruler, and may preserve him from attempting any rash resolve that might endanger the safety of his throne.

A man, who with the stern determination of the fatalist, possesses in a high degree the talents and genius of the statesman, and who entertains the most extravagant and deep-laid plans of foreign policy, connected with the aggrandizement of France, and who is withal so unscrupulous and inexorable in his will, when he thinks the hour is come for action, cannot be too closely watched by the statesmen of

Europe, otherwise, perhaps, they may find themselves some fine morning outwitted and taken by surprise as were the African generals, Cavaignac, Changarnier and Lamoricière, together with so many of the other generals, wise-headed politicians, deputies, and chiefs of parties, who considered themselves the rulers of France.

“L’empire c’est la paix !” is a farce that no man in his senses can believe, who is acquainted with the present state of France, particularly when coming from such a man as Louis Napoleon, and was merely pronounced in the commercial town of Bordeaux to quell the apprehensions of the merchants, stock-jobbers, and gamblers of France—a class he holds in sovereign contempt. We are fully aware of his intentions. In fact, the empire, as it now exists, confined to the kingdom of France would be a farce—a fiction—the ridicule of the surrounding nations. France to be an empire, must have its ancient boundaries restored as they existed under the first Napoleon ; and pledged as he is to the military, and the French people, he must make the attempt. And

has he not said, from the first moment he appeared on the stage of French politics, that he represented a principle—the empire—which was to wash out the defeat sustained by France in her struggles with the combined armies of Europe ? always speaking with unmistakable sensitiveness when Waterloo was the question.

We know that the industrious classes in France are opposed to war ; but however much their opinions weighed in the scale of French politics during the peaceful reign of the citizen-king, Louis Philippe, and at a time when the country was blessed with a representative form of government, their influence is now null. The sword and the crozier rule France, but if they who wield the latter are not more wary, and more circumspect in their plans and movements, they will also be thrown aside as useless lumber, like every other party that has served his purposes of ambition.

Louis Napoleon being a civilian, and knowing what a hazardous game is war, would perhaps, so far as he is himself concerned, prefer peace ; but the military ! a large and impatient standing

army must find employment: and is he not a fatalist? why should he doubt of success? To be sure, there is the deplorable state of the finances—a yearly deficit in the revenue—the imperfect restoration of public credit—the agricultural interests—the allotment system—the floating burdens of the country, to be considered. All sufficiently embarrassing, to a ruler, particularly in a country like France, where gambling of every description is carried on with all the recklessness which characterizes a Frenchman. But war, according to the system laid down by his uncle, might be made to support itself, and the new acquisition of territory could be made to relieve the burdens of France. Why does he hesitate? Has he not a valiant army? Are not his fortunes controlled by an inevitable destiny? And could he but make himself master of the ingots lying in the cellars of the bank of his rich neighbours the heretics, France would become the wealthiest country in Europe, and its sovereign the most popular among his subjects.

Perhaps after all, however, if we could read

his secret councils, we should discover that it is his intention to adopt the plan of the *parti du progrès*, and with the banner of Protestantism floating at the head of his armies, proclaim civil and religious freedom to the world, and at length found a peaceful empire by building up the present upon the ruins of the past. And have not the Pope and the high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church given him the title of the *New Messiah* ! as a former Pope gave to our Reformer of the Church, Henry VIII., the title of *Defender of the Faith* !

THE END.

**LONDON :**  
**Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.**

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

JANUARY, 1853.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT,

SUCCESSORS TO MR. COLBURN,

WILL PUBLISH DURING THE PRESENT SEASON

*The following New Works.*

---

MEMOIRS OF THE

COURT AND CABINETS

OF

GEORGE THE THIRD,

FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY DOCUMENTS.

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., &c.

2 vols. 8vo.

---

A TOUR OF INQUIRY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY,

ILLUSTRATING THEIR PRESENT

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.,

Author of "Travels in European Turkey," "Circassia," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. (*Now Ready.*)

**MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA.****BY THE COUNT P. DE CASTELLANE.**

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

**TRAVELS IN INDIA AND KASHMIR.****BY BARON SCHONBERG.**

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

**WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.****BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."**

3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**FAMILY ROMANCE;****OR, EPISODES IN****THE DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.****BY J. B. BURKE, ESQ.**

Author of "The Peerage," "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," &amp;c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.



MEMOIRS OF JOHN ABERNETHY, F.R.S.,

WITH A VIEW OF

HIS WRITINGS, LECTURES, AND CHARACTER.

BY GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S.,

Author of "Medicine and Surgery One Inductive Science," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

---

NARRATIVE OF A FIVE YEARS'

JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD,

FROM 1847 TO 1852.

BY F. GERSTAUKE.

3 vols. post 8vo.

---

A NEW WORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EMILIA WYNDHAM."

In 1 volume.

---

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER

IN THE UNITED STATES' ARMY.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

The Following Are Lately Published.

---

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK:

A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

FIFTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, REVISED. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

---

MEMOIRS OF THE  
BARONESS D'OVERKIRCH,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF  
THE COURTS OF FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

And Edited by Her Grandson, the COUNT DE MONTEBISON.

3 Vols. Post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

---

THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS,  
QUEEN OF FRANCE,

CONSORT OF HENRY IV., AND REGENT UNDER LOUIS XIII.

BY MISS PARDOE,

Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the 17th Century," &c.

SECOND EDITION. 3 large vols. 8vo., with Fine Portraits, 42s.

---

ADVENTURES OF  
THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

Second Series.

BY WILLIAM GRATTAN, ESQ.,

LATE LIEUTENANT CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

*The Following Are Lately Published.*

---

**A U S T R A L I A A S I T I S :**

ITS SETTLEMENTS, FARMS, AND GOLD FIELDS.

BY F. LANCELOTT, ESQ.,

MINERALOGICAL SURVEYOR IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

---

**THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE,**

AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO HOLY WRIT;

A POPULAR MANUAL OF THE SCIENCES.

BY S. W. FULLOM, ESQ.,

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE KING OF HANOVER.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

---

**REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA.**

BY A BANISHED LADY.

SECOND EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

---

**THE LITERATURE AND ROMANCE**

OF NORTHERN EUROPE:

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF SWEDEN, DENMARK,  
NORWAY, AND ICELAND, WITH COPIOUS SPECIMENS.

BY WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

# New Works of Fiction

By Distinguished Writers.

---

## THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

BY LADY CATHARINE LONG,

AUTHOR OF "SIR ROLAND ASHTON," &c.

3 vols. (*Now Ready.*)

---

## THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. GORE.

3 vols.

---

## HARRY MUIR;

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET MAITLAND,"

"ADAM GRAEME," &c.

3 vols.

---

## A NEW NOVEL.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

3 vols.

New Works of Fiction

By Distinguished Writers.

---

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

3 vols.

---

CASTLE AVON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EMILIA WYNDHAM," &c.

3 vols. (*Now Ready.*)

---

THE LONGWOODS

OF THE GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADELAIDE LINDSAY."

3 vols.

---

BROOMHILL;

OR, THE COUNTY BEAUTIES.

3 vols. (*Now Ready.*)